The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

August 10, 1960

AUSTRALIAN WAR MEMORIAL LIBRARY

FASHION ISSUE

The look of SPRING

in SUITS
in PRINTS
in SHEERS

•

NEW SERIAL

"MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW"

by Anne Telscombe

Registered in Australia for transmission by post as a newspaper.

Over 800,000 Copies Sold Every Week

PRICE 9d

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822599

The Largest Super Market
or the
Smallest Grocery Store..

WILL SUPPLY YOU WITH
ARNOTT'S *BUTTER RICH* SCOTCH FINGERS

Unrivalled in a quality that never changes.

You will enjoy their rich chunkiness, and, remember, **men like Arnott's Scotch Finger Biscuits.**

Arnott's *famous*
SCOTCH FINGER Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality

The Australian

WOMEN'S WEEKLY

Head Office: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
Melbourne: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 185C, G.P.O.
Brisbane: 61 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
Adelaide: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 388A, G.P.O.
Perth: C/o Newspaper House, 125 St. George's Terrace, Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
Tasmania: Letters to Sydney address.

AUGUST 10, 1960 — Vol. 28, No. 10

CONTENTS

Fiction

Janice in Jeopardy, *Faith Baldwin* . . . 27
All For Stevie, *Bess Norton* . . . 29
Money Is Wonderful, *Nancy Pope Mayorga* . . . 30, 31
Miss Bagshot Goes to Moscow (First of 4 Parts), *Anne Telscombe* . . . 32, 33

Special Features

Spring Fashions . . . 3 to 9
Church Art . . . 18, 19

Regular Features

It Seems to Me, *Dorothy Drain* . . . 20
Letter Box . . . 26
Ross Campbell . . . 26
Worth Reporting . . . 28
Your Bookshelf . . . 48
Stars . . . 53
Jackys Diary . . . 63
Mandrake, Crossword . . . 63

Entertainment

Color Preview of "The Story of Ruth" . . . 41
Films . . . 42
TV Color Pin-up . . . 46
Television Parade . . . 47

Home and Family

Sewing . . . 55
Motoring . . . 55
Australian Homes, "Bonython Home, Adelaide" . . . 56, 57
Home Plans, "House With Separate Wings" . . . 58
Gardening — "Plants You Should Know" . . . 59
Color Cookery — "Pack Your Oven" . . . 60, 61
Prize Recipes . . . 62
Collectors' Corner . . . 62

Fashion

Dress Sense, *Betty Keep* . . . 8
Fashion Frocks . . . 37
Fashion Patterns . . . 53

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● This week's Weekly has a different look — a specially brilliant and colorful look which heralds spring.

TO produce this dazzling spring effect part of the magazine has been printed with color both sides of the pages.

The cover and several of the opening pages feature exciting fashions showing the latest Paris trends. Though the new fashions by day are simply stated and uncluttered, there are also wonderfully fragile sheers with lilting skirts to delight the ultra-feminine.

Hats provide a special frame for all the new fashions. In fact, our fashion editor, Betty Keep, forecasts a very "hatty" spring.

Several pages featuring homes and gardens (from page 56) add more color to this exciting issue.

★ ★ ★

THIS week we begin a new and hilarious serial, "Miss Bagshot Goes To Moscow" (page 32), about an indefatigable, indomitable English spinster who is constantly embarrassing her family by pursuing unusual adventures in foreign lands.

"Miss Bagshot" is a first novel by Anne Telscombe, the nom-de-plume for an Australian journalist who lived for several years in Moscow. She is now married and living in England.

In her spare time as a housewife, looking after her home, husband, and children, she is writing a sequel to this novel called "Miss Bagshot Goes To Tibet," which she hopes will be ready for publication next year.

★ ★ ★

AUSTRIAN-BORN sculptor Mrs. Leopoldine Mimovich, who is doing wood carvings for churches in Melbourne (see story, pages 18 and 19), uses about 25 chisels on an average statue.

Not many women would take a chisel to their own arms, but to test their sharpness Mrs. Mimovich sees if they will shave off the down on her arms.

For her work Mrs. Mimovich seldom makes sketches, working straight on to the block of wood, making the rough outline with a saw, then chiselling her way to the final shape.

★ ★ ★

QUITE soon, the cuisine at a certain Army officers' mess somewhere in Australia may rival that of Maxim's in Paris, with such dishes as Poulet Majorca or Veal en Daube on the menu.

The mess cook has written to Mrs. Dione Lucas, the U.S. Cordon Bleu cook who has been in Australia for The Australian Women's Weekly and giving cooking demonstrations in stores and on television, saying how much he has enjoyed watching her TV sessions.

He has written: "As the menu is somewhat monotonous here, would it be at all possible for me to have one of your recipe books?

"Your varied and beautifully prepared dishes would be ideal. New ideas such as yours are received with great enthusiasm.

"None of your menus would present any problem, as we have the most up-to-date army kitchen in Australia."

Our Cover

● The slinky, ruffle-trimmed evening sheath on our cover is not a spring fashion forecast, although it catches admirably the spirit of excitement of the new season's fashions. It is a beautiful piece of extravaganza that every woman will dream over. The dress, made in hat veiling, was designed by Pierre Balmain of Paris.

Next Week

● The answers to all problems that beset a bride when making arrangements for her wedding are given in a special seven-page bridal section. Bridal fashions, flowers for the wedding, and cooking for the brand-new cook are all attractively featured.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822600

SPRING FASHIONS

All about the new spring look

It's an exhilarating fashion spring, with suits taking a new lease of life. The 1960 suit will cover more fashion occasions than half a dozen dresses. Why so versatile? Because the suit has become a costume; its jacket is planned to come off to reveal a bare-armed dress or blouse. Suit jackets—and skirts, too—have an easy fit. Jacket lengths are variable; cropped at the hipbone is my choice because it looks young, new, and nifty. No spring suit is complete without its own hat. I don't say there isn't something charming about a hatless woman with well-coifed hair, but there's something newer about a girl in a hat. Wear one for spring and rediscover it's still a hat that makes a man's head turn.

—Betty Keep

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822601

Paris endorses the planned look . . .

Fashion shows a fresh arrangement in dots (above). The colors—black on white—are spring news. At left, by Dior, a one-piece with slight skirt fullness has a waist jacket and a shoulder-tip-to-shoulder-tip neckline. At right, by Laroche, a slender sheath worn with a longer-line jacket.

Jean Desses coat-dress ensemble (right) made in mimosa-yellow. The all-pleated sleeveless dress in silk is circled at the waistline with an obi-type belt in storm-grey suede. The coat swings free in matching colored tweed, is single-breasted, and finished with below-elbow uncuffed sleeves.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822602

It's a look that clicks—the co-ordination of dress plus matching coat or jacket, topped with a delicious spring hat. More signs of the new season are pleats, a dropped waistline, an uncollared neck, pastel stripes—and a chic ribbon rosette used as a trim.

Spanish designer Castillo at Lanvin designed the irresistible two-piece dress (above). The material choice is striped cotton. The neckline, like numbers in spring fashion, is bare and uncluttered. The ribbon rosette is matched in color to the tulle hat.

Dior ensemble (right) in rose-red wool. The waistline of the dress is slightly dropped and the matched jacket is cropped off at the same level. The high toque made in massed roses is in the same shade as the ensemble. Long white skin gloves make a chic dash of color contrast.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822603

In sheers the pretty look . . .

What constitutes the prettiness? A thoroughly female waistline and the sway of a full skirt. A spring skirt can be cut on the bias, set awhirl by pleats, stand out like a bell, or fan into ruffles.

Lanvin's strawberry - red dance dress (right) with its skirtline a whirl of pleats. The bare-armed bodice has soft fullness; the small waist is belted.

Jacques Heim shows a flutter of pleats in his flower - garden printed chiffon dress (right). The shirtwaist bodice-top has new-again shoulder exposure.

Carven's coolest, loveliest thought for spring — a short-skirted, bare-topped party dress in embroidered white sheer. Tiered skirt is prettily belled out.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822604

Chanel's new look for spring evenings — a dress in flowery gossamer sheer. The skirt, a crescendo of cascading tiers, is knee-length.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822605

From Paris to make you . . .

Add to your beauty the enchantment of this romantic, delicately sophisticated fragrance.

Gemey is a subtle perfume . . . created in the traditional French manner to *whisper* the loveliest things *about you!*

ELEGANT "DIAMOND-CUT" STYLE BOTTLES. HANDBAG STYLE, 6/-. DRESSING TABLE SIZE, 16/6.

And for all-over loveliness — Gemey Skin Perfume, 16/6 (Medium size 10/6).

Parfum **Gemey**

The fragrance of Enchantment

PRODUITS DE BEAUTE • GEMEY • PARIS • LONDON • NEW YORK • SYDNEY

GP40, 143.

DRESS SENSE Pattern

DS418.—Tunic ensemble in sizes 32 to 38in. bust requires 3¾yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6. Patterns may be obtained from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Here, specially designed and chosen for easy spring sewing, is a two-piece tunic ensemble. We choose the design because it's a perfect interpretation of spring's uncluttered look. And because a planned look is high fashion, we suggest as a pretty new accessory a hat lined with matching dress fabric.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822606

The new look of dark print

A worldly fashion, and one with plenty of color, drama, and sound dress sense. The dark print is designed for day wear and to move from season to season in cotton, silk, or wool — according to the temperature.

SPRING FASHIONS Continued

The dark print in three versions. Each dress takes its shape, details, and color from spring fashions. New clay colors are seen in the belted one-piece, above. The dress is worn with brown gloves and a coolie-type hat.

A cool, covered one-piece in flower-printed silk. The dress has an easy bodice and pleated skirt. The color—dull orange-red — is accented with black beads matched to the accessories.

One-piece in paisley wool (above) has a prettily rounded melon skirt and a waistline in the natural place. Open straw in dull black, is used for the wide-brimmed picture hat, and matched to the other accessories.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822607

Here's what to do about

COLDS or ASIATIC FLU

1 See your doctor
2 Get plenty of bed rest
3 Drink lots of fruit juice
4 Take Bayer's Aspirin to reduce the fever and relieve the pain

BAYER'S ASPIRIN MAKES YOU FEEL BETTER FAST!

THE SYMPTOMS of the common cold—and of highly contagious Asiatic Flu—are similar. Fever, headache, muscular aches and pains, backache and sore throat are characteristics of both diseases.

The moment you are aware of any of these symptoms, it is wise to get in touch with your doctor. Meanwhile, rest in bed, drink as much fruit juice as you can, *and take Bayer's Aspirin without delay.*

Bayer's Aspirin makes you *feel better fast.* It *relieves aches and pains* with astonishing speed . . . quickly *reduces fever.*

Bayer's Aspirin 24's, 2/-; and 100's 6/6; at all chemists and stores.

AND MOTHERS—for Children under 12 years, buy *Flavoured, Children's Size* Bayer's Aspirin; Small easy-to-take tablets containing 1¼ grains of Aspirin—*the exact dosage strength recommended by doctors.* 24 tablets, 2/6.

TRADE BAYER MARK

BAYER PHARMA PTY. LIMITED • SYDNEY, AUSTRALIA

I thank MENTHOIDS for a bit of heaven

writes Mrs. D. S. of Geelong
"Suffering acute rheumatism for 18 years, in my shoulder, neck and both legs, I tried many different remedies, ray treatments, massage, even weekly injections, with little success. So I thought I would give Menthoids a trial. I now feel a different person, with the wonderful relief I obtained.
Stiffness and pain has gone, the swelling down and as I work for myself, I thank Menthoids for a bit of heaven! I'm still taking Menthoids and getting great relief."
(original letter on file).

FREE FROM RHEUMATIC PAIN

If you suffer rheumatism, lumbago, pains and swelling in muscles and joints, feel tired and listless, have kidney troubles or weaknesses, Mackenzie's Menthoids will give YOU wonderful relief.
Menthoids not only rid the system of the toxins causing your troubles but Menthoids' therapeutic action stimulates your system to recapture the youthful energy, buoyant health and zest for living that are rightfully yours. Don't put up with aches and pains that make life misery. For yourself and your family —start Menthoid treatment TO-DAY.

9/-, 5/-, or economy size 15/- EVERYWHERE

MACKENZIES MENTHOIDS
FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR THE BLOOD

In judging whether a child is ill it is likely that

MOTHER KNOWS BEST

● Mothers often say things like: "I'm sure Billy's sickening for something" . . . "Joan's a bad color" . . . "I don't think Tom's very well."

● *And they speak with conviction, even when the children seem perfectly healthy.*

ARE these decisions due to a mother's instinct? If so, are those instincts right?

Or do mothers just use their imagination?

Professor Lorimer Dods, the distinguished child specialist who has just retired from the Chair of Child Health at Sydney University, shied from that word instinct when I talked to him recently.

But he was convinced that mothers are generally "extraordinarily good clinical observers."

What he meant was this: "I don't know what instinct is, but I do know that generally a mother is right about her child.

"If a mother feels that her child is sick or sickening, I think a doctor should accept that diagnosis until it can be proved that it is wrong.

"I feel that a mother knows her child so much better than anyone else. She notices changes in appearance and behaviour—the way her child looks at her, something different about his smile.

"I would generally be in favor of accepting her observation and opinion as evidence of possible illness, deafness, poor sight, and then work from there.

By RONALD McKIE

"The more you listen to a mother, the better chance you have of getting somewhere. The mother is the mouthpiece of the child, particularly the young child, and her opinions are important.

"It was a Brisbane mother who was responsible for recognising lead-poisoning from paint.

"She noticed that two of her children who developed poisoning were nail-biters and finger-suckers. Doctors then found that the lead came from dry paint.

"Mothers first pointed out that their children's deafness followed German measles in pregnancy. And we must not forget that it was a milkmaid who told the great Jenner that people who had cowpox seemed to be immune from smallpox."

Professor Dods also believes that most mothers have a much better idea how to bring up their children and what is good for them than the best-trained doctor, psychiatrist, clinic sister, or welfare officer.

But he is a bit worried about the barrage of well-meaning advice about rearing children which the young mother of today is subjected to through every medium of communication.

"I have a feeling that the young mother, who has little leisure and is often tired, is getting too much advice," he said.

Propaganda

"If the propaganda about child-rearing is too concentrated, it could disturb her natural competence and feeling of security, which are the best components of successful motherhood.

"I think all she needs is a little simple advice from somebody like her family doctor, who will give her confidence in her own natural ability to bring up her children.

"When she consults her doctor about the child she feels is ill, it is most important that she be given an adequate explanation about the child and how to handle him, and a few words of reassurance and encouragement."

Professor Dods, who is honorary Director of the Children's Medical Research Foundation, is also extremely interested in the medical problems of the adolescent.

He thinks that eventually clinics for adolescents must be established in Australia.

"The adolescent, who, at 13, is regarded as being too old for a children's hospital, often finds himself in a medical hinterland between childhood and an adult ward," he said.

"Because of this, because he is neither a child nor an adult, he needs special help and understanding from the medical profession.

"He needs a medical father-confessor who can help him with his problems; someone to give him not only treatment but reassurance.

"From a medical point of view, there are two types of adolescent problems — temporary and chronic. The temporary include emotional problems, obesity, acne, delay in sexual maturity. The chronic include deformity and serious illness.

Clinics help

"To watch a child accept and cope with a gross physical deformity without developing a chip on his shoulder is an extraordinarily impressive thing. You realise how much that child has achieved.

"Clinics for adolescents are developing in the United States, and they must come here.

"At one of these clinics in Boston a doctor studies his patients individually, makes friends with them, and helps them through their adolescent problems.

"He is in many ways like the good G.P., the counterpart of the old family doctor. He speaks with authority, he does not attempt to moralise or evangelise, and he is completely objective.

"One of the biggest problems in establishing these clinics is where to put patients who need hospital treatment.

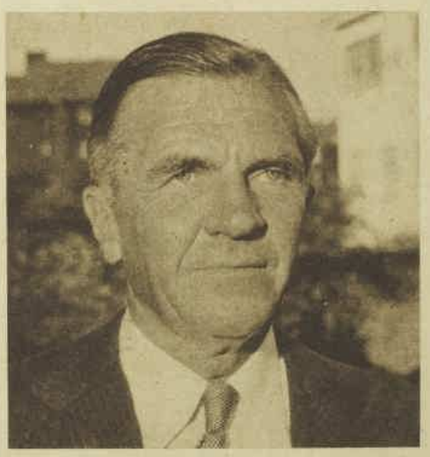
"The only solution is that as these patients are neither children nor adults, wards for adolescents will have to be established in association with children's hospitals.

Milestones

"As we can't go on working on artificial age limits, like puberty at 13, it might be better if pediatricians attempted to cover that period of life from birth right through to the beginning of adulthood.

"Infancy, puberty, adolescence — they are milestones, not separate compartments of life, on the journey from birth to adulthood."

PROFESSOR DODS

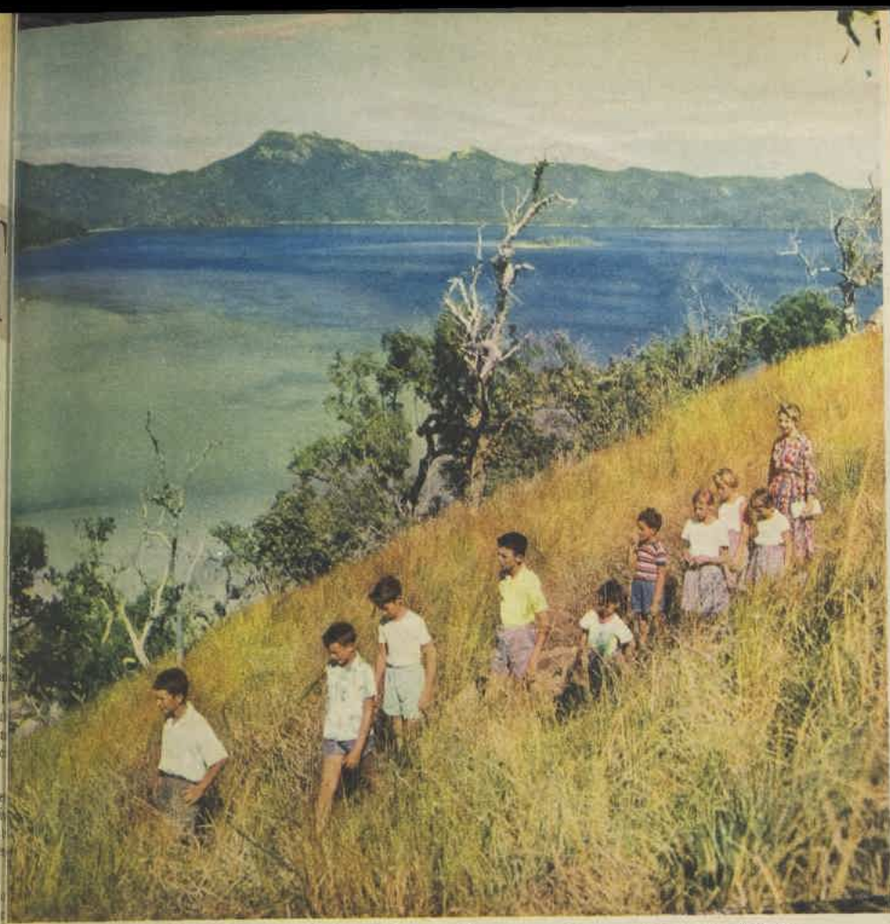


THE FOUNDATION: Recently retired from Sydney University, Professor Dods is now directing the work of three research doctors, with a fourth to come, at the Children's Medical Research Foundation he helped establish with £360,000 the public contributed.

This important work includes an examination of the histories of about 1000 children as part of a study into the causes of congenital heart disease and new methods of treatment.

Other research is directed at the bleeding diseases, the anemias, and vital heart and lung problems in the first hours of life.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822608



SCHOOLMA'AM Adrienne Euler takes pupils on a walk round Hayman Island.

SCHOOL'S OUT and Adrienne Euler relaxes in a kayak.

• This is the story of pretty, 23-year-old Adrienne Euler—a Queensland girl who lives in a blackboard paradise.

Blackboard paradise . . .

By CYNTHIA STRACHAN

IF careers were listed in order of glamor appeal alone, teaching certainly wouldn't top the poll. Yet Adrienne is a schoolma'am with one of the most glamorous jobs in Australia.

Her one-room school — surrounded by papaw trees and a brilliant splash of hibiscus and bougainvillea — is on Hayman Island, a popular Barrier Reef resort.

Her pupils, who are currently aged from five to 14, are the children of the 150 people who staff the island.

And her life sounds about as much like that of the average schoolma'am as a banquet is like a TV snack.

Adrienne lives in a smart cabana similar to those occupied by holidaymakers on luxury island sojourns.

Another advantage she has over teachers posted in less glamorous settings is that her cabana is just across the train-track from her classroom—so she doesn't have the trials of strap-hanging in a bus or tram on her way to and from school.

You don't think it sounds very glamorous to work in a school set right beside a train-track?

Well, normally it wouldn't be. But here it's different, for the only train — in fact, the only transport — on the island is the candy-striped "Hayman Rock-It," which carries visitors from the centre of the hotel to the island jetty.

There is no winter on tropical Hayman, so the year round Adrienne's school "uniform" consists of pretty, gay cotton dresses and sandals.

At lunchtime and after school Adrienne can enjoy leisure facilities of the type most girls see only in dreams.

A few yards away there's the beach, and all the fun of kayaking, water ski-ing, or sailing in a graceful catamaran. Then there's the swimming-pool or the tennis court.

If the day has been particularly demanding in school there's never any problem in finding a peaceful, picturesque spot for sunbaking.

And this outdoor life occasionally intrudes into school hours, when Adrienne takes her students on a geography excursion to the Whitsunday Passage Lookout, or when, for a special treat, she conducts class on the sands.

In the evenings Adrienne's life again has the glamor of which most girls dream.

Hotel staff isn't allowed to mix with hotel guests at Hayman, but Adrienne doesn't fall into this category. And when she's finished preparing her lessons for the following day she's free to dine and dance.

Adrienne has been teaching at Hayman for more than two years now, so she's had the chance to meet and mingle with some pretty fascinating people among the visitors of many nationalities and many walks of life.

It all sounds too good to be true? Adrienne thinks so, too.

"This life isn't all froth and bubble, you know," she said.

"In fact, in many ways it's tougher than working in a regular teaching post.

"You see, this is a State school, and I have to keep to a strict educational programme and set standard examinations.

"This isn't easy when you think I have about six different grades in my school at one time — AND that they come from different States and have all had different educational standards before they came to the island."

Adrienne explained that the school was established strictly to cater for the children of staff, who are recruited from all corners of Australia and who, like all hotel staffs, are a fairly floating population.

Adrienne, who at present has 15 children in her schoolhouse, is in her fifth year as a qualified Education Department teacher.

Though an islander of more than two years' standing, she hails from inland "Tulagi," Goomeri, an agricultural and grazing district about 40 miles from Queensland's peanut centre, Kingaroy.

She taught there for two years when she first qualified as a teacher, and that's where she heads for "on the first boat" come holiday time.

All of which points to the conclusion that there's no place like home—even if it means leaving a "blackboard paradise."

But this story wouldn't be complete without one more vital piece of information: Adrienne plans to resign from her job at the end of the year to go overseas.

Any takers for a rapid course of lessons in schoolteaching?

RAISING THE FLAG at Hayman Island school. Pictures by staff photographer Keith Barlow.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822609

"Money's nothing," says a . . .

Millionaire philosopher

● "Money's nothing," said Sydney millionaire Frank G. Spurway from his Chippendale chair. "It's only good for what it can be used for."

HE was referring to his recent £100,000 donation to the Australian Rheumatism Council.

And he was referring, too, to the new house he's building on top of a hill near his present hilltop house in Roseville Chase; to the £10,000 he's already spent on the garden—"19,000 daffodils planted by three permanent gardeners"—in a public park near his house at Newport; to the golf-house he's planning to finance at Castle Hill.

For Mr. Spurway, now a sage 70, believes that money doesn't — and shouldn't — make money.

And F.G.S.—as his business friends call him—hasn't been so busy making money that he hasn't had time to think about it.

He was thinking about it even before his first job as a 6/-a-week window-cleaner, when he used to walk a mile to Ryde station, then wipe his shoes clean on rags hidden in bushes.

He remembers that a seat in the "gods" at the Tivoli then—he called it the "hang-over"—cost a bob. He can say how much a pound of pears used to cost in 1910.

Since then he has seen the "Folies Bergere" in Paris, the price of pears has multiplied, Mr. Spurway has made and sold his conduit-pipe-manufacturing company for a million pounds, and he's got a sewn-up philosophy about money.

MR. FRANK G. SPURWAY . . . from 6/- a week to millionaire.

Hard work

He believes it must be made by hard work and enterprise.

"There's something wrong if a healthy young fellow can't make a success," he said.

One of Mr. Spurway's written and oft-quoted laws is "God helps those who help themselves." Therefore it is part of his philosophy to help only those who can't help themselves.

He sympathises keenly with old people living in poverty.

This was one of the reasons behind his large rheumatism donation; it's the reason behind his annual turkey Christmas dinner donation to the Salvation Army, his help to old people in hospitals.

He's had a lot of personal experience with hospitals from both the bed and the bedside.

At 18 he was selling hospital iron beds. That taught him two things.

"There's always someone worse off than yourself," he said. "And the second thing is that cripples are wonderfully brave."

He smiled cheerily. "I'm a cripple, too," he said. "From a dead tooth that a boy knocked out with a stone when I was playing cricket. I was ten."

He stood up to show how half his back was stiff from delayed action of the poisoned tooth. He shrugged off his limp from having polio at the age of two and the rheumatism that struck his neck and fingers a couple of years ago.

"By the living Harry," he said, "lemon helped me with rheumatism. You must drink a glass of lemon juice half an hour before you eat or drink anything in the morning."

Lemons aren't his only favorite fruit. He reached over for a Granny Smith

By
CAROL TATTERSFIELD,
staff reporter

apple on the antique sideboard. "My great-grandmother was Granny Smith," he said.

"You can't beat them for flavor. My people pioneered the fruit industry near Ryde. I remember working in the orchards for nothing and then pinching fruit, too. All the boys did. You have an unwritten law."

A moderate man — he has one whisky before dinner and a couple of cigars after lunch —he has firm views on horse betting.

"The sport is beautiful, but no one should go with the idea of making money," he said. "That's where the trouble starts."

This sport he still adores, even though he had to give up racing his own horses—"I was one of the biggest punters in Sydney, too," he said — when, in 1951, he had heart trouble and was told he had only two weeks to live.

However, bowls as a sport is allowed him now.

Quiet life

"I live quietly," he said. "Home life is the only life worth living." And at this, his wife, a first cousin, whom he married 11 years ago, said ruefully that she was a middling cook, and spoke about Mr. Spurway's three grandchildren, children of his children by a previous marriage.

"My wife's pretty good at growing orchids," claimed Mr. Spurway. "They are our real extravagance — and antiques, of course."

He pointed to a priceless Chinese vase which once hung in the Summer Palace in Peking. There was another that was brass, inlaid with gold and platinum, and at Newport, in his other house, he has a Persian rug that once hung on the walls of a Sultan's Palace.

Dwelling on his philosophy again, he said, "If you live on an island made only of gold you'd starve. No, you only really need to be able to retire at the eventide of life and not have to worry about the wherewithal you live on."

MR. JOHN DAVIES weighs Mrs. M. Flaherty, of Croydon, on the Imperial Arcade weighing-machine. Mr. Davies' father, George, introduced the machine to the Arcade in 1917, and John has been operating it for 35 years.

ARCADE . . .

By RONALD McKIE, staff reporter

● **Millions of Sydneysiders have shopped in the Imperial Arcade, one of Sydney's inner-city landmarks soon to be replaced by a 36-storey, £4,000,000 shop-and-office block.**

FROM the first-floor balcony, outside his barber shop, Cecil Cook pointed to the glass roof of the Arcade where strips of stained cloth flapped in the west wind.

"Last of the calico blackout curtains put there during the war when everyone thought the Jap bombers would have a crack at us . . . Cost £500 to cover that glass."

He pointed. "Along there used to be a milliner—a real old dragon who would hit customers over the head with a hatstand if they wasted her time and didn't buy a hat . . ."

He thumbed the ground floor. "Old Jack was one of the most famous characters down there. He used to work at the original weighing-machine . . . Reckoned he could tell at a glance what you weighed . . . Dear old Fred Stafford was another . . . He was caretaker for nearly 40 years.

"And below in the basement is where Woolworths started. They opened their first shop there. If I'd put £100 into them then I'd have been worth £25,000 today."

Cecil Cook, white-haired and pink-faced, is the Imperial's oldest inhabitant. He was born in 1891, one year after the Arcade was built. He started as a barber there in Gallipoli year 1915 and has been there ever since. Some of his customers have been coming for up to 40 years.

At nearly 70, Cecil can remember the blossoming period of Sydney's arcades, but he is not old enough to have seen them bud.

CARETAKER Harry Reed, who has been cleaning the Arcade for 13 years.

Shortcuts

Thomas Rowe, who came to Australia during the early goldrushes and who started in Sydney as an architect in 1856, is the man who replaced some of the old blind "courts" and "places" with arcades—as shortcuts between streets—to reduce the unbroken length of blocks and to increase the number of shops.

Rowe (Rowe Street, beside Australia Hotel, is named after him) began in 1881 with the Sydney Arcade, an elbow which joined King and George Streets and which cost £30,000.

His next was the Royal, between George and Pitt Streets, and his third was the Imperial — basement, ground floor, balcony floor, 60 feet from ground floor to roof, glass-covered, and really a tunnel between the Castlereagh and Pitt Street frontages of the six-storey Arcadia Hotel.

Between 200 and 300 businessmen, in bowlers, boaters, and a few toppers, cheered Mayor W. P. Manning as he opened the Imperial, and cheered again when he said that the Arcade would be a decided boon to the public, "the more so as Sydney is a city where many of the streets

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822610

# of MEMORIES

THE Imperial Arcade's oldest occupant, hairdresser Cecil Cook, on the stairway of the first-floor balcony. Mr. Cook has been a barber in the Arcade since 1915.

are hardly wide enough to carry the traffic."

As that was in 1890 the Mayor was at least 70 years ahead of his time.

But the Imperial, grey and white below its iron-supported roof, was a cold, cheerless place.

It was still a white elephant for the businessman long after it was redecorated in 1897 in cream and green, with gay touches of salmon, gold, crimson, and cinnamon.

"Various owners," Cecil Cook says, "including Sir Joynton Smith, who started "Smith's Weekly" there, let shops for practically nothing just to fill the Arcade.

"At one time Sir Joynton had a plant in the Arcade which generated the electricity for Harry Rickard's Tivoli, now the Embassy Theatre.

"When I started I paid £1 a week for my shop — and half the premises were empty. Sixpence for a shave then. Now it's eight times that.

"Why, I went to Tasmania and back by ship first-class and the ticket cost me only £6/12/6.

"It wasn't until 1927, when David Jones' Castlereagh Street store replaced a monumental mason's, a plumber's, and a pawnbroker's shop, that shoppers began to pour through to Castlereagh Street and the Imperial began to boom.

"David Jones' store also changed the weather in the Arcade. Before the building went up, westerly winds behaved themselves by blowing normally from west to east through the Imperial. But since 1927 the westerlies have blown through the Arcade from east to west."

Funny times

One of the most hilarious incidents Cecil Cook remembers was when kiosks were banned in the Arcade about 30 years ago and a New Zealander who owned one refused to move.

One Saturday morning four husky men arrived, lifted the kiosk on to a trolley and trundled it, with the owner and his stock inside, down the Arcade.

Even the owner thought it was an amusing way to leave. He just had time to sell a packet of cigarettes before he and his kiosk reached Pitt Street.

"With newspaper artists like George Finey and Stan Cross working in the Arcade," Cecil Cook says, "there was always something funny happening.

"But one of the funniest things, to me personally, was my 'inheritance.'

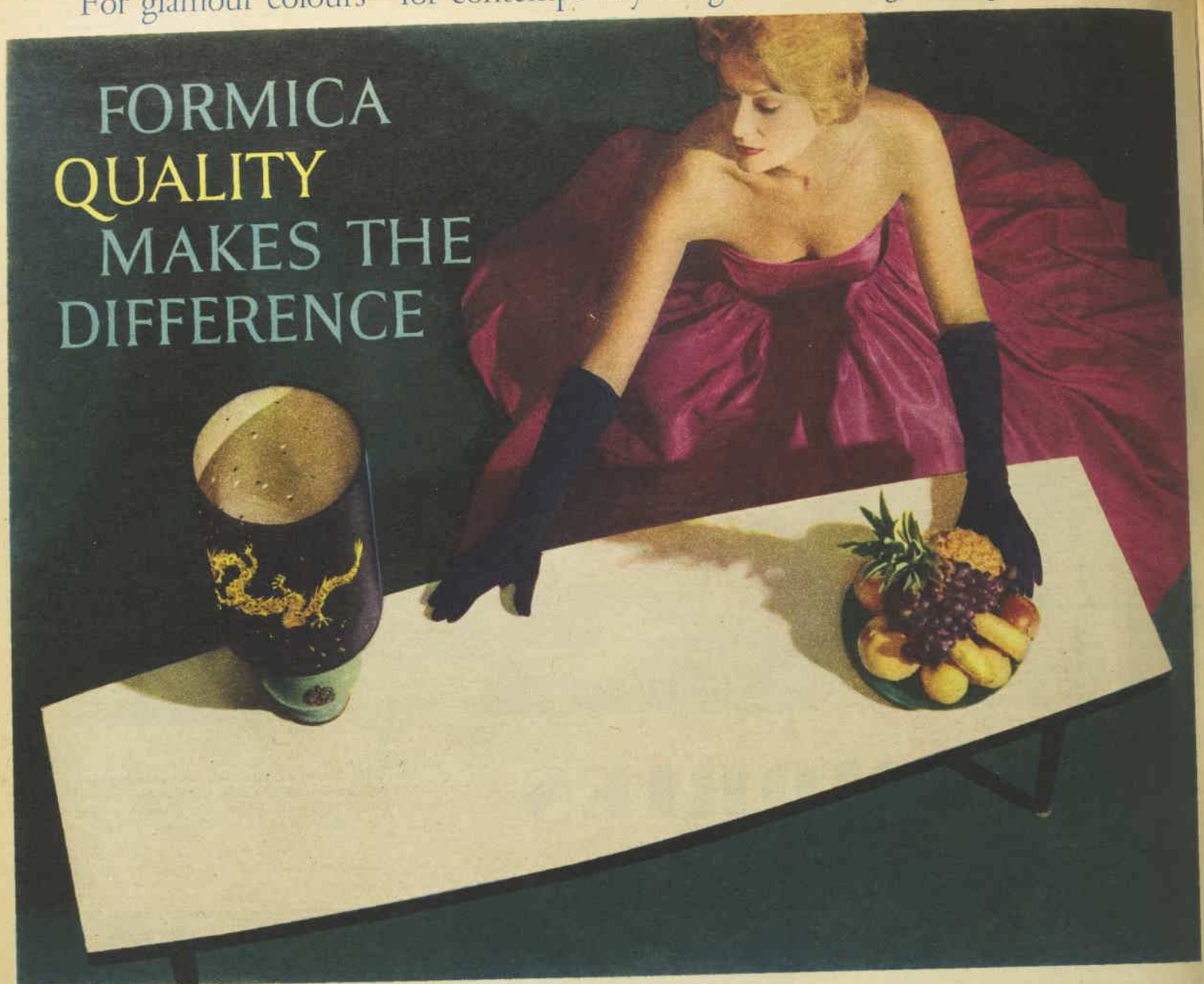
"Sir Joynton Smith, who never carried any money on him so that he would never have to lend any, once said to me, 'Cecil, when I die I'll leave you one brick of the Imperial.'

"With the Arcade soon to be demolished I wish I knew which brick."

MODERN shops now line the Imperial Arcade, which was built in 1890. This is a view of the Arcade looking towards Castlereagh Street.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822611

For glamour colours—for contemporary designs—for long lasting beauty...



*Formica is a Registered Trade Mark

FORMICA*

BEAUTY BONDED DECORATIVE SURFACING

See the elegance and beauty of Formica finished furniture at good retail stores, in Glossy, Satin-Matt and Lustre, the latest woodgrain finish. Be guided by your Architect or Builder men who know that every sheet of Formica surfacing has to maintain a world-wide standard of quality. For lovelier colours, modern designs and richer finish — *the most beautiful surfacing material in the world* . . . Formica surfacing.

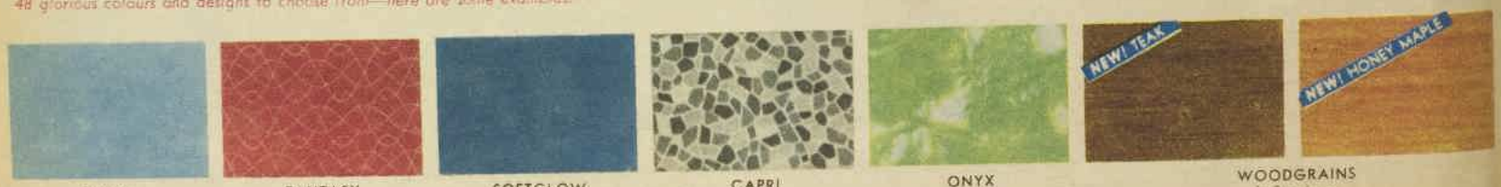
To "do-it-yourself:" Ask any hardware or furniture store for colour card and easy step-by-step instruction leaflet — your hardware dealer will supply Formica surfacing cut-to-size or shape.

Formica handy sheet sizes
10' x 4' 8' x 4' 5' x 4' 2' 6" x 4'
10' x 3' 8' x 3' 5' x 3'

Available in Glossy, Lustre or Satin-Matt finish.

Always use . . .

48 glorious colours and designs to choose from—here are some examples:—



PLAIN — *6 colours include Polar White and Diamond Black*
FANTASY — *in 7 colours*
SOFTGLOW — *in 9 colours*
CAPRI — *Charcoal only*
ONYX — *in 5 colours*
WOODGRAINS — *in 9 colours*

MADE IN AUSTRALIA TO A WORLD-WIDE STANDARD OF QUALITY BY FORMICA PLASTICS PTY. LIMITED, THORNLEIGH, N.S.W. ● *THERE IS ONLY ONE FORMICA QUALITY—THE BEST*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822612

PLAYWRIGHT Marcia McEwan at work, with Eugenie, 3.

Winner of TV play contest

● It's a long way from playing nursemaid to sideshow pythons to winning a TV play competition, but Australian playwright 30-year-old Marcia McEwan, of Lithgow, N.S.W., has done it.

MARCIA, in private life Mrs. Wagner Osterberg-Olsen, has won the Commonwealth's first TV play competition open exclusively to women.

She won, from 650 other entrants, the W. D. and H. O. Wills (Aust.) Ltd. sponsored competition with a brilliant human-interest story, "You Can't Please Everyone."

Though no date has yet been scheduled, her play will be produced on Sydney's Channel 9.

The play concerns the experiences of an Italian family in Woolloomooloo, Sydney.

It observes a condition of the competition that the hour-long play should contain no hatred or killing.

The competition was conducted under the auspices of the Fellowship of Australian Writers and Channel 9.

Miss McEwan lived in Italy for three years—working first on the editorial staff of the "Christian Science Monitor," then in the Italian Bureau of the Exchange - Telegraph agency.

She has a handsome Danish husband, a daughter, Eugenie, aged three, and another, Vashti, born within a few days of the announcement of her success in the competition.

Marcia talked of her early background and attempts at writing:

"I lived with my parents in the Blue Mountains apple-growing settlement of Little Hartley," she said. "I used to sprawl under the wattle tree scribbling away.

"Until I was 11 I went to the local school. Then I had to do lessons by correspondence because the high school was 25 miles away."

Marcia wrote her prize-winning play in the study of the flat at the Lithgow Guest House Motel, which her husband manages.

"It's just 10 miles away from where I lived as a child," she said.

Miss McEwan served her journalist's cadetship on the Lithgow "Mercury," then worked with a magazine-publishing house in Sydney.

She realised it would not be long before television came to Australia, so she decided to study TV writing technique in Europe to be in on the "ground floor."

Italian series

She was commissioned to author an Italian television series on the lives of great Italian composers.

But it wasn't easy all the way.

Like many Australians Marcia was determined to see the Coronation. She arrived in London "terrifically enthusiastic but broke."

A chance acquaintance, an African woman snake-charmer, offered her the job of nursemaid to her sideshow pythons, so she became a gaudily dressed keeper of the python pit in a Thames-side fun fair.

"They were our meal-tickets, so we had to take good care of them," she said. "They had to be put to bed each night with hot-water bottles and wrapped in blue hand-knitted bunny-rugs."

A chance meeting with 90-year-old Marquis Agesilo Greco, one of the world's master fencing tutors, helped her to get a job in Hollywood.

He liked the young Australian girl and came out of retirement to teach her—free—the art of fencing.

She became a natural for stand-in roles.

She stood in for Mai Britt when she was making "Daughter of the Black Pirate"; played opposite the late Errol Flynn as a stand-in for a scene demanding horseriding skill.

Opportunities have come Miss McEwan's way since she returned to Australia. She wrote several stories and scripts for the Long John Silver TV series, as well as material for Government documentary films on water conservation, rain-making, and the wool industry.

She also has published several short stories and given radio talks.

"The birth of Vashti and winning the competition within a few days of each other are the nicest things that could have happened to me," she said.

Competition judges were Rex Rienits (Editor of TV Drama, A.B.C.), Leslie Rees (Federal Play, Radio, Editor, A.B.C.), Roger Climpson (Channel 9 personality), Miss Mona Brand (playwright), and Mrs. Gwen Spencer (secretary, Fellowship of Australian Writers).

Can friends criticise...
your most-noticed room?

Your friends may not talk about your lavatory, but can you be sure what they think?

A clean toilet bowl is a sign of a thoughtful housewife. You know a brush alone cannot do the complete job—it can't disinfect and it can't reach around into the hidden "S" bend.

NOW—here's the quick, easy way to keep your toilet bowl sparkling clean and hygienic.

Just sprinkle Harpic in the toilet last thing every night and flush away in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly and leaves the toilet free of germs. Even that lime-scale caused by hard-water is removed—the entire lavatory bowl is kept sparkling and hygienically clean. And being delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic, at all stores.

Harpic is made specially for cleansing all sewered and septic tank toilet bowls.

Harpic cleans round the S-bend – where no brush can reach! It cleans more thoroughly **above,** as well as below, the water because Harpic stays on the sides of the bowl, cleansing and disinfecting all night long. When flushed next morning, the porcelain is sparkling clean.

HARPIC Regd.
LAVATORY CLEANSER

Safe for cleaning Septic Tank Toilet Bowls

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822613

• *Anne the inquisitive.*

• *The little housekeeper.*

PRINCESS ANNE

Guns boomed over London on August 15, 1950, announcing the birth of Anne Elizabeth Alice Louise — Princess Anne. By nightfall she was the toast of an Empire. The baby Princess, weighing six pounds, was third in line of succession to the throne. Her father, the Duke of Edinburgh, wanted a girl. Her brother, Prince Charles, then 21 months old, immediately became deeply attached to her. She inherited his layette and cot — and her mother's coral necklace, which the Queen herself wore as a tiny child. She was a good baby and a member of a devoted, happy family, as the picture above shows.

At five, Princess Anne was a gay, energetic child. She wanted to do just as her brother did, even to sharing his lessons with him. They shared an elderly pony named William, played deck quoits together on the decks of the Britannia on their way to Balmoral for the summer holidays — and Anne's fifth birthday. She and the young Prince were already style-setters for children's fashions the world over and Anne had already worn mink — as trimming for her winter coat and muff. Her birthday dress, pictured on right, was blue broderie anglaise edged with embroidered daisies. This photograph by Marcus Adams.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822614

• *Anne the artist.*

• *The polo fan.*

• *The traveller.*

• *Anne the bridesmaid.*

SHE'S A BIG GIRL NOW

• A tenth birthday is always something rather special in a little girl's life. So it will be for Princess Anne.

SHE will be 10 on August 15—and she will feel, as people all over the Commonwealth do, that she is really growing up.

Anne herself will probably feel a good deal more grown-up than many 10-year-olds. She has just been through the most exciting, glamorous year of her young life.

And she has acquitted herself in a way that has, indeed, stamped her as a Royal princess.

She has been twice a bridesmaid, she has been to her first grown-up party—though not for long—and worn her best party frock. She has been brought into the small circle of the Royal family and their distinguished guests.

She has been out in London with her governess, Miss Kathryn Peebles. She has seen TV studios, had her first sip of champagne (and didn't like it), made unexpected headlines when she said with a mock cockney accent, "Cor, it's dark in here!" at Lady Pamela Mountbatten's wedding.

She's shy

Her ease in public is one thing, but Princess Anne is desperately shy when left with other children of her own age.

At Sandringham, for instance, when she went with Prince Charles to a Sunday-school treat, she was a little out of things until she was coaxed by the entertaining magician to take part in the fun.

In helping the conjurer, the Princess regained the confidence she finds so much more readily on great public occasions.

This is only a pointer to the problems of bringing up Anne as a Royal princess and keeping her happy with other children.

If Anne were not a princess there would simply be no problems. She is a perfectly happy and well-adjusted little English girl.

But—she is a Royal princess who, at the age of 21, will be on the Civil List with £6000stg. a year, as her Aunt Margaret was before her marriage.

Her upbringing, then, must be on two levels.

Anne seems to take the public side of her life in her stride. More important from her own and her understanding parents' point of view is her private life.

This is a problem to which the Queen and Prince Philip are giving their deepest consideration this summer.

Anne's tenth birthday will tend to end her devoted father's indulgences.

She is, unquestionably, "Father's girl" in the Royal family, and, if she had her way and Prince Philip his, a "bubble" car would have been her tenth birthday present.

She has already been driving round Windsor Great Park — her father sitting beside her — in a "bubble" car.

But the Queen has vetoed such a gift for a 10-year-old.

Besides learning to drive a "bubble" car at nine, she had her first flight in a helicopter.

This past year Princess Anne has seen much more of her mother than in earlier years.

And Anne has had a new baby brother who absorbs a lot of her time and interests. She has even knitted bootees and mittens for him.

Anne is tall for her age, and growing quickly. She has a vivid personality, is sometimes irrepressible. "She does take after her father," say Palace nursery circles.

She has more poise and confidence than most children her age.

She has done well at her lessons, conducted by Miss Peebles in the Palace. After Prince Charles went to boarding-school she shared them with two friends of her own age, Susan Babington-Smith and Caroline Hamilton.

Keen sport

She is not so studious-minded as her older brother—and is a very keen young sportswoman.

She has recently started to play tennis, and likes it. She has had a few lessons from a famous coach.

And she adores swimming.

"She's never out of the pool. I always know where to find her," said her French mistress.

She can challenge anybody in an up-to-50-yards dash.

Her swimsuit hangs next to her tennis racquet in a change-room in the Palace.

High up on a list of hoped-for birthday presents are snorkels and fins.

Anne also loves fishing — and picnics.

Both have been part of almost all Anne's family birthday celebrations since she was a tiny child.

—Anne Matheson

• ***Princess Anne, like most members of the Royal family, is a horse-lover. Here she is at the Badminton Horse Trials held at Badminton Park Gloucestershire, April 21-23 this year.***

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822615

Feel that TACT GLOW from top to toe

FEEL REALLY CLEAN

Tact soap keeps perspiration Odour-Free*

GENTLE TACT LATHER leaves you feeling glowing clean, exhilarated. . . and you keep that wonderful feeling all day long! Only Tact contains miracle deodorant G11 which destroys up to 95% of the germs that cause perspiration odour . . . keeps you feeling shower-fresh all over. Mild Tact lather protects all day, even under make-up. Ideal for teenage skin blemishes, it cleans deep down into the pores, leaves your skin radiantly clean. Begin now to enjoy that refreshing, exhilarating Tact feeling.

*Proved by laboratory tests to wash away 95% of germs which cause perspiration odour.

8075

OLD ART

Migrant artists have brought their ancient crafts to decorate Australia's schools and churches. The works of two are shown on these pages.

SERENELY simple "Madonna and Child," 2ft. 6in. tall, 8in. across at the arms, is one of nine Mrs. Mimovich is carving.

ONE of them, Mrs. Leopoldine Mimovich, is a demure little Austrian woman who handles chisels and saws the way a painter handles palette and brushes.

She was top of her portrait-painting class at the Hallstaff Art School, but turned to woodcarving as a more expressive medium.

Nowadays she and her Yugoslav husband, Ljubisa, live at Yarraville, Vic. — and her beautiful religious carvings decorate churches and schools from Pinnaroo, S.A., to Port Moresby.

The tiny Mimovich signature stands modestly at the base of madonnas, crucifixes, and saints, in Pinnaroo's Roman Catholic church, Canberra's Roman Catholic hostel, the Rosary House in Parkes, N.S.W., and the Blessed Sacrament Fathers' Chapel in Toowoomba, Qld.

She has done seven sets of the Stations of the Cross, each of 14 pieces. Two sets are in Port Moresby.

A third is in the priests' chapel of St. Francis Church, Melbourne. The largest set, with each piece measuring 2ft. by 2½ft., is in St. Joseph's Church, Brunswick, Vic.

Mrs. Mimovich works from Queensland beech, walnut, and silky oak, and Tasmanian Huon pine.

Last year she used 1400 super feet of wood — £250 worth.

"And so much of that I chop away," she said. "It is too bad."

She works with an axe, a bow-saw and eight other saws, a hand-drill, brace and bit, and 100 chisels that range from a giant of a carpenter's chisel to a tiny one that looks like a manicure piece.

When she first came to Australia she worked in a city factory carving reproduction Chippendale and Louis XIV furniture.

Like boasting

She seldom sees her work installed in the churches and schools to which she sends it.

"I feel embarrassed to look at it then, because it is like boasting," she said. "But sometimes I have sneaked in to peep at one when a church has been empty."

"Poldy" Mimovich lives for her work.

Her own serenity is carved into the facial expressions of her statues. She finds herself supremely happy when she is working on a madonna and child, but becomes depressed and ill by the end of a day's work on any of the Stations of the Cross.

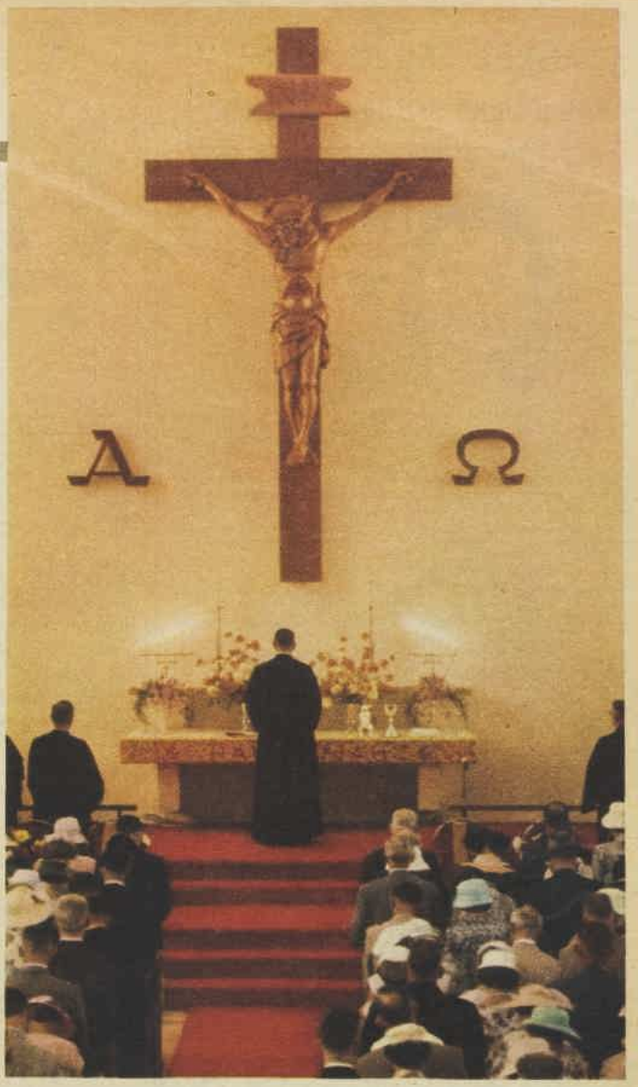
"I actually dread doing a set of them," she said.

CLEVER little Austrian woodcarver Mrs. Leopoldine Mimovich at work in her tiny workshop at Yarraville, Vic. She is sometimes buried in wood chips up to her knees, loves her work, but at times it makes her sad.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822616

IN A NEW LAND

ALFRED SCHUBERT with the carved Christ head, part of a figure almost 9ft. high that he fashioned from a huge King William pine tree.



COMPLETED crucifix (right) dwarfs congregation and altar in St. John's Lutheran Church, Bundaberg, Qld. Color pictures are by Ray Peek, of Bundaberg.

GERMAN - BORN Alfred Schubert, who comes from Bavaria, where woodcarving is an historic industry, orders his timber by the log.

Recently he ordered a log big enough for a man to fit into one-and-a-half times. As well, it had to be perfectly formed, with few knotholes.

From the log, a huge King William pine from a Tasmanian forest, he carved a figure almost 9ft. high of Christ crucified, which now hangs above the altar of St. John's Lutheran Church at Bundaberg, Qld.

The sight of tall, lean, sandy-haired Alfred swinging an axe expertly on an enormous pine log in the front garden of his suburban home at Nunawading, Vic., did not unduly rouse the interest of his neighbors.

Not until the pine log began to take the shape of a 9ft.-high human figure.

"But they are so reserved here," Alfred said. "They didn't like to stand and stare too long.

"At home in Bavaria there were always people in my workshop watching my carving. But here they are too polite to intrude."

Alfred, of course, did not do the whole job with an axe. He used an array of much finer tools at different stages.

Axe first

"But if you don't start off with an axe on one of these big jobs you would never get it finished," he said.

The figure took Schubert five months to carve. His wife helped with some of the detailed work.

It was all carved in one piece, except the arms, which were done separately to avoid damage in transport.

Together they took the figure by station waggon to Bundaberg.

It was then nailed to a cross of Queensland silky oak, made in Queensland.

Mr. Schubert explained he had to change his ideas considerably when he first came to Australia.

He said: "I had to find out what your taste was in art. In Bavaria we love the baroque style — extravagant and ornamented — usually painted with colors and gold-leaf.

"Here the style is British. In churches it is usually either Gothic or modern."

"It takes a while to adjust yourself," Mrs. Schubert said. "And you must change yourself a little. You cannot just change your style without feeling that way yourself — or there will be no soul in your work. You use your head—you can produce good technique. But you use your heart as well, and you have art."

Alfred began his Australian career as a cabinetmaker.

"When I first came here," he said, "there seemed such a difference in the work required. There did not seem to be any market for good woodcarving."

It wasn't until Schubert carved a crucifix for a local church that his reputation as a woodcarver spread.

"It was rather funny," Mrs. Schubert said. "A number of the people from the church had to decide if my husband was capable of doing the work they wanted.

"They paid us about six visits and we showed them samples, but we could see that they were not convinced it was all my husband's work.

"They felt he might have bought samples in Europe. When he eventually completed the crucifix they were delighted."

It was this first Australian commission for a crucifix that led to his being asked to carve the figure of Christ for Bundaberg.

Traditional

The Bundaberg crucifix, Alfred Schubert said, was traditional in style and proportion, but the surface treatment was more modern, with bigger, rougher cuts.

The Schuberts have two children, a son, Gernot, 17, and a daughter, Gerhild, 7.

They moved into their rambling old home, once a farmhouse, four years ago.

The house stands out in a suburban treeless street of small modern homes because of the towering row of cypresses along the front fence.

"The cypresses — I saw them and wanted this house," Mrs. Schubert said. "It was like home."

Her husband will never cut them down to get logs for his woodcarving.

MODERN church, St. John's, Bundaberg (left), was designed by architect Dr. Karl Langer, lecturer in Town Planning, Queensland University.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822617

FALSE TEETH wearers can offend without knowing

Toothpaste is fine for natural teeth — but denture materials are not natural. Dentures can harbour food particles which decompose and cause "denture breath". Dentures need purifying and cleansing with their own preparation — Steradent.

What STERADENT does for dentures that toothpaste cannot do

1. **Oxygen-cleans** — penetrates crevices. 2. **Brightens** — removes stains. 3. **Purifies** — removes odour-forming germs. 4. **Deodorises** — freshens mouth. 5. **Cleans gently** — reduces surface wear.

AT CHEMISTS ONLY

DENTURES NEED **STERADENT**

Margaret Leighton

Alluring Star of Stage and Screen

SAYS:—"I've tried them all, but nothing else keeps my hair shining and healthy like Vitapointe does. I use just a little and brush for no more than a minute. My hair is always groomed and sparkling in the way I must have it. I most definitely recommend Vitapointe to every woman who wants to be proud of her hair."

Let Vitapointe condition your hair to pliant, gleaming health. You'll be delighted with the shining, flashing beauty Vitapointe brings to highlight your hair style.

A 7/6 tube lasts a good two months.

Vitapointe OF PARIS

The Perfect **HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONING CREAM**

FATHER

"The police said for me not to touch a thing till they get here."

MOTHER

"Your teacher told you to clean your shoes? Well, I wish SHE'D tell you to clean your teeth and brush your hair and scrub your fingernails"

It seems to me

By

Dorothy Drain

THESE cold nights when I hang my suit in the wardrobe I am haunted by the thought of Sir Harold Gillies, an eminent London plastic surgeon, who was born in New Zealand.

Sir Harold invents things in his spare time. Among his inventions is a coathanger on which you hang jacket first, then trousers—the order in which they are removed.

The same kind of worry applies to a woman's suit. You hang up the coat, and then you unhang it while you attach the skirt by its loops.

Yes, but—one hears the arguments—why not have separate skirt hangers?

All right. But what happens? You wear another suit next morning, and that night you hang other garments between the two pieces.

On the following day you spend fully 30 seconds groping.

Not important, perhaps. But this thing worried Sir Harold, and he did something about it.

And that's how the world keeps moving.

★ ★ ★

CHARLES LOVE, who died, aged 86, in England last week was the first man to own a flying pig.

Fifty years ago Lord Brabazon, holder of Britain's first pilot's licence, took one of Mr. Love's pigs for a plane ride.

There are many more important reasons for fame, but I like this one. It is nice to think of the two men and their little joke so long ago. Probably it was the inspiration of a moment, and neither of them dreamed that 50 years later the incident, recorded in Mr. Love's obituary, would be cabled to the newspapers of the world.

It was a laugh that lasted a lifetime, though a little hard on the pig, which was doubtless frightened out of its wits. But humor is like that.

★ ★ ★

READING the real-estate pages in newspapers of various countries throws an interesting light on the inhabitants.

Advertisements in the "Christian Science Monitor," published in Boston, U.S.A., suggest that buyers in the more modest brackets want to know about the number of bathrooms.

Those with real money to spend are evidently lured by the quality of the neighbors.

One advertisement for a house "priced in the fifties" (a device used to indicate the number of dollars in thousands) states: "People of CHARACTER live on this lane." The capitals belong to the ad.

Not good or bad, mind you, but simply "character." This is about as alarming an assessment of neighbors as I ever heard. One imagines them using their Sunday lawnmowers with a peculiar quality of aggression, and making political speeches to passers-by.

An interesting word, though. If the ad. had simply said: "Characters live on this lane," the picture would have been quite different, though just as intimidating.

LAST week was a nerve-racking one for pedestrians, with policemen throughout the country, notebooks in hand, poised to pounce.

The plan for "Education Week" followed by "Enforcement Week" was the brainchild of the Australian Road Safety Council, and maybe it accomplished something, maybe not.

It is hard to understand why Sydney does not adopt the "scramble" system, already working with success in some cities, including Brisbane.

This method of stopping traffic in all directions while pedestrians cross any way they like seems much better than letting corner-turning cars and walkers fight it out.

For a pedestrian reared under the cross-at-right-angles system, the scramble has a peculiar pleasure, too. As you dart diagonally from corner to corner you feel, for a few seconds, like a human being instead of a sheep avoiding slaughter.

★ ★ ★

SUFFOLK naturalists say that the nightingale has almost disappeared from some of its woodland haunts. They blame the insect sprays used by farmers.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal bird.
Yet hungry generations did thee down.
The voice Keats heard that passing night was blurred
With toxic sprays by modern man—the clown.

★ ★ ★

SYDNEY dailies reported the death of Emily, beer-drinking hen, of Bingara, N.S.W. At one time Emily toured bars with a ventriloquist, but eventually retired, merely drinking a middy at mid-day.

Most hens are so respectable, with beady, grudging eyes,
And when their sister took to drink they sniffed with shocked surprise.
They scratched around all day for food, laid eggs, and clucked away,
While Emily led a jolly life, unorthodox but gay.

The others said, "How shameful!" and "Take warning, little chick!"
But Emily only cackled, saying, "See, I like it — hic —
For you'll end up as dinner with thyme, marjoram, and sage,
But me, I like the bright lights, and I much prefer the stage."

It's seldom that a living's earned by simply drinking beer,
But for a hen it's different—Em made it her career.
Around the pub they loved her; her fame spread near and far,
And Emily made the headlines when at last she crossed the bar.

That's why I buy **FORD PILLS**

I find them marvellous for Constipation, Indigestion, Headaches, Stomach troubles, Rheumatism and many other aches and pains.
Dad and I use them regularly and if the kiddies are cranky, a Ford Pill crushed in honey puts them right overnight.
Ford Pills are so SAFE and sure. Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all YOUR family. In red and gold plastic tubes, 6/- and 3/6 everywhere

FORD PILLS

GIVE YOUR BABY LOVELY CURLS

A proud mother praises Curlypet. "Baby's hair used to be straight but after Curlypet she now has a healthy head of pretty curls. At Baby Shows judges always comment on her lovely curls."

Curlypet is good for cradlecap, too, soothes scalp irritations and leaves baby's tender scalp clean, healthy and fragrant.

4 weeks' treatment, 8/10

Curlypet

Like Walking on Pillows

LUXURIOUS WALKING EASE
Soft Latex Foam Insoles, 5/9 pr.

1. Relieve painful callouses.
2. Give feet soft bed to rest upon.
3. Cushion tender heels.

From all Chemists & Stores

Dr Scholl's AIR-PILLO INSOLES

Start the Weekend well with

Weekend

★

1/- from your Newsagents

. . For people who think—

The Observer

Australia's first fortnightly review.
1/6 from your Newsagent.

Keep up-to-date . . . read

MODERN MOTOR

Every Month
2/6 from your Newsagent.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822618

MAROONED BY A CYCLONE

● For ten days Mrs. Mary Stephens, her husband, and son were marooned on tiny Lizard Island, 60 miles north of Port Douglas (North Queensland) after a cyclone had driven their launch ashore. Now Mrs. Stephens has written a vivid account of their ordeal on the island before their rescue.

By MARY STEPHENS

IT was on Boxing Day, our fourth day on Lizard Island, that the cyclone struck.

We — my husband, Tom ("Pop") Stephens, my son, Alan, 28, and I—had gone to the island from our home at Port Douglas, 60 miles to the south, to spend last Christmas holidays there, just fishing and lazing about.

Our 30ft. launch, "Kon Tiki," which the menfolk used in their professional fishing, was safely anchored offshore.

Our tent had been pitched in the only patch of shade we could find on the island.

We had seen plenty of tracks of lizards (from which the island gets its name) but had sighted none.

We had ample food, and there was fresh water on the island.

Christmas Day had passed quietly. We had Christmas dinner of roast poultry and plum pudding.

The trouble, as I said, started on Boxing Day.

Early in the morning we had been abruptly awakened by a strong gust of wind that almost tore our tent away.

It lasted only a few minutes, then died down and remained calm until first light, when it struck again, just as suddenly but stronger.

We held on grimly to guy ropes, and, when the gust passed, we tightened tent ropes and made things more secure.

Radio warning

Over the mainland the sky was very black, and we could hear the rumble of thunder.

By 10 o'clock the wind was getting stronger.

Alan went to the launch and put out another anchor, a 60-pounder, on a long length of new cable. This was in addition to a 35lb. anchor on a chain. I was getting lunch when Alan came hurrying back to say he had got a news-flash over the launch radio that a cyclone was heading across the peninsula straight towards us, and would probably get to us about 3.30 p.m.

To try to reach shelter by boat was impossible, so we planned to get provisions ashore to last several days and to move to a more sheltered spot inland.

By now the sea was rapidly building up and it was difficult to launch the flattie and get on board.

Alan threw overboard a 40-gallon drum of fuel and a small tankful, got our food, extra clothes, a roll of plastic and the sails, made the "Kon Tiki" as secure as he could, and rowed ashore.

I was hastily packing our bedding and camp stuff ready to move. Then we all carried our things inland, where we stacked them between two trees and covered them with sails.

These were tied to the butts of the trees and pegged securely to the ground.

A gale was blowing by now, and our tent was getting badly torn, so it was lowered and the strong waterproof roof pegged down over the rest of our goods.

We were racing against time to move our camp and had made several trips.

We were returning for another load, with the men well in front, as I found it very hard going against the wind and could not get my breath.

When I came over the sand-hill I will never forget what met my eyes. With a terrible roar of sound a storm was sweeping across the bay and appeared to lift the water as it came.

I turned and ran back inland.

With the wind at my back I made good speed, but I could hear the storm overtaking me, and before I could make the shelter a wall of water struck me and threw me to the ground.

I made the last lap on hands and knees.

The wind was tearing at the covering and flapping it, so I threw myself across it and tried to protect myself with a raincoat, but the wind tore it out of my hands.

I was wet through, gasping for breath and beginning to shiver when Alan flopped down beside me. "How are you, Mum?" "I'm good, how's Pop and how did you get here?" "The wind blew me."

He had brought a thick bit of canvas and together we made a bit of shelter over us and lay there huddled together until the worst of the gale had passed.

Then Alan left me to see how Pop had fared. He had crawled under the tent and was quite dry, as were most of our belongings.

Some had blown away and were found later, but some things we never saw again.

As soon as we could get our camp stove going we made a "cuppa" and cleaned up a bit and got the sand out of our eyes and put on some fresh clothes.

The "Kon Tiki" was still riding it, but was taking a terrible hammering, tossing high on the breakers, then down into the trough till only her mast showed. It seemed more than any boat could stand.

Our next job was to make a shelter for the night, and this we did by propping one side of the tent roof up and making up beds on the ground in the shelter under this.

The rain had stopped but the wind was very strong. We were all exhausted and were glad to turn in.

Nightmare

In the morning the wind was still blowing and "Kon Tiki" was still holding at anchor, though Alan said she had moved about 20 feet by a marker he had on the beach.

We tried to repair our tent and, using the sail, made our camp more comfortable, though we could not do much while the gale lasted.

About one o'clock we were down on the beach watching the launch when Tom said, "I can't bear to see her taking such a battering. Let us go and get something to eat."

This we did, and about an hour later I walked out and saw "Kon Tiki" up on the beach.

The waves were hitting her stern and coming over into her. We had feared that this might happen, but the reality left us stunned. To me it seemed as if I were living in a nightmare.

Alan climbed on board and began to unload everything he could. All our fish and meat had to be thrown overboard except enough for a meal.

The wireless and batteries were salvaged while still dry, and tinned food, 15 loaves of bread, and about 12lb. of butter were rescued from the fridge.

WITH their launch, "Kon Tiki," high but not dry, Alan (foreground) and "Pop" Stephens fasten the mooring rope to a sunken drum of fuel.

Fuel and water tanks were emptied and all our possessions carted above high water. When the steel cable attached to the 60lb. anchor was pulled in, the ring of the anchor was still attached, but broken and opened into a letter C. The smaller anchor had broken, too.

By the time we had done this, the tide was rapidly coming in and the men half buried a drum of fuel in the sand and, using a winch, kept the boat coming in nose first using the drum as an anchorage.

She was coming along nicely when the drum pulled out, and before another hold could be got the waves pushed the boat sideways across the rocks, and each wave lifted her up and thumped her back on the rocks.

We filled what bags we had with sand and tried to protect her until the tide left her. She was now over the rock ledge on to the sandy beach, but next morning's tide would be a still higher one.

Nothing more could be done with her that night, so we carted the food supplies to the camp and, after stowing these away safely, we made plans for an early start in the morning.

Just before we turned in, the menfolk wanted to have another look at the boat.

Too tired to go, I sat on my bed on the ground with a torch while the men set off with the pressure lamp.

As they left I looked out the back of the tent and saw two big eyes glaring at me that kept moving slightly from side to side. I opened my mouth to scream, but couldn't make a sound.

Then I had enough sense to switch my torch on to the monster — only to see two glass floats. As the men had walked carrying the light, it was reflected back at me from their shiny surface.

Thank goodness I hadn't yelled for help or I would never have lived it down.

Worrying night

So to bed on Sunday night, but I slept very little. I kept worrying, "Where are Tom's heart tablets?" I could not remember where I had put them.

How long would the bread keep before it all went mouldy? What would be the best way to keep butter in this heat?

The men were up and at work by daylight next morning. A fence had to be built along the side of the boat to break the force of the waves, and so trees had to be cut inland, trimmed, and carted to the beach. These were then buried two feet in the sand, close together, then bound with rope. This made a good firm breakwater and saved the boat from further damage.

By Monday night the wind had abated quite a bit, and now the tides would not come up so high. "Kon Tiki" was well up on the sand above normal high-water level.

I had gone over our food supply and had sorted it out, packing away in plastic anything that would keep a week or more, and we were using perishables like bread, fruit, and vegetables. We had several packets of cereal, a tin of biscuits, three cakes, several Christmas puddings, and plenty of rice and macaroni, which would keep for several weeks.

We had been told there were no snakes on Lizard Island, but one evening a 2ft. 6in. one came into the camp. Alan killed it, although we did not know whether or not it was poisonous.

By Tuesday the worst of the gales had gone and an examination of the launch showed just how badly damaged she was. All the ribs along one side were broken and the engine-bed had been forced through the planking, damaging several planks.

Most of the fittings inside had been smashed and she was leaking badly under the fridge-box.

As our supply of fresh food had run out, Tom and Alan took the net in the flattie and worked their way down to the south end of the bay.

I walked along the beach, but, as no sign of any fish were seen, the men returned to work and I was slowly walking back when I thought I could hear a plane.

I hastily wrote HELP in the sand, but it did not show plainly, so I covered the letters with seaweed, burnt sticks, and anything black.

I had almost finished when I noticed a boat well out to sea.

The men were out of sight, so I set off up the beach at a run. The sand was very hot, and the sun glaring, so my run soon became a walk and I got down to the edge of the water where the going was easier.

The boat was getting closer, so I must hurry. I stopped to get my breath and called "Alan," but no answer. Off again, and at last got to the boat exhausted.

To page 23

"KON TIKI," repaired, is being manhandled back into shallow water after the arrival of the rescue launch, Ardie (background).

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822619

For winter fitness serve warming easy-to-fix Weet-Bix

Give young footballers new vim and vigour every morning — serve rich nourishing Weet-Bix with *hot* milk!

Each crisp golden biscuit is crammed with the nutrition needed to build sturdy healthy bodies. That's because Weet-Bix is the whole of the wheat, including the precious wheat heart...fortified with added Vitamin B_1 . . . enriched with energising malt.

So easy to fix. No fuss, no bother, and every three biscuit breakfast costs less than twopence!

WEET-BIX

are wonderful

DESTINATION MOON! New Space-Age Album! 6d. at all grocers. Picture plates with all Sanitarium cereals.

5271

W12/40

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822620

The 'thirties PLUS

● The free and easy movement of Dior's dresses, Nina Ricci's cloche hats, chokers, and fur collars, wrapover coats at Cardin, and shingle hairdos by Carita, shown at the new Paris collections, have firmly set the 1960 fashion cycle in the early 'thirties.

● Mink and ribbed knit at Dior — the mink cap-hat has a mink pompon, the long scarf is rib-knit.

● Dior shows a Beatnik trend. "Chicago" is an elegantly tough, mink - trimmed black crocodile jacket.

By
ANNE MATHESON, in Paris

THE clothes in the collections, however, definitely belong to the 'sixties, with no suggestion of flash back. And Paris has created its most wearable styles for many seasons.

The silhouette is long and waistless, swinging low and loose. Bosoms are flattened out, shoulder lines are natural, and the kimono-cut favored by many houses gives an easy fit.

The bias cut on which most of the clothes are based achieves all the slinky look of the late 'twenties to early 'thirties while allowing for plenty of movement.

Fabrics are as rich and fabulous as the styles are simple.

Everywhere the most sumptuous furs are used on hemlines, on cuffs, on large collars, as band trimmings on box jackets, chokers, and muffs, as edgings to long scarves, and, finishing the whole picture, on enormous, high-crowned hats or pull-ons and cloches.

Hats have returned to cover the shingled head — a compromise between the milliners and the hairdressers.

With this swing to the 'thirties there is the flavor of all the old favorite accessories, but they are definitely new.

There's the dangling single string of beads, hand-knit heavy ribbed scarves, hats, and collars.

Knitted jumper-suits at Dior even have trimmings of lampshade fringes and bobble edgings, fragile beaded jumpers, and masses of jet

Dior, with a master touch, has revived ribbed knitting, teamed it with mink, leopard, suede, and lovely tweeds. Rib-knit hats match polo-necked tops which roll over collarless coats and jackets.

The lengthening of the silhouette is seen at its most elongated at Dior. They have dropped the waistline to a point of no return, and the skirts are puff-balls, ballooning from well below the thigh.

Cardin drops a short, flared skirt from a long-stemmed bodice in both dresses and top-coats.

There is an air of romanticism in the cocktail and evening dresses at Dior, with Velasquez-inspired dresses in fine lace chiffon and silk organdie light as a breath of air.

Spanish hairdos are piled high and finish with leaves and ribbons, and there are "infanta" dresses with enormous capes.

Guy Laroche, whose clothes are always young, has had his model girls' hair bobbed, with droopy forelocks.

He uses a great deal of tartan, and his 'thirties dresses are soft with necktie necklines.

Lanvin (Castillo) is the only designer to set a new line and stick to it.

His clothes hang loose but shapely from a narrow flat top to a pear drop hemline which turns into the knee.

There's a great deal of black for cocktail wear.

Sweet little black dresses at Laroche are simply long-waisted pullovers in front, dipping into deep cowls or crossing over at the back.

Many of the little black dresses at Jean Patou have pretty necklines, which bare one shoulder.

Dior, too, bares a shoulder, but trims it with ropes of pearls.

The color that was favorite in the 'thirties has been revived at Nina Ricci. It is called bois de rose.

All the pale and stony beiges of the 'thirties are seen, as well as ochre, white, pink, and fuchsia-pink, but black is the color that has come back for dressy occasions.

● Cocktail and evening shoes echo the silhouette. They are long and slim—and tall, with ornament.

● Dior hit number for casual evenings at home — white mink pullover with a black velvet divided skirt. The hair is piled high, tied with bunches of ribbons.

from page 21

MAROONED BY A CYCLONE

No sign of the men, so I called "Yoo Hoo! Alan" towards the camp. Immediately two heads appeared over the side of the boat and two voices said, "What's all the 'yoo-hooing' about?"

Still trying to get my wind, I gasped, "A boat," and fainted.

There was a scramble on to the deck and Pop said to me, "Well, don't just stand there—do something—run to the camp and get the mirror!"

Alan got the mirror and tried to signal the boat, and Pop climbed up and waved a sheet, but although the boat was by now fairly close they did not see us and disappeared round the island.

By now our bread was going mouldy, and I cut it into slices and spent hours slowly toasting it into rusks. When cold, I packed these into plastic and they kept well. Heated and buttered for breakfast, they were hard but wholesome. The butter in large screw-topped jars was keeping well.

Wednesday . . . Thursday . . . No more passing boats.

After breakfast on Friday the men set out to climb the cliff to the south of our bay and to find the best place to signal from. They found a flat rock which had a good view of the shipping channel and built a fire on it, then cut trees and kept a pile of these handy.

The men had only just returned to work on the boat when I saw another tanker coming. Off Alan set and was in plenty of time to get the fire going.

We watched from the beach and felt that someone on the boat must see the smoke and flames as they rose high in the air, but slowly the tanker disappeared from sight.

Much time now had to be spent in getting a fish meal, as it had to be caught fresh each day and bait was hard to get. Also it took almost an hour to get our daily supply of water.

Crocodile

One day as I was walking along the edge of the mangrove swamp along the creek, I saw what I at first thought to be a big lizard. It slid into the water and disappeared with a great swirl of water. No lizard this but a crocodile about four feet long.

Badly shaken I made for home with an empty bucket and did not return there again on my own.

To add to our worries, Alan had developed a sore leg which would not heal. I had been dressing it each day, and it would almost heal, then break out again next day. He was in quite a bit of pain with it.

On the tenth day after the cyclone, the men had just gone for water when I saw another boat coming. It was just a white patch on the horizon, so I ran after the men to bring them back.

Tom said, "It only seems a waste of time You go; Alan and I will get the water."

However, Alan set off down the beach with the mirror and tin of fuel, while I followed more slowly. I saw him climb the cliff and, by the time I got there, the tanker was fairly close.

It was a hot morning with bright sunshine and no cloud, so Alan tried flashing the mirror at them.

I was watching from the beach and praying that this time they would see us when I noticed a white patch of water form at the stern—surely they were stopping.

The suspense was dreadful for a few moments. Then the boat began to turn slowly and I heard a long blast from her siren, answered by a rousing shout from Alan.

He had lit the fire and thrown some fuel on it, and now came running down the cliff face. As he passed me he gave me the mirror and said, "Keep in touch with them and I will row out."

I began flashing the mirror up to them, then down, up, then down again. Soon I noticed a light flash from the boat, and each time I flashed the mirror I was answered by their light.

My hands began to shake so much I could not hold the mirror and my knees gave way and I sat on the beach and howled like a kid. The relief from the worry and suspense we had been through was just too much. However, a good cry did me good, and I soon felt better.

I walked up the beach towards home, and watched Alan till he became just a spot and I could see a boat from the tanker going towards him. My next thought was, "I hope they send us a loaf of bread."

Tom, coming home with some water, called out, "Has Alan gone fishing? Why didn't he wait for me?" Then he noticed the tanker stopped out at sea and I showed him the small boat coming from the tanker.

Presently the boats parted and we carried the water to the camp and put the kettle on for a "cuppa." Alan would need it by the time he got back. We would have a slice of bread with it, too. Oh, boy!

Alan reached the beach at last, and as we stood talking the tanker began to move, and with three toots from her siren continued her journey.

We stood on the rocks and waved our hats until she was out of sight, then had our delayed cup of tea.

No, we did not get any bread, but a radio message would already be on its way and a boat be with us in a day or two with all we needed.

This was on Tuesday, January 6. Knowing that help was coming, we could relax a bit, and it put new life into us. No need to watch continually for a boat or plane. We could use more of our food supply, too. Cereal and rusks with cheese or honey for breakfast, fish for lunch, and rice or macaroni for tea.

Alan got the wireless set up after finding some wire for an aerial, and we heard over the news that the Ardie was leaving Port Douglas at midnight on Thursday to come to our aid.

The Ardie was owned by Pat Helmuth and worked by him and his two sons, Mick and Ted. She was a roomy 48ft. fishing launch, and took stores to the lighthouse keepers at Low Isles.

Rescued!

The next few days passed very slowly, with the men getting as much done to the boat as they could.

On Friday afternoon Tom and I went for water, and returned to the camp about five o'clock.

Alan was there; his leg was worrying him, and he was limping badly.

I heated some water and was going to bathe his leg to make it more comfortable when round the point of the island came a boat.

Yes, it was the Ardie, and in good time, too.

There was Paddy Helmuth and his two boys, Mick and Teddy, and friends of theirs, Wally Butler and Doug Scullett, all from our home port.

An inspection of the damage to "Kon Tiki" was made, and they decided that she could be patched up enough to tow her home, but it would take several days.

After we had exchanged news I asked, "Did you bring us a loaf of bread?" Yes—we at last had some fresh bread and some good steak for tea, and how we did enjoy it.

After tea I used a slice of bread to make a poultice for Alan's leg, and left it on all night. Next morning the swelling was down.

Three days were spent repairing the boat. On Wednesday morning she was floated and towed into shallow water.

The weather looked fairly good on the Thursday morning, so we decided to make a start on our homeward trip. Our camp was pulled down and our goods put on board, the tow-rope was rigged, and we were all on board by 8 a.m.

Alan and Mick were on "Kon Tiki," and the rest of us on Ardie.

We kept travelling all day, slowly leaving our island behind, and by night we had reached Cooktown.

Next day Tom and I caught a plane to Cairns, and a bus to Port Douglas.

Our adventure was over and what a thrill it was to be home again.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822621

LOOK FOR

BRI-NYLON

ON EVERY LABEL

BRI-NYLON - trade mark of British Nylon Spinners Ltd.

NEWS! NEWS! NEWS! It's the best news since nylon! Today you have a new key to quality when buying nylon garments – the name **BRI-NYLON.** It will appear on the labels of nylon garments made by leading Australian manufacturers. Look for it alongside the brand name of your favourite manufacturer. The

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822622

name **BRI-NYLON** assures you that these garments are top-quality Australian nylon fashioned in the right way to give you complete satisfaction. Whenever you buy a nylon garment from now on, always look for that easily recognised key to quality – the name **BRI-NYLON**

British Nylon Spinners (Australia) Pty. Ltd. – a new and vital Australian industry.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822623

MEASUREMENTS SHAPE A WOMAN'S WORLD

Mrs. Eileen Richardson of Adelaide didn't like the idea of doing without her favourite foods and sweets and, when she heard that at *Silhouette* she wouldn't have to diet to lose weight, she started her *Silhouette* course.

At *Silhouette* there are no over-strenuous routines. Fabulous equipment does nearly all the work and personal supervisors set the pace. You gently ease off excess lbs., revitalising your body tissues, soothing your jangled nerves.

There are no classes to attend, no appointments to make. At *Silhouette* you arrange your appointments to suit yourself, *as often as you like.*

Inches & lbs. disappear like magic!

Mrs. Richardson, in just one month, achieved some really wonderful results. Look at the difference *Silhouette* has already made to her measurements.

		Bust	Waist	Stomach	Hips
November,	1959	38½"	31"	38"	39"
January,	1960	37½"	28½"	36"	37"

You, too, can lose weight, *where* you want to, or add inches to your bustline at *Silhouette*.
Personally supervised "figure contouring" means that *Silhouette* can *guarantee results* in just 60 days.
Phone your nearest Silhouette Salon now to arrange your free figure analysis and trial.

Silhouette
FIGURE-FORM INTERNATIONAL

Sydney—399 George Street (opposite Farmers)—BX 3911
Top Ryde—Regional Centre—WY 0274
Melbourne—3rd Floor, 276 Collins Street—63-5172
219 Chapel Street, Prahran—63-1275
545 High Street, Preston—JU 6097
Brisbane—173 Elizabeth Street—2-6875
Adelaide—67 Hindmarsh Square—W 4618
Perth—His Majesty's Theatre, Hay Street—21-3305

LETTER BOX

● We pay £1/1/- for all letters published. Letters must be original, not previously published. Preference is given to letters signed for publication.

When do wives retire?

MY husband is thinking of retiring soon, and often says how he is going to sit back and enjoy himself watching others work. What I want to know is when do I retire? After bringing up a family and working hard myself, I feel I would like to sit back, too!

£1/1/- to "Mrs. C. A. A." (name supplied), Hobart.

Poor publicity

OUR propaganda overseas is not nearly good enough to attract tourists or migrants. Last year in Europe I spoke with many people who knew only two things about Australia: It's the land of no women and the place where the hotels close at six. An Austrian headmistress showed me a widely used schoolbook which stated that the aborigines in Central Australia are cannibals!

£1/1/- to Mr. J. McKenzie, Geelong, Vic.

Animal manners

WHILE sitting in the grounds of a ruined castle in Kent, during my recent holiday in England, I witnessed a delightful sight. A red squirrel sat close by enjoying a berry lunch. His hunger satisfied, he let the branch go and reached for his bushy tail, actually wiped his mouth several times, then brushed his front paws together. I didn't realise wild "things" had such excellent table manners.

£1/1/- to Miss V. Mansbridge, Hemmant, Qld.

Taxi midwives

MY daughter's baby was born in a taxi on the way to hospital, and fortunately everything turned out perfectly. But, as the young taxi driver admitted, he felt like running away. I think it would be a fine idea for taxi drivers to receive elementary training in midwifery.

£1/1/- to Mrs. G. L. Clifford, Maylands, W.A.

Deserted children

WHAT can a mother tell little children when their father has cleared out and left them? Should they be told the truth, or should one try to protect them with a white lie and say he's away working, so preserving his memory?

£1/1/- to "Lithgowite" (name supplied), Lithgow, N.S.W.

Fear of spiders

● Are you afraid of spiders? "Andy" (N.Z.) wrote that her husband tried to cure her fear of spiders by planting them round the house. Other readers say:

UNTIL I had occasion to study spiders, I, too, was a Miss Muffet. Now I love the beautiful little creatures. Even the plainest spider will show a surprisingly lovely pattern of markings when you peer closely or use a magnifying glass. What a terrifying experience it must be for the spider to meet a human!

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. Wallace, Tranmere, S.A.

FOR years my husband and two sons have tried to help me conquer my dread of large spiders by trying to put them on me while I run screaming through the house. I'm still terrified.

£1/1/- to "Frightened" (name supplied), Sheffield, Tas.

I SHARE "Andy's" fear of spiders, and if my husband tried that therapy I'd be in a strait-jacket now. For years he has dispatched with promptitude the spiders that bother me. Bless his understanding heart.

£1/1/- to Mrs. A. G. Hoch, Alpha, Qld.

THERE must be a reason for "Andy's" intense fear of spiders, and she can gain help to overcome her fear by talking out her problem with a trained helper — someone with a knowledge of the underlying reason for her particular fear.

£1/1/- to "Housewife" (name supplied), Nambucca Heads, N.S.W.

MY heart goes out to "Andy." Each time I read her letter my shudders grow worse, for I, too, suffer from a real horror of those hairy, long-legged creatures.

£1/1/- to Mrs. F. N. Schulte, Cunnamulla, Qld.

Artificial flowers

HAVING a small flat and a small income, I'm bound to window-boxes for the cultivation of flowers. Should I spend my money on the fresh flowers I love so much, but which are an extravagance when they fade so quickly, or should I buy some of the attractive artificial flowers now sold in the shops? Although brought up on the old-school idea that artificial flowers are not the thing, I've got some beautiful ones in low vases. But some of my friends criticise my "bad taste" and comment, "Better no flowers than artificial ones." What do readers think?

£1/1/- to "Flower Lover" (name supplied), Ashfield, N.S.W.

Keep to skirts

NOW that the women have adopted trousers for general wear, isn't it time the boys retaliated by wearing skirts? I'd like to see the girls' reactions. I think they'd be so disgusted they would go back to more feminine attire and let the men wear the pants, as they're meant to, in peace.

£1/1/- to Mrs. H. Morgan, Kyogle, N.S.W.

Child psychology

IT'S time we forgot about psychology and got down to commonsense. As a girl I was given the strap when naughty, and consequently was brought up a lot better than some of these modern teenagers. Psychology works when you have plenty of time, but how many housewives have time to understand and practise it?

£1/1/- to K. H. Jones, Silverleigh, Qld.

Ross Campbell writes...

I HAVE done a fair amount of hospital visiting lately.

A wave of appendicectomies, births, and other exciting medical events has swept through our vicinity.

A hospital visit can be enjoyable if the patient is not too sick. Everyone is (or pretends to be) frightfully cheerful. You come away feeling rather saintly and pleased with yourself. Still, there are a few points to be watched if you want to be a successful visitor.

One is the seating. A hospital room has two chairs—a comfortable one some distance from the patient and an uncomfortable one beside the bed. My advice is to grab the comfortable one and stick to it.

If another visitor arrives, pretend you are being polite in letting him have the place of honor at the bedside.

A lot depends on whether the other visitors are congenial. With luck, you may strike an old friend and have a good yarn, though you should not get too absorbed and ignore the patient entirely.

On the other hand you may get caught the way I was when I went to see Horrie Donkling.

VISITING HOURS

Horrie has been having a bad time with his kidneys.

Soon after I arrived at his bedside, one of his relations, a Mrs. Lamington, turned up. A tall, gloomy woman she was.

I wanted to cheer Horrie a bit by talking about things he is interested in, such as football and murders.

But Mrs. Lamington took charge of the conversation.

She told us about the people she had known with kidney trouble like Horrie's. All of them had perished miserably after long illnesses.

It was clear that Mrs. Lamington would keep this up until the gong went to tell visitors time was up.

This was where my visiting know-how told in my favor.

I broke in suddenly and said: "Excuse me, Mrs. Lamington, but I think we're getting Horrie too excited. The doctor said he wasn't to have too much fun."

She was put off balance, and when I said goodbye and left she went, too.

One thing simplifies a visit to a male patient: you are not involved in competitive flower-giving. This can be a serious matter with a lady invalid.

I went to see Mrs. Potter, wife of an old friend, when she had had her appendix out, and took a small bunch of nasturtiums from our garden, where they grow wild.

She was surrounded by huge bouquets with pink satin ribbons on them, and lots of gardenias and other king-size blooms. I felt something of a cheapskate, and Mrs. Potter seemed to think so, too.

Since then I have scratched from the floral race and become a fruit man. You can make quite a good impression with a few apples if you polish them—and they're so *reasonable*.

DELICIOUS for SAVOURIES
Ivanhoe
NORWEGIAN
CRAB PASTE
Available at all good stores
Trade enquiries: ARTHUR BRUNT PTY. LTD. P.O. Box 76, Brunswick, Vic.
(For N.S.W. only: Phone WL6307 . . . For Sth. Aust. only: Phone UA9156)

Start the weekend well with
Weekend
★
1/- from your newsagent

FOR LOVELIER HAIRSETS
Concentrated Curlypet gives you 13 fragrant hairsets for 4'10
So—Quickset with Curlypet!
Curlypet

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822624

JANICE IN JEOPARDY

By Faith Baldwin

Every eligible man who met her wanted immediately to marry her . . . a short story

DO not be misled; this is not a mystery story or one of more than reasonable suspense. I simply liked the alliterative title, although it's hard to spell. Reasonable suspense should last through a paragraph, so I hasten to take you off the hook by stating that Janice's jeopardy was largely a state of mind.

She arrived in New York last spring, having obtained gainful employment as a model, size ten. This placed her in comparative danger of the sort devoutly hoped for by numberless young women. Her success story was short. She was the only daughter of moderately affluent and extremely nice people in Denver. She had made a modest debut at eighteen, and then had gone to work for a charity organisation.

She was, as well, greatly in demand as a model in fashion shows, the proceeds of which went not only to her charity but to other worthy causes. These were professionally run, and Janice was taught to walk. She'd always thought she could, starting at the age of ten months. But in due time she learned to float up and down runways as though born—in a manner of speaking—to burlesque.

When Janice was twenty-three a fashion designer flew to Denver from New York to visit an ailing parent. There she attended a fashion show and saw Janice. The designer looked at her with interest. All sorts of descriptive phrases flashed through her mind: naturally graceful, chic, and photogenic.

Janice was tall, but not reduced to flats when going dancing with a man of average stature. She was sweetly shaped in the right places; her hair was titian; her eyes were green; her skin was as the advertisements describe; and anyone would consider her pretty. A few thought her beautiful.

The outcome of all this was that some time later Janice departed for the East. In New York she made a small hotel her base of operations. She had introductions, and, to make a short story shorter, eventually earned her way as a much-photographed model for one of the agencies.

She met a pleasant girl, a librarian. Mary was good to look at and intelligent. She was also a great deal of fun. They moved into a small, compact flat and everyone was happy.

The only difficulty for Janice was that whenever she met an eligible man he wanted to marry her. Even the ineligible wondered if they might not. There was an inexplicable aura about her which rang bells and played organ music, principally Mendelssohn.

One night Janice and Mary, dateless, curled up and talked about it.

To page 34

"What do you want, then?" Mary said impatiently to Janice. "A movie star who's a triple-millionaire?"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822625

RICHARD HUDNUT

NEW MEDICATED

egg creme shampoos

stop dandruff-
QUICKLY!

In two types — for oily and for dry hair. Both contain "Thersil", the amazing new anti-dandruff discovery!

Free your scalp from clogging dandruff, finally and completely . . . with this new, fast-acting medicated Egg Creme Shampoo now *added* to the Richard Hudnut range.
It's in two *specialised types*, both of which stop dandruff *quickly*. One is for oily hair . . . the other for dry hair. Both contain new "Thersil", *the most effective anti-dandruff agent discovered.* One lathering can sweep away even stubborn, deep-seated infections. Try it . . . and make your hair clean . . . sparkling . . . dandruff-free.

**Large bottles (green labels) — 5/11.
Two types, one for oily hair, one for dry hair.**

YOU HAVE NO DANDRUFF PROBLEMS?

Then continue your hair-care with these nourishing, regular Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoos. There's a type made specially for *your* hair.

BLUE LABEL for normal to dry hair.
RED LABEL for normal to oily hair.
Bottles - 5/6 and 9/6. Bubbles 1/3.

MECS58.143

Worth Reporting

MEET Richard Meal: he can't sing in tune, he doesn't own a piano, and (at work) he listens to rock-'n-roll all day.

But . . . he also composes "serious" modern music. And he has just won a scholarship for six months' study in America.

The scholarship — given by the Ford Foundation to the International Institute of Education — has been presented this year, for the second time, to three composers and three choreographers from six different countries.

Richard, who is 27 and lives at Marrickville, N.S.W., is the first Australian to win it. He'll receive all his travelling expenses, free research books and manuscripts, plus a £30 weekly allowance.

Richard says that all this is exciting and stimulating, because "I know that Americans are very aggressive about modern music."

COMPOSER Richard Meal . . . art and poetry, as well as music.

Then he told us about himself. When he was seven he was the musical dunce of the family — while Richard was trying to sing in tune his four-year-old brother was romping through violin concertos.

By the time he was eight, though, Richard had taught himself to sight-read a symphony. At 18, after a piano course at the N.S.W. Conservatorium, he won an A.B.C. competition for composing a quintet for oboe and strings.

Musicians have to live, however. So Richard eventually had to sell his £400 piano and take a job as a rock-'n-roll record salesman. Now he is the chief record buyer for a large Sydney music centre.

Richard likes rock-'n-roll. But it's directly opposite to his own work. And THAT he describes as "fluid" and "organic."

Almost as an afterthought he remarked that he paints and writes poetry, too, and "I tend towards the extremes in both."

★ ★ ★

NATURALIST Gerald Durrell says that adult penguins are very affectionate . . . "they frequently embrace with their wings round one another and clattering their beaks like castanets . . . the penguin equivalent of a kiss.

Oh, well. It probably IS romantic. If you're a penguin.

RALPH PHILBRICK . . . a world tour for flower names.

Expert on a camellia trail

WE went along to meet a visiting camellia expert the other day—Mr. Ralph Philbrick, of Los Angeles.

That word "expert" conjures up a mental picture of a learned-looking gentleman. Mr. Philbrick (we were delighted to discover) is an astonishingly boyish 26.

Mr. Philbrick is travelling the world to compile a comprehensive list of camellias. So far he has discovered 12,000 names already in use for various species.

And—here's big news for camellia enthusiasts—he told us that yellow and orange should be added to the color range soon.

"I believe yellow and orange camellias are already growing in China," he said.

"We cannot get up-to-date information from China, but we know, from reading botanical descriptions of Chinese varieties, that these orange and yellow camellias grow in the interior of the country.

"Now Western camellia experts, who are experimenting with cross-breeding, hope they will discover the secret of producing similar colors."

One by one they fall

A SCHOOLBOY acquaintance of ours has discovered a way to keep himself amused on a dull afternoon.

All he needs is a shilling and a silver-foil milk-bottle top.

Carefully, he puts the foil on top of the shilling and presses it into place so the shilling's "face" is impressed on the foil.

Then he wanders into the street, plants his home-made coin on the footpath, and leans on the nearest telegraph pole.

"Usually I sort of look into space and whistle something and wait for victims to come along," he told us.

When they do, Machiavelli junior has a competition with himself—to try to guess what reaction his fake coin will bring . . .

The younger generation is so resourceful.

COMEDIAN Tony Hancock has been holidaying in the summer sunshine on the Continent.

And he reports that he has his own suntan formula:

"I used a mixture of olive oil and iodine.

"It's marvellous stuff for stopping sunburn. Gave me a skin like an elephant . . .

"Grey and wrinkled."

Why the mural isn't finished

IN the restaurant at London's Tate Gallery the walls are covered by a giant mural. There's a story behind this mural.

According to Tondi Barr, who manages the restaurant, the mural was painted some time between the two World Wars.

Regular patrons used to complain that the restaurant needed brightening up. So the gallery's trustees offered the mural job to a young, hard-up artist named Rex Whistler.

"You'll get £10 a week, plus food," they told him, thinking the work would take only a few weeks.

Two years later they suddenly noticed young Rex was still daubing away.

"Stop!" they cried.

And that's why the mural isn't finished.

Royalty was "approved"

IT happened in one of London's most elegant stores.

A young salesgirl firmly refused to let a customer take away three £20 swimsuits "on approval."

"You can try them on here if you like, madam," she said. "But goods are not allowed to be taken away on approval."

The customer — a slight, middle-aged woman—politely indicated that she didn't want to try the swimsuits on. She wanted to take them home to get a better idea of how they'd look.

Duchess of Gloucester . . . trouble over swimsuits.

But the salesgirl was adamant. The customer turned away . . .

Just then another salesgirl arrived on the scene. She saw what had happened, and whispered to her friend.

The swimsuits were packed, and the girls hurried after the customer — the Duchess of Gloucester.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822626

A short short story

All for Stevie

By BESS NORTON

Illustrated by Kick

The three girls, who were all members of Stevie's fan club, giggled with delight at the thought of seeing him.

PALE chestnut candles glimmered against the dusty twilight in Market Square, but for me spring was just a word of six letters meaning "busy season." After the long day at the stables I couldn't help thinking of Stevie again. He pushed himself into my mind when I was tired, reminding me that if we hadn't fallen out over his new career, things might not have been so difficult.

Because I had lost count of days and weeks, I didn't even know he was in town until I took the short cut past the Hippodrome and came suddenly face to face with his life-sized photograph. His dark, sleepy-lidded eyes challenged mine as though he had been standing there a long time, waiting for me to arrive.

I had to stop walking because my knees were trembling so violently. There was a white sticker across his silk-faced jacket and narrow tie saying "All Seats Sold," and I stared at it foolishly until at last I somehow managed to dive into the side street that flanked the theatre.

There were more photographs there, small ones, behind glass in a weathered wooden frame. Stevie with his guitar; Stevie, arms spread, singing into a microphone on a tall stand; the familiar one of Stevie looking up under his lashes, with his lower lip jutting in what he had derided as his "poison-ivy look." "They'll love that one," Stevie had told me. "That's the one they'll all want autographed." He had autographed one for me, too, and it was in my handbag. It was the only one that I had ever had from him.

As I loitered by the stage door three girls came running out into the street, chattering in clear, excited voices. Three girls in tight skirts and sloppy, vivid sweaters. All of them had Stevie's name embroidered across their sweaters.

"Command performance!" I heard. And then, from a round, dark girl with her hair swathed into an absurd fez: "Tickets for all of us? You're kidding!" A blonde kicked up both her heels at once and whooped like a Red Indian, and her tail of hair bobbed wildly in its red ribbon. "Every member of the fan club, he said; nobody to be left out! Isn't he the most?"

So he had a fan club, I thought. He was as popular as that. And I followed them down the dark alley between the buildings. With a command performance to come. Stevie in a command performance. It was incredible. I thought of the bitter things I had said when I had last seen him. I remembered my own voice, high and brittle, saying: "I never want to see you again."

I remembered, too, the way he had looked when I said: "You'll never get to the top. It isn't so easy. Why can't you stick to the job you know? You're good with horses; you can't be so good with something you've only done for fun. Pop-singer!" It didn't bear thinking about.

But I had never once tried to apologise, even when I heard he was way up in the recording lists. I'd heard from him once since and that letter I'd savagely marked: "Not known" and thrust back into the pillar-box.

There was a coffee bar at the end of the alley, and when the girls pushed their way in through the swing doors I followed them. I asked for a coffee.

I took it over to the alcove beyond the juke box. One of the girls was setting the dial for a record, and as I sat down Stevie's warm and intimate whisper, the guitar notes behind it, told me a hundred times since we parted: "Someday, somewhere, we'll meet again. . . ."

I wanted to cry. But instead I lit a cigarette.

When his gentle, throaty voice died away on that last "Till then . . . ." the blonde said: "Sends you, doesn't it? Oh, that boy, he's dreamy!"

The redhead opposite her let out a long, ecstatic sigh. "You can say that again. I reckon that's better than all his rock records. It's real cool." The blonde glanced sideways towards me, nudged the girl beside her, and then swiftly lifted her bright-nailed forefingers and outlined a square in the air.

I think that was what settled it for me. I got up and walked over to look down at them. I said: "Is this the Stevie Gay fan club?"

The blonde lifted one eyebrow and twisted round to look up at me. "Sure." She took in every detail of my old camel coat and my tired jodhpurs. "Want to join?"

"That's right," I told her. "I'd like to join." They all stopped moving about for a second, and then Black Fez said pertly: "Fine. I'm treasurer. Cost you five bob. All right?"

I scrabbled in my purse. There was just about enough. I was giving her my bus fare home, I knew that. But I didn't care if it meant a long walk if it also meant a ticket for that command performance. It was the only way I'd ever be able to get one, and it had become urgently important to me. I knew that I hadn't got used to being without Stevie at all; I had only persuaded myself that I had—until he had leaped at me from his photograph outside the Hippodrome.

The girls were so young. None of them could have been more than sixteen. And Stevie was twenty. No, twenty-one, I corrected myself. I knew they didn't stand a chance, but I still resented their possessiveness. If his fan club was the way to his side now I would be in it with them.

I said quickly, looking at the redhead: "I'm not such a square as I look, you know. It's just that I've been working."

"She works," the blonde said, lifting her painstaking eyebrows. I sat down beside her firmly. "That's right. I work. I break horses." I looked at her hard. "I suppose you're still at school?"

They were all indignant for a moment, and then the dark girl giggled and snapped the tension. "All right, we are. But we don't broadcast it. See?" She looked over my shoulder then and squeaked: "Here he is!"

The whole gaggle of them flew to the door as it opened, and when I saw his curly head among theirs I could no longer bear to watch. All my new-found courage had evaporated. How could I go to him in front of a pack of schoolgirls, in my dirty working clothes, and say: "Stevie, I was wrong. Forgive me. Come back and give my life a shape again."

I picked up the menu and held it up to hide my hot face and listened to their sparrowy chatter as they all moved over to the jukebox again. I heard the clink of a coin and then the soft familiar music of "I'll be around . . ." Childish tears began to trickle down my cheeks.

They were whispering to him beneath the melody, and I felt his quick, light tread moving the bare boards as he crossed to where I sat. Very gently he took the menu out of my hand and I heard him draw in his breath.

I looked up hopelessly. "Stevie!"

Under the floppy, dark forelock his face was white, but he said shakily: "Long time no see!" And, flushing again, he leaned forward to kiss me, holding my wet face between his cool, young hands. "It's been so long," he murmured.

He waved to dismiss the girls. I watched their blank, pretty little faces fall away from us. Then he led me to a table for two in the alcove by the fire. He held my hand. "Mum," he said. "Oh, Mum! You don't know how—"

"I know," I told him. "Me, too, darling. Forget it."

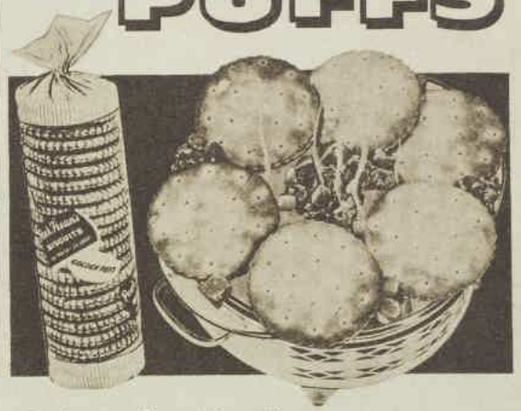
We forgot it, and sat there looking at one another with delight and smiling foolishly. And then, when I saw that the girls were still there, grouped silently about the jukebox, I said loudly: "My son and I would like you all to have supper with us."

It was a good feeling.

(Copyright)

STOP pastry making START using

GOLDEN PUFFS



Pastry making takes time—

For the busy housewife Golden Puffs are the answer—a golden crisp topping in seconds for steak and kidney and all delicious kinds of savoury and fruit pies. Just pop on the Golden Puffs, heat and serve . . . to the cheers of your family!

Peek Frean's

ORIGINAL GOLDEN PUFFS

the biscuits with 1,000 delicious uses . . . Buy Golden Puffs today . . . and send for the new FREE RECIPE LEAFLET.

Peek Frean (Aust.) Pty. Ltd., P.O. Box 28, Ashfield.
Please send me your new Golden Puff Recipe leaflet.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

19/82.32

Hey Mum! You can now get

MILK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES..

So gentle . . . so nice to take

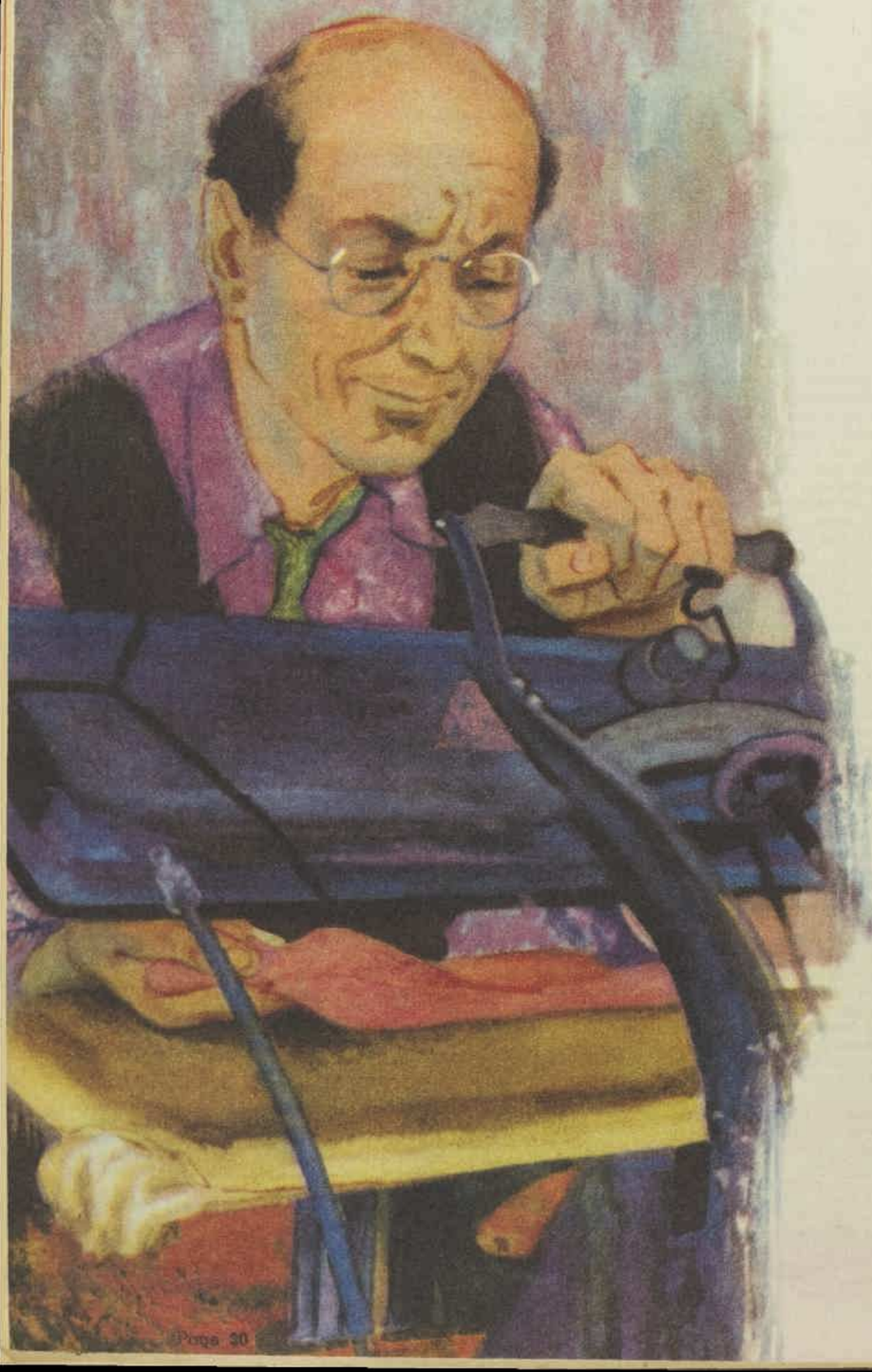
MADE FOR THE 8 OUT OF 10 WHO PREFER MILK CHOCOLATE

Every child needs a laxative occasionally. When your children are bilious, sick, or off their food — give them Laxettes . . . and make them better overnight. **Easy to take** — no measuring. The dose is **always** exact. **No tummy upsets** — unlike oils or gritty bran foods, Laxettes are kind to delicate digestions. **No griping** — no embarrassing urgency. **Not habit-forming** — seldom needed the next day.

Look for new MILK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES in the RED packet. DARK CHOCOLATE LAXETTES come in the GREEN packet.

LA26

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822627



JEFF and Lucy Tucker stood at the window of their upstairs apartment, looking down over the sign of the Waggy Tail bar and on to the sunny street. They had had a late and leisurely breakfast. It was one of those moments of wordless understanding that come to a happy couple whose marriage is made in heaven—made in heaven, and preserved, day by day, year by year, by small, careful acts of self-sacrifice and forbearance.

And then, into this clear and sunny moment walked the figure of Adela, their sister-in-law. She came out of her cleaning establishment across the street and started down the street. She spoiled the moment, for she brought the reminder of a long-standing difference of opinion between the husband and wife, really the only serious difference of opinion they had.

Lucy stood watching the shabby, tired little figure of her sister-in-law. Jeff turned his back abruptly. Then, as usual, Lucy could not hold herself.

"If brother doesn't try to understand brother," she said with agitation, "where is there hope for the world?"

"Maybe in the sisters-in-law." Jeff smiled his easy smile, but his blue eyes were hard. "Don't ask me to see eye to eye with Morrie on the subject of money, Lucy. I never will. And I'm sorry, but I cannot forgive him for what he's doing to Del."

"It's not to Del," objected Lucy. "It's for Del. And it's with Del."

Still smiling, he patted her cheek gently. It ended there, because Jeff would not fight with Lucy, and Lucy was not a nagger. Besides, there was nothing they could do about it. Morrie, in his own quiet way, was as stubborn as Jeff was.

In the beginning, it had been not only harmless, but noble. Morrie Tucker was courting money, he told himself, because he wanted to leave his wife, Adela, well fixed. Time goes by fast; he was eight years older than Del, and the thought of dying and leaving her to fend for herself was unbearable to him. But it was not long before the courtship of money became a passion.

The result was that in 1953 Adela was still wearing the same hat she had bought in 1938. Morrie had been wearing the same suit for eleven years. They lived in the same shabby apartment over the cleaning establishment. And, no doubt of it, Adela would be well fixed when Morrie died. There were substantial savings and insurance; they owned the building where their shop was.

But Morrie didn't die. He lived. He kept on grubbing away, year after year, pinching, scraping, working late because he didn't want to hire a presser. Adela did her share of the pressing and kept the house and grew older. And sometimes, when she was very tired, it occurred to her that she might very well die before Morrie did.

Her brother-in-law Jeff first gave words to that thought. "What if you die before Morrie?"

That was wrong of Jeff, and surprising, too. He had a different philosophical attitude towards money, but Jeff was mellow enough and thoughtful enough to tolerate another's weaknesses. But where his younger brother was concerned, he had a funny, hard streak of intolerance, growing, incongruously, out of love and disappointment. He was always saying things to Morrie—that money, like fire, is a good servant but a poor master, and that it is not money that is evil, but the love of money.

Lucy remonstrated to Jeff, "If you can't be grateful for what he's done for us, then try to remember that we may need him again some time."

Jeff laughed deep down in his roomy stomach. True, it was Morrie who had lent them the money to buy the Waggy Tail, a quiet little neighborhood bar. Also, Morrie had lent Jeff the money to take Lucy to Honolulu on their twenty-fifth wedding anniversary.

Once in a while, defending himself mildly, Morrie would mention this. But Jeff would just smile and say offhandedly that yes, money is necessary but not important, a reply which could have been like a red flag, but Morrie took it patiently. Morrie loved those close to him.

So it wasn't fair, but Jeff was two years older than Morrie, and he looked ten years younger. Morrie was tired-faced under a bald head, washed out, thin, stoop-shouldered. His redeeming feature was a pair of very blue eyes which looked out at all people with a kindness and an intensity of interest whose impression remained long after Morrie had gone. By contrast, Jeff was heavy, straight-backed, immaculate, with a pink, round face whose lines were perpetually cheerful. Funny thing—he had the same blue eyes with the same interested kindness.

There was poignant contrast between Lucy and Adela, too. Lucy was middle-aged but blondined and well

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822628

MONEY IS WONDERFUL

To Morrie the courtship of money became a passion, but when he died it enriched all their lives

BY NANCY POPE MAYORGA

ILLUSTRATED BY MILLS

stacked for her years. Very dressy, too; she liked ruffles and lace collars. Adela was skinny under her shapeless garments, with lifeless hair and drab complexion.

"It's a crime," Jeff maintained. "My brother Morrie is a criminal."

Even Morrie got to worrying that he would not die in time. It was a kind of sad joke that a man who had struggled so hard to make life secure was now afraid that that life would last too long.

But it didn't; Morrie died. Being a long-time worrier, he died not exactly happy, but with the very odd fear that money might turn out to be not freedom for Adela but burden and responsibility. He loved her very much.

Adela, however, rose from the ashes of her life like a phoenix. Over the years she had been doing some thinking and had drawn some practical conclusions.

"I don't believe that death changes a person, Lucy," Adela confided. "I just bet you that Morrie's still pinching and scraping, wherever he is."

Lucy was shocked, but said gently, "He may not have the same incentive now for pinching and scraping."

There was suddenly a little color in Adela's cheeks. "I loved him, Lucy."

"I know you did, Del." Lucy had a wonderful gift for not saying too much.

So Adela started chipping away at the mass of Morrie's money. Her spending was not spectacular. She did not throw it to the winds. But she did all right for a starter. She cashed in one of the life-insurance policies, bought herself some clothes, dyed her hair, had a facial once a week, took dancing lessons, and went off each weekend to the Aragon Ballroom in Ocean Park.

It should have been obvious what she was up to, but Lucy and Jeff didn't figure it. They looked on with delight.

But Adela was not hysterical about her good times. She went about them soberly and with dignity. But soon they began to notice a certain shine in her face, a secret smile that she could not control. Lucy and Jeff looked apprehensively at each other.

"At fifty-five?" said Jeff. "Do you think she'll tell us?"

"I think she will."

LUCY was right. Adela was incapable of keeping her happiness a secret. She had lived such a short time in her long years that she felt nothing incongruous about falling in love at fifty-five. The thing that worried her was that the man was five years her junior.

"But he's mature, Lucy," she said.

"That's fine," said Lucy dryly. "Maturity is a good thing at fifty."

Adela looked up, on guard. "Lucy, I was going to ask him to dinner, but—"

Lucy backtracked quickly. "I was kidding, Del. We'd love to have him."

"You don't think Jeff may resent him? On account of Morrie?"

Lucy said hurriedly, "If you like him, honey, you know we will."

Mature turned out to be a remarkably inadequate single word to describe George Gladding. He had been around, no doubt. A checked topcoat, on the flashy side, cheap, worn, testified to the extent and quality of his experience with life. But life had put him on guard. What had started out to be a guileless smile had turned tentative. And he had an odd but quite ingratiating way of apologising before he expressed any opinion.

"Not that it matters at all what I think, but—" and, "Not that my opinion is worth anything, but—"

His personal charm, his less-than-modest finances—these they had expected. What they had not been prepared for were modesty and an absolute honesty that amounted to innocence. It completely disarmed them. Before the dinner was well started, Jeff broke out the champagne. They were calling him George. Del sat smiling, satisfied, pretty, and shining from within.

After dinner George did the right thing. While the girls washed the dishes he had a sober talk with Jeff. He told of Adela's and his friendship since the night that the hostess introduced them at the Aragon Ballroom.

"I'm fond of Del," he said. "Not as fond of her as she is of me, but that's only natural. I've lived. She's had no life, little Del, and she's eager. I think I can make her happy, Jeff. There's just one thing that worries me, and that's Del's property."

"Yes?" said Jeff. "Why should that worry you? It's substantial. With a certain amount of care it should—"

"No, no, that isn't it. Money has always come hard to me. I've learned to respect it. No, it's you, Jeff. I can't forget, and probably you can't either, that it was your brother who worked for that money. It could very well be burning you up to see some stranger stepping in."

"Well, well!" said Jeff, laughing.

"We want to do the right thing."

"Listen, George, the thing that interests me least in the world is my brother's money, because I watched him scratch that money together. Because I think the way Morrie accumulated that money was unintelligent, undignified, and unaesthetic!"

George looked at him for a moment with his cautious brown eyes. Then he showed that his caution was by no means timidity.

"Not that it matters at all what I think," he said, "and I hope I don't offend you, but I believe you must take into consideration a man's motives when you judge him. To a certain extent, anyway."

Jeff's blue eyes grew suddenly keen and interested as he studied George. Then he looked away, feeling a little shamed.

"Yes . . . Well, what I should have said was this: that nothing tickles me more than seeing Morrie's money being spent. You and Del go ahead and spend it. I hope Morrie will be watching. Don't misunderstand me. He was kind and good. He'll never begrudge you the money. Nor will I. Nor do I think of you as a stranger, George."

George got out his handkerchief and blew his nose with sudden emotion . . .

When their guests had gone that night, Lucy said to Jeff, "What did he say about Morrie's money?"

"It's not Morrie's money. It's Adela's money."

"I always think of it as Morrie's money. What did he say, Jeff? You don't think he's a fortune-hunter, do you?"

"He wanted to give us a share of it."

"You mean buy us off?"

"No, no," said Jeff slowly. "It wasn't that." He laughed. "I had to assure him that he wasn't gypping us. I think I hurt his feelings by turning him down. I found myself apologising."

"That's a switch," said Lucy. "That's certainly a switch."

Del and George had a pleasant, dignified wedding, and they settled down to enjoy Morrie's money. They bought a house and a car and took little trips. George gave up a dull job to dedicate himself to the maintenance and improvement of Morrie's building. They saw a good deal of Lucy and Jeff. Jeff grew very fond of George and introduced him to everyone as "my brother-in-law."

It was lucky that George gave up his job, because a year later, when Del became ill, he was free to nurse her. Del had developed pernicious anaemia. Jeff and Lucy helped all they could.

"Morrie's money must be dwindling considerably," Lucy remarked one day. "Of course, that's what it was for in the first place. But I'd hate to see George left penniless. Even Morrie wouldn't want to see his brother-in-law left penniless."

"He isn't Morrie's brother-in-law. He's just ours."

"I keep forgetting."

But Del died while there was still a substantial part of Morrie's property left. George was tired, lonely, but not poor. Not any more.

Jeff put a sympathetic arm around George's shoulder and said, "Georgie, why don't you take a trip? You're worn out."

But George had something else in mind. He now knew a strange fact. All his life he had been telling himself that money couldn't buy happiness. Then he had actually seen Morrie's money buy happiness for his little Del, right up to the last minute of her life. So maybe, he thought cautiously, he could use Morrie's money to buy happiness for himself for his last years.

BUT first of all, in his worried, conscientious manner, he approached Jeff.

"You know, Jeff, Del didn't make a will, and at the last of it there, I didn't have the heart to suggest it. So—" He broke off at the sight of Jeff's face, which was tight as a drum. He stayed still, uncertain, apologetic.

Then Jeff relented, smiled, and said, "Let's put it this way, George—if I ever get in a tight spot I'll call on you just as if you were my brother."

George reached for his handkerchief and blew his nose. "I feel as though you are my brother," he said.

So, with a free conscience, he started out to purchase happiness. His was not a selfish desire, not entirely. He wanted to buy happiness to share it. He went back to Ocean Park.

Since he had been there the last time they had hired a new hostess. Who knows if it was chemistry, or destiny, or the stars? The fact is that they recognised each other at once across the abyss of time in happy recognition.

Her name was Peggy Connors. She was twenty-seven, and she had been on her own since she was seventeen. Peggy was slim, pale, blond, with fine features and transparent skin. She looked as though a breeze might pick her up and blow her away, but it was not so at all. She was firm, experienced, warm-natured, and, in a unique way, practical.

She had not married, because she had a certain man in mind. He should be trustful, truthful, kind, moderate, and content. There aren't many of that sort around. There are just a few of them, and here's the secret—you have to be one yourself to recognise them. So it didn't matter to Peggy that George was almost twice her age. It wasn't a factor that he had money, either; that was just a nice little bonus.

George, hardly believing his luck, brought her home to Lucy and Jeff.

In the bedroom Lucy gave Peggy a big hug and said, "Oh, you're a darling."

Peggy laughed a little shakily. "Nobody ever said that to me before. Except my mother." Then she confessed, "I didn't know how you'd take to me."

"How should we take to you?" asked Lucy, surprised. "If George picked you out, we like you for his sake. And if you're good to him, we like you for your own sake. That's how it is."

"That's how it is," repeated Peggy, looking wonderingly at her new sister-in-law. "I'll be good to George. I promise."

She thought that Lucy was George's sister, and had expected the sister to be a little jealous—if not of the brother then of the brother's money.

Right away Peggy made a happy discovery—that money is wonderful. It was fun to buy a dress because you like it, not because you need it. To go to the Aragon Ballroom and actually pay to dance with your own husband—great fun! She was glad she had waited for George to come along. She took care of him, fussed over him, coddled him, admired him.

As for George, his life was full of satisfaction and laughter. His smile became guileless once more. His brown eyes lost their cautious look. He even began to see a shadowy outline of himself as heroic. Peggy did that for him—Peggy and Morrie's money.

But then George died. He died of a heart attack. On a beautiful spring morning he had been to collect the rents. He met a friend outside Morrie's building.

"How are you, George?"

"Never felt better in my life!" said George joyously, and crumpled to the sidewalk. Just like that.

Jeff and Lucy rallied round. Jeff had a broad chest for tears to be cried upon. Lucy had a motherly arm. But Peggy was not a stranger to setbacks and sorrows. She shed tears, but she was not crushed or bewildered.

"I'm going to sell out and go to Chicago. I can help my sister and her family. They're very hard up. My, it's wonderful to have the money to do it."

"You'll find another man, Peggy," said Lucy.

Peggy gave Lucy a perfectly beautiful smile. "Maybe. But not like George. Never like George."

They had to agree with her, wiping their eyes.

"Now, Lucy, George didn't leave a will, but I know he'd want to see his sister remembered," Peggy said.

"Does he have a sister?" asked Lucy, surprised.

"Aren't you his sister?"

"No. No."

"He always called Jeff his brother-in-law."

"Oh, that . . . Well, it was like this, Peggy. Del was George's first wife, and Del's first husband was Jeff's brother Morrie."

Peggy looked at them, frowning, open-mouthed, getting it straightened out. She said wonderingly. "You made me feel like your own family." Then she added, "You know, a couple of times George spoke of Morrie's money. I didn't know what he meant. I didn't ask. Well, anyhow, don't you think you and Jeff—"

"Believe me, Peggy dear," said Jeff earnestly, "nothing gives us more pleasure than seeing Morrie's money being spent. Nothing."

It sounded different to Lucy the way he said it this time. It sounded different even to Jeff. When he thought about it later, after Peggy had gone to Chicago, he knew it was different. Because that hard knot of intolerance had melted down at last, and the memory of Morrie was now a spot of warmth inside of him. He felt very glad about it . . .

One night, after he had locked up and he and Lucy were having a quiet cup of coffee before going to bed, he said, "You know, Lucy, I used to think I had read clear through the book of life. Now, all of a sudden, I find that I'm just beginning on the cover."

Lucy laughed her comfortable laugh. She exercised her peculiar talent for not saying too much, and she said nothing.

Thus encouraged, Jeff went on. "You know something else? I love my brother Morrie. I really do."

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822629

Miss Bagshot goes to Moscow

And in no time at all turns the town upside down . . . a new serial

By ANNE TELSCOMBE

OF the great mass of papers which make up the file on "Miss Lavinia Bagshot" in the Foreign Office archives, the first was begun one bright spring afternoon in the newly acquired fine Italianate script of the Hon. Miles Buckingham.

Mr. Buckingham had been in the Foreign Office long enough to know how to write a relatively unimportant minute but, never a very articulate young man, he still had difficulty with his opening phrases.

As he sat, biting reflectively on his pen top and gazing out of his small window at the early daffodils waving in the green expanse of St. James' Park, he would have been even more hesitant if he had known that what he was about to write would one day be carefully indexed and cross-referenced, bundled in and out of white covers, tied and untied with pink tape, stacked with its snowballing accompaniment of memoranda and telegrams into a succession of red boxes, and carried through lofty corridors for the puzzled scrutiny of Cabinet Ministers.

Mr. Buckingham had recently been warned by the Head of his Department that his paragraphs were too long, his sentences unwieldy, and his private comments unnecessary. So his report on this occasion was concise to the point of being laconic.

"A Mr. Herbert Napier called this afternoon," he scrawled across the clean white blank of his minute sheet. "He is a solicitor. He was desirous of receiving Foreign Office advice on a personal matter. He is apparently worried about his aunt, a Miss Lavinia Bagshot, a somewhat eccentric lady of seventy. She has, on several occasions, been involved in rather improbable adventures while travelling abroad. Her family has been called on to extricate her after these incidents."

At this point Mr. Buckingham wondered if he should include the details Mr. Napier had given him about Miss Bagshot's colorful interlude in the Argentine some ten years previously, her efforts as a missionary in China before World War II, the outcome of her work with famine relief in India, or the peculiar chapter in which she joined the Salvation Army and went to Canada.

But Mr. Buckingham decided his wisest course would be to omit all but the most relevant facts.

The trouble was, however, that most of Mr. Napier's details about his unusual aunt seemed highly relevant once the report had been embarked on at all.

Mr. Buckingham lit a cigarette, stood up, and leant against the dusty-grey stone of his window-sill, and tried to survey the interview dispassionately in his own mind before setting it down on one half-sheet of foolscap minute paper.

The first five minutes of Mr. Napier's introductory digressions, he decided, could be completely discounted.

At least up to the point where his visitor, who had a habit of punctuating every sentence with a nervous and automatic twitch of a smile, had really begun his story.

"You know how it is, even in the best families you sometimes find these unpredictable characters," his visitor had explained. "My aunt—that is my mother's sister—is quite a passionate traveller. She collects countries like other people collect postage stamps. Not that she does anything with them once she's collected them. It's all completely haphazard. She doesn't take an intelligent interest in their political systems or make any logical attempt to compare any of the places she's been. She doesn't write books on her journeys or anything like that—

"She just seems to like travelling for its own sake—seeing new places, meeting new people. Can't understand it myself. Everyone else in the family is content to settle down and become useful members of the community.

"It's not as though she ever had a great deal of money to spend on travelling. In fact, these days, with taxation and so forth, she lives in what would be called 'reduced circumstances.' But it still doesn't stop her moving about. As soon as she's saved up enough from her small income for a ticket somewhere, then off she goes."

Mr. Napier cleared his throat, but his voice remained in the same monotonous key.

"She travels third class most of the time and has taken on all sorts of jobs in out-of-the-way places, which sometimes help to pay her fare back to England. But when she can't raise the money herself and has had enough of the country she happens to be in at the time, then she goes along to the British Consul and asks to be sent home as a distressed British subject. Of course, the family has to refund the money when she gets back to England—and occasionally one of them even has to go out to where she is and arrange about it personally."

Mr. Napier hesitated for a moment and then decided to take Mr. Buckingham entirely into his confidence.

"You know how it is. Titles sometimes impress people and we do have one in the family indirectly. My wife is Eleanor Napier. Her father was Lord Stomford and quite well known as a colonial governor before his death. Whenever my aunt is nearly destitute in one of these foreign countries she starts talking about her connections—she's quite unscrupulous about it—and, of course, we can't have anything getting into the Press, so we have to arrange about sending the money."

Mr. Napier settled down to an exhaustive account of Miss Lavinia Bagshot's career as an inveterate globe-trotter and it was some time before Mr. Buckingham, bemused by tales of safaris in Africa, camel trains in Saudi Arabia, and sailing in caiques round the Ionian Islands, began to wonder if Mr. Napier had possibly come to the wrong department of the Foreign Office.

"I'm still not quite clear how we can be of assistance to you," he said when his visitor paused for breath. "This department of the Office—the North Eastern—deals mainly with Russia."

"That," said Mr. Napier, "is the whole point. My aunt has never been to Russia. She's tried, mind you, many times. She's been joining all sorts of peace movements and signing lots of petitions lately hoping she'd be able to go. But it's rather difficult to be chosen for a delegation at her age and she really has no particular accomplishments."

"I would have thought she could have managed it quite easily before the war," suggested Mr. Buckingham. "There were plenty of organised tours arranged during the 'thirties."

"Quite so, but my aunt has never been particularly interested in easy countries—or in organised tours. But as soon as it became impossible to travel to Moscow on her own, she decided she simply must go."

Mr. Buckingham, who had been listening to Mr. Napier's monologue indifferently at first and then with a growing flicker of interest, was unable to suppress a sudden involuntary admiration for Miss Bagshot's determined personality.

"But how do you think the Foreign Office will be able to help her?" he exclaimed and, meeting a cold look from Mr. Napier, hastily amended: "I mean, help you?"

"We—that is the family after discussion between us—wish to appeal to the Foreign Office to stop my aunt from going to Russia," Mr. Napier announced.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822630

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY Presents

August 10, 1960

Teenagers' WEEKLY

PICNIC RECIPES . . . page 15

Supplement to The Australian Women's Weekly. Not to be sold separately.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822631

LETTERS

There are no holds barred in this forum. Send your snaps, too, and we pay £1/1/- for every letter used. Send them to Box 7052 WW, G.P.O., Sydney.

Realistic Australian songs

WHY should all songs about Australia relate to pubs, dying stockmen, slang-talking shearers and a great plain of parched country without a tree in sight, and every now and then a stack of sun-bleached bones? Our wonderful country is not like this at all. Our living standard is among the highest in the world, our people well educated, and the majority living in comfortable homes. Why then can't we have something describing our pretty countryside and normal people?—*"Not So Dinkum," Cootamundra, N.S.W.*

One, two, or more?

WHAT is a girl supposed to do? If she goes out with one boy she is going steady, if she goes out with two she is

Merle Robinson

two-timing, and if she goes with as many as she likes she is classed as a flirt. Are we supposed to agree with our parents who say we're too young to go steady, take notice of the general public who determine whether we're flirts or not, or just please ourselves and not care what is thought by other people—*Merle Robinson, Morwell, Vic.*

Shoes for school

WHY must we wear the same sturdy lace-up school shoes in summer as well as in winter? I think that a special plain court-shoe would be just as suitable to wear with the school uniform. — *"P.R.," West Tamar, Tas.*

Language problem

IS it necessary to learn French, which we will never use when we leave school, or, worse still, Latin? Why not teach us German and Italian, so that we can converse with the New Australians, and thus help them to learn our language more quickly? Most of our new citizens speak either of the latter languages, plus French; but the way we learn French at school is no use at all in conversation. Surely our school years are too short to be spent learning useless subjects?—*Adrian Hart, Atherton, Qld.*

A boy's-eye-view

WHY are women and girls claiming equal rights? If you ask me they've got all the rights. One minute they're screaming for equality, the next they're complaining that chivalry is on its way out and a gentleman is a thing of the past. Then they say they're stronger than males. I have yet to see a woman offer a man a seat on a crowded bus or chop the wood while the man rests, so where's proof that women are stronger than men? So they live longer. If they worked as hard as men and exerted themselves as much physically and mentally as men, women would never get to middle age. Then again scientists show that women endure colder temperatures and stay in water longer. Isn't this because women have more fat than males? Don't get me wrong, I don't hate the delicate sex; I just want a delicate sex.—*Male (Moving to South Pole), Canberra.*

Continental films

RECENTLY a film festival was held in Adelaide University and included many interesting Continental films. To my mind, these films eclipsed in quality any recent popular American movie. Obviously produced on a restricted budget, they concentrated on detail and powerful acting and had a much greater impact on the audience than any artificial, stupendous, glamorised production. —*Lyn Murray, Woodville, S.A.*

Women at wheel

I DON'T see why women drivers should be allowed on the main highways. They are a great menace to everybody, especially me.—*J. Woodward, Swansea, N.S.W.*

Record bargains

TEENAGERS really enjoy the present hit tunes. However, most of these records are about 9/- each, which is far beyond my weekly allowance. Couldn't some record company record the 40 top tunes each month and put them on to an L.P. record? Although a record like this would cost about £2/10/-, it would save teenagers lots of money.—*L. Berliner, St. Kilda, Vic.*

Music for moderns

AT the high school I attend one of the subjects taken is music. However, because most students would rather hear modern music instead of classical, the lesson usually ends with the class being placed on detention. Surely it could be arranged for us to have at least one lesson a week on modern music?—*"All-for-it," Cessnock.*

Anne McGhie

She goes for golf

I HAVE been living in this small town in Central Queensland for six months. For the past few years, until I came here, I have been a swimmer, but as there is no pool here I've had to take up another sport. The sport I chose was golf, and the more I play it, the more I like it. — *Anne McGhie, Springsure, Qld.*

Cookery a must

AFTER making a steam pudding that was an absolute flop the other day (not even the dog would eat it) I started to wonder why more girls' schools don't teach cooking as an essential subject. As more girls are marrying younger these days, why not learn something that will be of real use to us? — *Carol Russell, Ashfield, N.S.W.*

Girls do NOT have an easy life

● Girls have a "ball," according to "J.W." (T.W. 22/6/60). They coast through school, get a job, save enough money for a holiday overseas, then return home expecting their families to support them till they're married. Readers definitely do not agree.

DOES "J.W." realise it is important for a girl to have just as good an education as a boy? She has to go through the same years of studying and do the same amount of hard work to reach her goal. When she leaves school a girl has to work, save, buy clothes, and possibly continue her career. When married, think of all the hours spent doing housework, while "hubby" sits at his desk in the office.—*Carole Whittaker, Lane Cove, N.S.W.*

MOST of the girls who go to Europe are well educated and hold good positions. Furthermore, they are self-supporting while they are away and when they return. Most girls travel in order to further their knowledge of the world and because they have an eye for the beauties of nature. Perhaps if some of the boys spent a little less on cigarettes and alcohol they would be able to enjoy overseas travel even while saving for the future.—*"Uni-student," Seven Hills, N.S.W.*

GIRLS have an easy life! More likely boys do! Girls certainly don't have a "ball." Who does the washing, ironing, polishing, cooking, washing-up? You poor hard-worked boy! You'd better not get married. Think of the poor girl.—*"Non-Ignoramus," Tamworth, N.S.W.*

ANYBODY who thinks that girls get a better deal than boys is absolutely crazy! If a girl fails in her attempt for a career, she usually ends up behind a counter, going to school at night to learn shorthand and typing. She can't go into her father's business or become apprenticed to a decent trade. Although cleverer than the male, she earns less. A girl who wishes to keep her self-respect can't go out without an escort. She must be careful in her choice of escorts, and she must introduce them to her parents for approval. She must be home by a certain time. If she goes to a dance without a partner, she must dance with whoever asks her, while the man of her dreams dances with someone else. A girl can't play football. If a girl feels like punching another, she must bottle up her feelings and be sour. No black-eyes for her! A girl must have a great range of clothes, while a boy needs only one smart suit. A girl must sit by the telephone for that call. She can't go hitch-hiking or for a walk by herself at night. A girl who chooses to be a spinster is pitied. If a girl finally finds one enlightened male from the bunch, and marries, she must do housework and rear the kids. If I may quote "J.W." —what a crook deal!—*"Fettered Female," Brisbane.*

JUST who does have a poor deal, the boy or the girl? Usually any girl who travels overseas either makes it a working holiday or has saved and saved, and really deserves a holiday. Any average teenage boy is usually spending all he earns on "hot rods" or motor-bikes. When a girl gets married, who has the poor deal? Her husband usually leaves her at home while he goes on fishing trips or other sports outings and she is minding the children. The girl deserves a good holiday when she is young, because she will never get one after she is married.—*"Working Girl," Mullumbimby, N.S.W.*

IN Cobbitty, when it comes to work, the girls are capable of holding their own with the boys. This is a farming district and more than half the farms have women and girls doing work alongside the men. Mum, my brother, my sister, and myself run a farm (hand-milk 36 cows, seven days a week, 52 weeks a year) without annual holidays, so if you think girls have a "ball" of a time just come to Cobbitty and maybe you'll eat your words.—*Dawn Sallows, Cobbitty, N.S.W.*

VOTE FOR A PIN-UP

● Here's another chance to support your favorite pin-up personality.

YOU can help choose our pin-ups by filling in the coupon below and posting it to **Pin-Up Poll, Box 7052WW, G.P.O., Sydney.**

We will select our pin-ups from those stars (of records, films, radio, television, sport, or whatever) who poll the greatest number of votes.

I VOTE FOR

.....

as a pin-up in Teenagers' Weekly.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

..... State .....

tion Army and went to Canada

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822632

By PATRICIA O'CONNELL

STRAIGHT FROM THE CAMPUS

● Patricia and Linda Vass are American college girls who talk with a Yankee twang, wear slick U.S.-fashionable clothes, just love American coffee, and agree they're not typical American teenagers, and never were.

PAT and Linda are the bright, bouncy, and brainy daughters of Mr. Laurence Vass, the new U.S. Consul-General to Australia, and, like lots of diplomats' daughters, they've seen more of foreign countries than they have of their own.

When they flew across the Pacific from Washington to Sydney with their parents, it was the first time the girls had been west of Virginia, but they're very much at home across the Atlantic.

They've lived in England, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and visited Paris, The Hague, Scotland, and Wales.

Pat, aged 20, is serene and slender with pale olive skin.

Her fair hair was piled high and caught with a whopping tortoise-shell clip.

"Linda hates it like this," she said, pushing a strand into place, "and I usually wear it down in a regular bob, but it just won't go today, so . . ."

Linda, 19, is a darker edition of her sister, with shoulder-length brown hair, a smooth suntan with some freckles sprinkled across her nose, a sudden wide smile—and loads of vitality.

This is their annual summer vacation from college—they're due back in the States next month—but they haven't slipped into the holiday slump. When I met them they were right on the ball and taking a bright-eyed look round their new home, "Craigend," Darling Point, Sydney.

"We've got our own swimming-pool here; isn't it marvellous," said Linda. "Think I'll have a try of it soon. Everyone tells me the water temperature is warmer than the weather."

"That's cold enough for me," said Pat, piling logs, kindling, and paper in the fireplace, and waiting hopefully for results. "This is the first time I've ever made a fire—no Girl Scout training for me."

Foreign schools

When the fire was going like a bomb, they curled up in chairs and started to tell why they're not typical American teenagers.

"You just can't be typical when you've been to school in England and Germany, as well as America—can you?" asked Linda.

They went to elementary school in America until they were six and seven, when their father was posted to London.

"So we went to school there for two years," said Pat. "It was terrible—we just weren't the uniform-wearing types, I guess."

"Having to wear your hair in plaits and all that. Terrible," agreed Linda.

Then the family went back to the States and the girls went through junior high.

Pat also had one year at high school before the State Department had the family on the move again—this time to Germany.

"We went to school in Germany for two years, at the Nicolaus Cusanus Gymnasium in Bonn," said Pat. "The first eight months were pretty confusing. Then we finally picked up German and things got better."

Was it a co-ed school? "Definitely," they said, grinning at each other.

"We were practically the only Americans there," said Linda, "but there were about 25 nations represented in the school. Pat was the president of the Foreign Students' Association."

Besides school in Germany, the girls had a summer in Italy, and visits to Switzerland, Paris, and The Hague.

American colleges

Then the family went back home to Arlington, North Virginia.

Pat went straight to Swarthmore College, Pennsylvania, while Linda, after her final year of high school, enrolled at William and Mary College, Williamsburg, Virginia.

Pat, doing Philosophy honors as her major subject, has just finished her third year at Swarthmore.

"It's a fairly small college, with fewer than 1000 students," she said, "but they're from all over the States, from California up to Maine, and quite a few foreign students, too.

"Philadelphia's only about 20 minutes away by train, but somehow we never seem to get round to going there.

"There are lots of social clubs and dances, and all that, but there's so much work to do you just haven't got time.

"There are a few Bohemians running round, but most of the kids are pretty serious about work. I guess they realise they've got to be. Nowadays you just don't get a good job if you haven't got a college degree."

"Hey, Pat," said Linda, "you're making it all sound pretty dull. You've got fraternities and all that, haven't you?"

"Oh, sure," said Pat, "there are dances and socials and plays — but plenty of work, too. You have more of a party life than me."

THE VASS SISTERS, Pat (left) and Linda, in the garden of their Sydney home.

"But I work hard, too," Linda came back. "William and Mary is the second-oldest school in the States, and Williamsburg is a reconstructed colonial town — everything's historic, not one modern thing.

"You go for rides in old buggies and all that, and there are tourists everywhere.

"That's why we have such strict rules about clothes. We can't wear shorts on the campus at all. The girls mostly wear bulky sweaters and pleated skirts over long colored tights or regular white socks.

"The boys all wear Ivy League clothes—you know, pants with a buckle at the back, a big striped sweater—and they've all got crewcuts.

"And they all smoke pipes—that's the latest fad.

"Rock-'n-roll is still popular, and they all read movie magazines and like Elvis, but still a lot of them work hard at school and college.

"I belong to a sorority—the Phi Mu—and when I go back I'll live in the sorority house. The boys don't live in their fraternity lodges—they just have parties there.

"The informal parties in the lodges are the only times we're allowed to wear shorts.

"And, of course, there's football games and dances and plays—I'm mad about acting and doing the posters and all—and I'm vice-president of the German Club. Pat is president of the German Club at Swarthmore."

"It's a good way of keeping up your German," said Pat. "And, besides speaking the language, we have films, history discussions, lectures, and sing German Christmas carols.

"But now that I've got to hand in a paper every week I really haven't got the time. Linda's the one with the party life."

"Well," said the party girl, "since I've been in college there's one thing I've become addicted to—coffee. Coffee, coffee, coffee, to keep you awake while you study. How about a cup now? It's American coffee . . ."

● Turn overleaf for more of the latest U.S. teenage fashions as worn by the Vass sisters.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822633

College clothes

● These are the clothes Patricia and Linda Vass (see page 3) wear round the campus of their American colleges. Their lives are crammed with study and after-class activities. To match, their clothes are colorful, casual, and definitely deserving of a second look — especially the colored tights.

SIMPLE SHIRTMAKER dress chosen by Pat is made of Madras cotton checked in blue, green, and brown. In summer, the girls keep cool by going bare-legged to class in sandals or flatties.

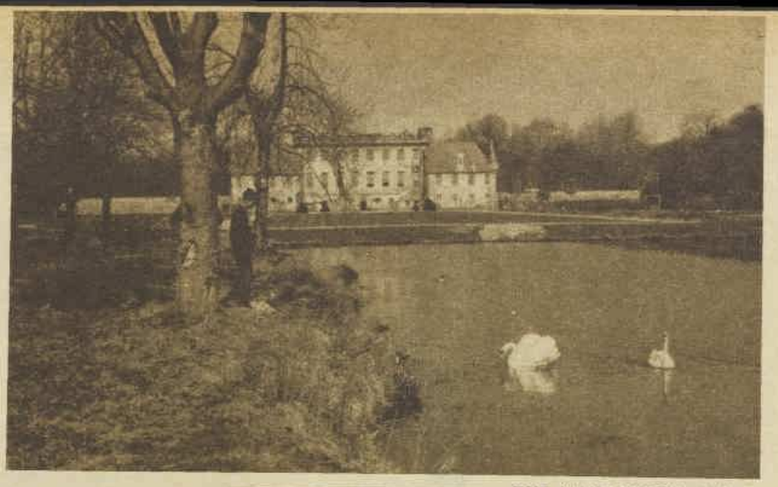
PINAFORE DRESS in red corduroy is worn by Linda with a wide-collared white eyeleted cotton "sissy" blouse. With all her college clothes goes her Phi Mu pin.

FOR PARTIES, or perhaps semi-formal dances, Pat wears a brown jersey sheath with lace appliqued round the waist, Linda a sleek black jersey sheath. Both add high-heeled kid pumps and pearls.

SWEATERS AND SKIRTS are just right to wear to class in college. Pat goes all teenage in white bobby-socks and saddle Oxford shoes. Linda's more Bohemian in red tights.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822634

The Duke of Edinburgh's old school, Gordonstoun, was strongly criticised last month when Lord Rudolph Russell, the 16-year-old son of the Duke of Bedford, ran away from its spartan discipline. In this article MICHAEL FORWELL, who now lives in Brisbane, defends the school, where he was a boarder for three years. Michael, also 16, is the son of Bill Forwell, a former R.A.F. Squadron-Leader who is now a civilian pilot in North Queensland.



Duke's old school "not too harsh"

● This year I'm a day boy at an Australian grammar school, but for the previous three years I was a boarder at Gordonstoun, near Elgin, on Moray Firth, in the north-east of Scotland.

GORDONSTOUN is often in the news, with criticism of its "spartan discipline and rugged life" and speculation as to whether Prince Charles will follow in his father's footsteps and go to the same school.

Some people seem to think it would be too austere and rugged for a future king.

But I think it's a grand school, and I think the same about my present one, Brisbane Church of England Grammar School, even though I have to work harder at my lessons here.

I've felt almost as cold travelling from Woody Point to "Churchie" by bus, train, and tram as I've felt when shovelling snow from the doors of Gordonstoun — or swarming across the Gordonstoun School lake on a rope.

Perfect example

The Duke of Edinburgh is considered a perfect example of Gordonstoun's teachings — honesty, humor, sportsmanship, leadership. There's a portrait of him in School Watch's uniform (like Sea Cadets) in one of the dining-rooms, but I think that's the only reminder of our best-known Old Boy.

The school motto is "Plus est en vous" — "There is more in you (than you think)." Gordonstoun aims to bring out your undiscovered characteristics. The school colors are purple and white.

Gordonstoun has now merged with nearby Altyre School, and there are about 500 boarders and some day boys.

The rising bell goes at five minutes to six. We would get up, go downstairs to the locker-room, put on a pair of shorts only, then go for a short run, except when the snow is too deep or it's raining. Juniors run one way, seniors another.

After the run we'd splash warm water over our bodies, soap ourselves and get under cold showers. We always had two cold showers a day, summer and winter.

Then we'd go upstairs, make beds, and do our "housework" or other duties.

Every boy has a duty. Those not on sweeping and dusting might bring in the milk churns from the gate, stoke the boilers, or collect mail from the nearby village of Duffus, which has only one shop-cum-post office. A captain supervises each work party.

Then breakfast, which begins with Scots porridge. The food was good.

MICHAEL, wearing the hat of Brisbane Church of England Grammar School, is now a typical Australian schoolboy.

Assembly, with a prayer, a hymn, and a boy reading the lesson, concludes in time for school to start at 9 a.m.

There's a tuckshop to visit at "break," but the boys are allowed to buy only peanuts and drinks during the week; chocolates and lollies at the weekend.

I began in Duffus House, then went to Cummings House. Each House has a bank boy and no one can take out more than 15/- a week. Also no one should be found with more than 5/- in his pockets.

Levelled off

So, although many of the boys come from the nobility and have tons of money, they are levelled off in spending power.

After morning school we had lunch, then afternoon activities (games), with tea and sandwiches at 4 p.m.

Evening school lessons were from 4.45 to 5.30 p.m.

Then supper, and an hour and a half's homework, which we did in silence in our studies, with eight or ten boys to each study.

After homework our time was our own until we went to bed—the younger boys first and the prefects last at 10 p.m.

We had Saturday morning school, too.

Gordonstoun has no school suit, cap, or tie, though there is an Old Boys' tie. The blazer is the only piece of clothing which has a "uniform" look about it. Its pocket depicts a single-masted galley and the school motto.

But there was another thing we could be recognised by. Each of us had a huge six-foot-long purple-and-white scarf, which could be worn as a cap and muffler in freezing weather.

THE MAIN BLOCK of the Gordonstoun school building is beside the school's own lake. At left, Michael Forwell wearing his Gordonstoun blazer.

For the first term a boy's only clothes are a "morning outfit," which consists of navy shorts, navy sweater, grey socks, blue-grey shirt.

In second term he has, in addition, an "evening outfit," which he wears after his evening shower — light blue shorts, shirt, sweater, and evening socks have two blue bands round the top.

There are no "long-uns," even in winter.

Boys move to a new status in second year—the Junior Training Plan. You are then called a J.T.P. holder.

Your plan is like a diary, and you list in it the things you have to do daily, including two warm splashes, two cold showers, 60 skips, five body presses, two "clean teeth," and you must record all your "lates" or other misdemeanors.

Your diary is not checked. You become your own task-master by self-discipline. If you wish to cheat yourself you'll be all right if you're not found out, but if anyone should discover that you have not stuck to your plan you'd be made to feel pretty small.

This self-discipline is known as "The Gordonstoun System." It gets tougher as you become more senior, but you are trusted completely.

All seniors are eligible for promotion, with ranks designated by stripes.

With his first responsible position a boy gets a white stripe.

A Color Bearer Candidate gets a half purple, half white stripe, and a Color Bearer, or prefect, gets a purple stripe.

Gordonstoun is noted for its expeditions. Some people refer to them as assault courses, but we never did.

Every Sunday, school parties go biking, walking, or climbing the nearby Cairngorms. At Altyre the boys have a mountain rescue team.

Some of the expeditions are pretty tough, but they're all enjoyable. The coldness in winter is probably the worst part, but you get used to it.

For one long weekend in the summer term the whole school goes off in groups to sleep out for four nights in tents or sleeping-bags under the leadership of White Stripers or S.T.Ps.

Gordonstoun specialises in seamanship, and the school has two ocean-going yachts, the Soldian and Pinta. Every week one form studies seamanship exclusively, with no schoolwork.

Punishments

The punishment for wrong-doing may be considered unusual, but I don't think it's too harsh. There's penalty drill, which is not too bad, but walking around the triangle for an hour in cold weather is not so good.

The more serious form of punishment is to walk alone, in silence, and not in school dress, on a Saturday afternoon when the others are enjoying themselves.

These walks are two, three and a half, or five miles, according to the offence.

So if crofters on the cliffs above Moray Firth see a lonely looking boy trudging along the wintry lanes, not singing or whistling or stopping to speak to anyone, and wearing rather nondescript clothes—they know he's a Gordonstoun boy expiating some school "crime."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822635

SIX TIPS FOR HIPS

● *An answer to the big question "How do I make my figure look slimmer through the hips?" is in these six interesting new exercises designed by experts on figure reshaping for specific trouble-spots on the hips. It's usual with "proportion" exercises to do them as a continuing daily workout, not just a flash in the pan, so you will need to leave enough time to do two different exercises each day for three days, then rotate them in turn for at least four consecutive weeks for a definite figure improvement.*

1

SNAKE-HIPS: Sit as shown with arms overhead holding a yard-length of rope looped over each hand so that it is taut. Then wriggle forward, shifting from side to side. Do this ten times, side to side. Now back the same way. Do ten times in each direction.

2

TUCK-IN: Kneel with arms high over head, back straight. Keep hips tucked under. Slowly lower body and arms until almost sitting on heels. Now raise body slowly to original position. Always keep hips tucked in, back straight. Repeat this exercise ten times, then relax.

3

LEG-SLIM: Sit on floor with knees straight, toes pointed, weight on hands, palms forward. Inhaling, slowly bend knees, bringing them to chest, toes still pointed, your head up. Stretch legs forward and up. Exhale on slow return to first position. Do the Leg-Slim ten times.

4

THIGH-SLIM: Sit on floor, roll weight to left, supporting torso as shown below. Breathe in and raise right leg. Bend knee and point toes. Straighten knee and stretch leg up as high as possible. Breathe out, return slowly to first position. Repeat this five times on each side.

5

SCISSORS KICK: Lie flat on back on the floor with knees straight and legs together. Raise legs so that they are perpendicular to the floor. Slowly move your legs outward as far as you can. Bring legs back, crossing them inward. Repeat the entire Scissors Kick cycle ten times.

6

HIP ROLL: Sit on floor with legs together and extended directly in front of you. Extend arms, keep back straight, and roll on your buttocks from side to side as far as possible, catching your weight on palms of hands. Repeat ten times, going vigorously from side to side.

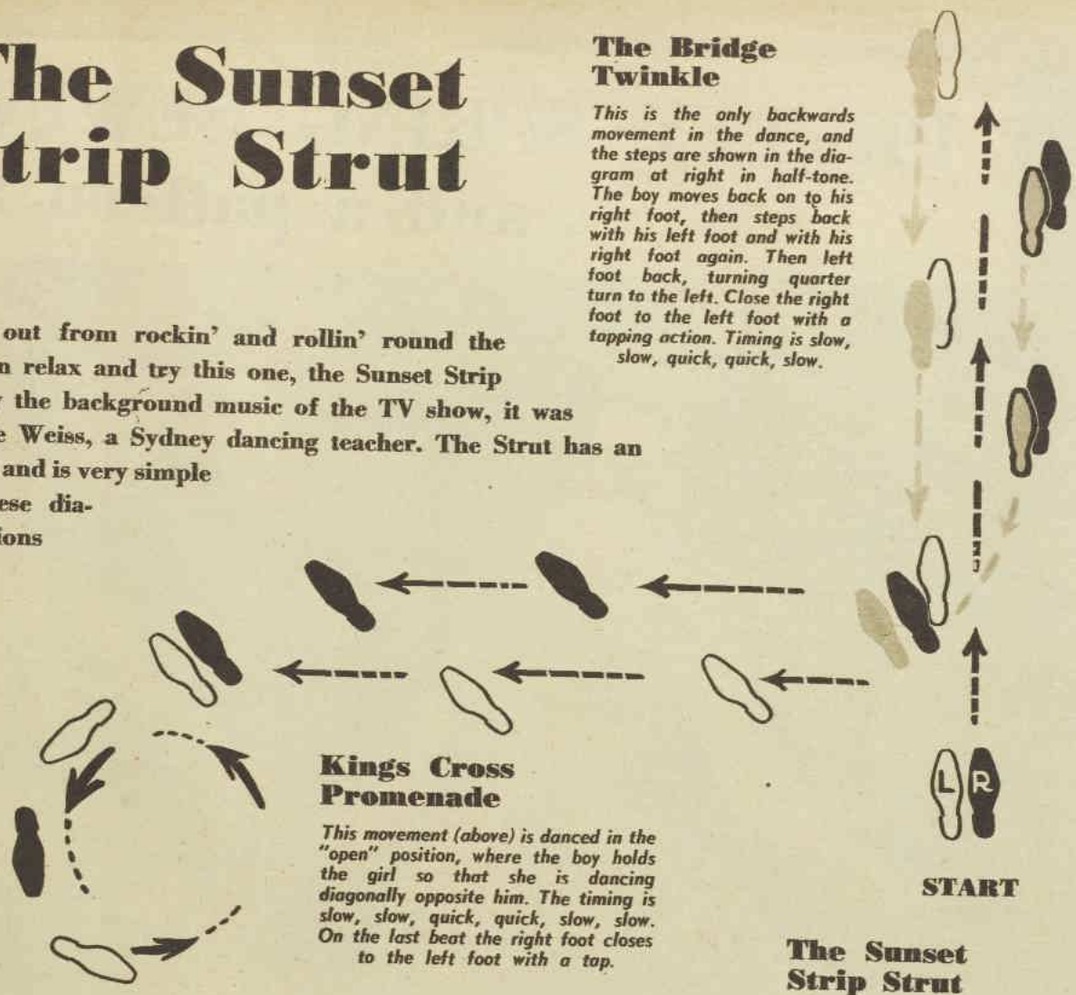
National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822636

The Sunset Strip Strut

● All tuckered out from rockin' and rollin' round the dance floor? Then relax and try this one, the Sunset Strip Strut. Inspired by the background music of the TV show, it was devised by George Weiss, a Sydney dancing teacher. The Strut has an easy, relaxed beat, and is very simple to do. Follow these diagrams and directions and you'll soon be strutting with the best of them!

The Bridge Twinkle

This is the only backwards movement in the dance, and the steps are shown in the diagram at right in half-tone. The boy moves back on to his right foot, then steps back with his left foot and with his right foot again. Then left foot back, turning quarter turn to the left. Close the right foot to the left foot with a tapping action. Timing is slow, slow, quick, quick, slow.



START

Kings Cross Promenade

This movement (above) is danced in the "open" position, where the boy holds the girl so that she is dancing diagonally opposite him. The timing is slow, slow, quick, quick, slow, slow. On the last beat the right foot closes to the left foot with a tap.

The Sunset Strip Strut

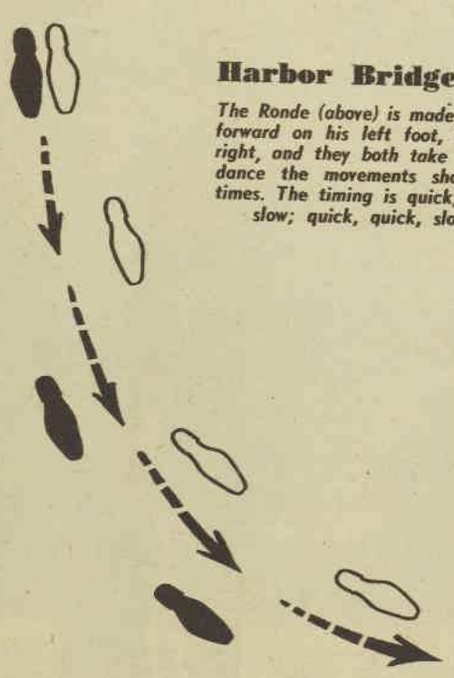
The first movement of the Sunset Strip Strut consists of five steps forward for the boy, with the girl moving backwards. The girl is held in the normal dance position, and the timing here is slow, slow, quick, quick, slow. Only the boy's foot positions are shown in the diagrams, except in the last movement, the Sydney Chasse.

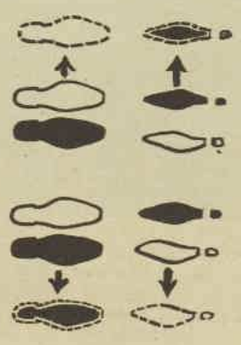
The Strut (repeated)

Next, the first movement of the dance is repeated. The timing is the same —slow, slow, quick, quick, slow. The Strut can be repeated three times in the space of one record.

Harbor Bridge Ronde

The Ronde (above) is made in a circle. The boy moves forward on his left foot, the girl backwards on her right, and they both take twelve steps. That is, they dance the movements shown on the diagram four times. The timing is quick, quick, slow; quick, quick, slow; quick, quick, slow; quick, quick, slow.





The music

The Sunset Strip Strut can be done to any slow foxtrot tune played in strict tempo, such as "Young and Foolish," "Love is a Many Splendored Thing," "More Than You Know," and "This Some Heart."

Sydney Chasse

The right foot is moved to the side, left foot closes to the right foot. Place the right foot to the floor with a tapping action. Now chasse the other way. Left foot moves to the side, the right foot closes with the left, and the left foot is replaced on the floor with a tapping action. Repeat these movements twice. Timing is quick, quick, slow; quick, quick, slow.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822637

PRETTY SPRING SEWING
. . . and a pattern for each

5751 — *Pretty, pretty, and cool for summer, this dress has a swing-wide skirt, moulded bodice, and a midriff section specially shaped for flattery. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 7¾yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.*

5752 — *A gay cotton onepiece w a lilting skirt, fitted waistline, s ruffle bodice trim, and below-el sleeves. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requi 7½yds. 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822638

● *These four dresses are chosen to flatter-fit the teenage figure. New neckline effects and swing-away skirts are combined in the dresses on the left. Below are two classics—a shirtmaker and a slender sheath. Order now for spring sewing by writing to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please state size required and print name and address in block letters.*

5750 — *Crisp shirtmaker with neat bodice details and unpressed pleats in the wide skirt. Hat adds new spring look. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 4¾yds. of 36in. fabric. Price 4/6.*

5749 — *Clean-cut look in a slender sheath. New look in color is white on dark. The collar is cotton pique. Sizes 30 to 36in. bust. Requires 3¼yds. 36in. fabric and ⅜yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/6.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822639

LISTEN HERE
—with Ainslie Baker

● Many of the clothes-conscious American singers who have visited Australia have bought Italian shoes from Jay Justin.

THEY found him a keen judge of modern styling — of singing as well as shoes.

But most of them did not know that while earning his living as a shoe salesman Jay was studying singing at the Sydney Conservatorium.

And this week H.M.V. is releasing his first disc — a single.

"Sweet Sensation," a ballad with a beat with words and music by Jay, could grow on you, but it's the other side, a rock-a-billy revival of "Nobody's Darling But Mine," that is more likely to have people saying, "Who's this new boy?"

He is 20 years old, green-eyed, and six feet tall.

After winning a Cessnock talent show, he was discovered by John Hansbury, who put him on Rumpus Room from Sydney's 2UW.

Jay likes modern clothes (especially Italian-style suits), football, running, and surfing, but says his real hobbies are weight-lifting and music.

Though it sounds too good to be true, the name's real — he's just dropped McCarthy off the end.

Jay Justin.

Local talent: Not so polished that you're afraid to raise your own voice, Rex's LP "Campfire Sing-A-Long" is an ideal disc to spin at informal get-togethers.

Radio personality Graham Webb introduces a youthful cast headed by **Dig Richards, The Graduates, The New Notes,** and **Kerry Bryant,** with good, singable songs like "This Old Man," "Alouette," "Down In The Valley."

THE CRESCENTS haven't been together long, but this trio of Sydney 17-year-olds have already rated an EP. It's "Rock Time" (Leedon), but don't be misled by the title — no yelling or vocal untidiness.

A romantic - flavored programme, including "Down By The Riverside," "Why Do Fools Fall In Love?", "Sorry," and their own "Dreaming," is given a mellow treatment.

Pops: Both **Sandra Dee** and **Lloyd Price** are asking "Questions." But teenage Sandra's cute and breathily intimate little voice makes her the one who's likely to get the most answers — from the boys, anyway. On the other side is "Do It While You're Young" (Festival 45).

WITH two tours in six months, **Dick Caruso's** a pretty popular fellow in this country, and he sings "Two Long Years" with plenty of sympathy for teenagers in love, though the story's a bit too American. "Yes, Sir, That's My Baby" on the flip says something everybody can understand, and Dick gives it a great, pacy revival.

NO fewer than three versions of the Continental hit "Banjo Boy" are out on the Pye label. There's **Dorothy Collins, George Formby** (the flip of his "Happy-Go-Lucky-Me"), and the real charmer of them all, the two small Danish boys of the original, **Jan** and **Kjeld,** singing in German. Flip is quite a wildish one, "Don't Raise a Storm."

AN attractive EP from **Duane Eddy** and The Rebels (London) gives you "Shazam," "Tiger Love," "My Blue Heaven," and "Night Train to Memphis."

SONGS you don't get tired of hearing, sung just the way they should be, is the specialty of **Edmund Hockridge,** Canadian-born star of London's "Guys and Dolls," "Can - Can," and "Pajama Game." He sings such pleasers as "I Feel a Song Coming On," "Old Devil Moon," and "Long Before I Knew You," on the Pye LP "Hooray For Love!"

MELLOW arrangements of some lovely old tunes come from the **Knightsbridge Strings** with "All-Time Hits" (Top Rank LP). Among those to which this English orchestra with the delicate touch give fresh meaning are "So Tired," "Maybe You'll Be There," "A Blossom Fell."

Star turn: The ideal answer to such frequently kicked-about questions as "What was so special about swing in the 'thirties?" and "What made it all that good?" is given by its creator, **Benny Goodman,** on volume one of a three-LP issue by M.G.M. titled "Benny Goodman."

These feature the Goodman Band, Quartet, and Trio in 1937-38 performances, some released for the first time. Playing with the clarinettist-leader you find such stars as Gene Krupa, Lionel Hampton, Harry James, and Teddy Wilson—the sound of swing itself.

Classical: One way and another, things are getting a good deal better for those suffering from a deep interest in music and a shallow purse. Philips has started a sensibly priced LP series of classical favorites on its Gold Label.

Two from among the first issue are: The Mendelssohn Violin Concerto played by **Arthur Grumiaux** and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra, and on side two Saint-Saens' Introduction and Rondo Capriccioso, this time with the Lamoureux Concert Orchestra. Rudolf Moralt conducts.

An Italian cast headed by baritone **Giuseppe Taddei** and soprano **Antionietta Stella,** with chorus and orchestra of Teatro di San Carlo di Napoli, bring to "La Tosca Highlights" all the fire and passionate feeling for the dramatic Puccini score that only an Italian opera company seems capable of.

TV music: Not the least among the benefits of TV has been the special sort of music that has come into existence as the result of commissions to provide theme and background for its private-eye and Western serials. **Buddy Morrow** makes his choice of the cream of the themes for the R.C.A. LP "Impact."

For those who like to specialise, also on the same label but this time in stereo, is an LP devoted to **Henry Mancini's** score for "Mr. Lucky," conducted by the composer.

100 discs every year

PEOPLE who join the Popular Record Club have the choice of about 100 12in. LP discs a year, including pops, evergreens, classical works, and special releases for children. Each disc costs 30/-, but it costs nothing to join, **so fill in this coupon and send to Popular Record Club, Box 3410, G.P.O., Sydney.**

----------CUT OUT AND MAIL TODAY----------

I wish to join the Popular Record Club and register my name to be advised of future monthly releases.

Mr.-Mrs.-Miss .....

Address .....

.....

State .....

Lucky's star shines bright

● Apprentice electrician Lesley Morrison took the name Lucky Starr when he broke into show business five months ago — and he couldn't have chosen a better one.

HE'S been lucky all the way—but he's also shown his talent is star material.

Lucky, the only one of his family in show business, lives in the Sydney suburb of Kingsgrove. His father is a mechanic.

Friends kidded him to enter a talent quest at a local hotel, and he won. Then he entered seven more contests and won them all.

At one of these quests he met Ken Taylor, from Festival Records, who gave him a tryout. The result was his Top 40 record, "Wrong."

He has acted as compere of "Six O'clock Rock" on TV and toured Australia with the Mouseketeers.

Now he's appearing on TV in Adelaide, Brisbane, Melbourne, and Sydney.

"I may be going to America soon, mainly for business," he said.

But the private reason? To see 17-year-old Cheryl Holdridge, one of the Mouseketeers, who started a fan club for Lucky when she went back to the States.

Lucky is intelligent, good-looking, has a pleasant speaking voice, and dresses nicely.

"I do hate wearing a tie, though," he confessed as he loosened it. "It makes me feel restricted round the throat."

He has only two gimmicks —a star-shaped guitar and 19th - century waistcoats which he wears at his shows.

The guitar was built specially for Lucky, who believes it's the only one in the world like it.

"My new song, 'Yeah, That's How,' is the story of the beginning of rock-'n-roll," he said.

"I was driving from Melbourne to Sydney one night with Bill Watson, my manager, when I came up with this idea.

"Bill wrote the lyrics as we went, and later David May composed the tune.

"It combines the Henry Mancini private-eye sort of beat with rock-'n-roll."

"Yeah, That's How" has just been released, and if Lucky's star continues to shine it could go to the top.

WORTH HEARING

DVORAK: Cello Concerto

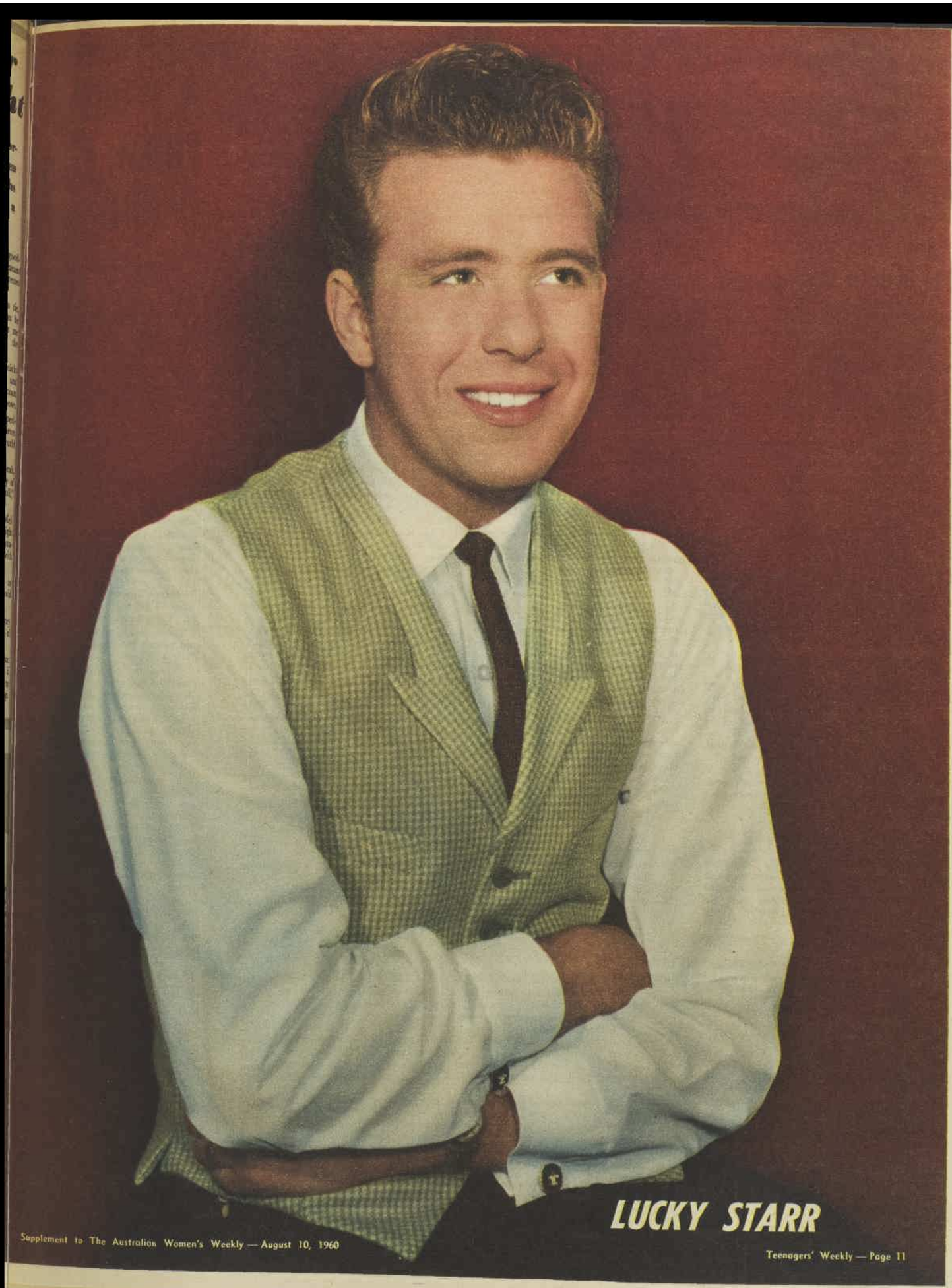
THE visit to Australia of the brilliant Russian cellist Rostropovich has focused interest on the sonorous but neglected cello. The cello (short for violoncello) is the second-largest member of the violin family; it plays an important part in the orchestra and in chamber music, but not many solo works have been written for it by important composers.

One of the finest works featuring the cello is the concerto by Antonin Dvorak. Like all the music of this 19th-century Czech nationalist, it has a rich stream of melody which often suggests the accents of Czech folk-song; it also gives the cellist magnificent opportunities for technical display.

Rostropovich has recorded the concerto with conductor Sir Adrian Boult and the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra (H.M.V.).

—Martin Long

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822640



LUCKY STARR

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822641

Louise Hunter — Here's your answer

Which is which?

"WE are two very attractive teenagers who live near one another in a dull country town where all the boys are much younger than us. Just recently a handsome, athletic type came here. He has taken both of us out separately, and we have both had a good time. The trouble is that we think he is interested in one of us, but we can't tell which one. What do you think we should do, as we are both worried and cannot concentrate on our work?"

"Worried Pair," Vic.

You girls can't do anything. The boy will soon let you both know which he prefers. He won't make an announcement about it though, he'll just start taking one of you out more than the other. He might also drop the two of you completely and concentrate on somebody else.

I think the important thing for both of you to do is get your own friendship to the stage—if it's worth it—where it can continue, whichever is favored with this boy's permanent attentions.

Give it back

"A FEW weeks ago, another girl and I were having fun with two boys. One of them had an identity bracelet on. During the evening this fell on the floor and I picked it up. I did not give it back to him, and I have it still. Should I give it to him or keep it?"

W.B., Vic.

Give it back to him. It doesn't mean a thing to you, and it may to him. It's mean of you to keep it.

First date at 17

"ALTHOUGH I'm 17, owing to study I had my first date six weeks ago. I have been out with the same boy five times since then, but I'm still very unsure of myself. When we get home, he gives he a hug and a sort of a friendly peck on the cheek. Does he expect me to kiss him back? Do you think that this means he is trying to tell me that we are just friends? Even his friendly peck embarrasses me, and I'm afraid someone might see. How can I conquer this feeling, and become more relaxed?"

"Rainy," S.A.

I think you are a lucky girl to be being taken out by such a nice boy. He's not rushing you into kissing dates, just hastening slowly. Leave things as they are and stop worrying about them. You'll find one day before long that everything is just as you wish it.

Schoolroom crush

"I HAVE been very much in love with a boy in our class for the past two years. He is awfully handsome and I am too ashamed to show my feelings for him as I am not much in the Marilyn Monroe line (a type he admires). I have been asked out by other boys and have tried to take an interest in them, but compared to him they are nothing. What shall I do? He is always nice to me and speaks to me more than the other girls in our class, but that is all. Also, how can I put on a few pounds? I am very thin."

"Desperate," S.A.

I don't think you can do a thing except be nice to him. He is probably concentrating on his studies, knowing that he has plenty of time for girls later on. That is what you should be doing, too. You can't do anything really to make boys like you—there are no love potions, charms, or spells you can use except to look nice and be nice to him. I think you should go out with the other boys when they ask you. It is good experience if it doesn't interfere with your work.

Getting fatter is easy. All you have to do is to have a chocolate, caramel, or strawberry malted milk every day in addition to the food you already eat.

If you have milk and biscuits when you get home from school, don't replace them with a malted milkshake; add the malted to your diet. If you add it to what you already eat every day, you should put on a pound a week. If you don't put on a pound you are not adding the malted to your diet. You are replacing some part of your food with it. It might be just a smaller helping of everything at dinner, but no weight gain means you are cheating.

Love for American

"RECENTLY I met an American sailor who loves me and I love him. We both have a great understanding which you may call the basis of our romance. A majority of my friends say that he is like all Americans who have girl-friends in every port. This is just one of the rumors that are going around the people in my district. Now that we want to get married we need advice, and I have turned to you for help. Please tell me what can we do to stop these awful people from breaking up our romance? I love this American. I don't think this is puppy love."

N.P.L., N.S.W.

Only you and the boy concerned know whether your love is real or not. If it is, gossip couldn't matter less, except that it is both hurtful and unkind.

People are always ready to trot out old cliches when there is a sailor in a romance. The girl-in-every-port story is the first one that is mentioned to add to your unhappiness. But if a man is the type who does have a girl in every port, he doesn't have to be a sailor. The man next door can have a girl in every suburb just as easily.

I think you have to disregard the gossip and hasten slowly. Be very sure that your love is real, because marriage with anyone of a different nationality involves a great deal more than marriage with a fellow-countryman.

Generally, it means the girl leaves her own country to settle in a new life away from family and friends. This means that the quality of the love between the newly married pair has to be 100 per cent. and capable of standing up to bouts of homesickness and longing for old friends and familiar ways. The new ways are often better and mean more happiness, but sometimes unless your love is very strong, it is hard to see this.

I am really at a disadvantage giving you advice, for you don't say how old you are. From your letter, I think you are still very young. Wait long enough to be sure that you really are in love and have parental approval for your marriage. Whole-hearted parental consent to marriage helps happiness.

Only child a tomboy

"I AM an only child (not spoilt), a girl of 14½. I have always been a tomboy and am getting into the habit of wearing boys' jeans and boys' shirts outside tight skirts. People are beginning to talk about me, so I want you to give me some advice."

"Tomboy," N.S.W.

Some girls go through a phase when they like to wear boys' clothes, but it's an awfully silly one. Girls should always try to make themselves look as pretty as possible, and pants of any kind, from jeans to pants by Dior, don't make a girl look as nice as she does in a skirt or a dress.

I think you should make an effort to give up wearing jeans and boys' shirts, except when it's absolutely necessary—for instance, for climbing down cliffs or some such thing when pants are essential.

And try to make yourself look as nice as you can, brush your hair till it shines, clean your teeth till they glisten, have nice clean fingernails. Remember everything your mother has taught you about how to behave and practise it. I have no doubt that you do, but if it's true that "people are beginning to talk about you," you must be extra careful and wipe out the unfortunate impression you have made.

A WORD FROM DEBBIE

ONE of the hazards of teenage living is drink—the sort described as "spirituous and fermented liquors." They're dynamite, an explosive that teenagers, male and female, should keep well away from if they're big on sense.

Drinking is no social problem, you simply don't. The social problem comes when you are among people who drink and you face the necessity of refusing to drink.

There are hundreds of ways to refuse drinks without making a thing of it. Be off-hand about it, be composed, and it is easy. There is no need to make your refusal a manifesto about the evils of drink. "No, thank you" is all that is required.

But if one of the crowd is that ghastly type, an insistent drink-offerer, the best thing to do is follow up with something like "I never touch it on Mondays," or whatever day it is, or "I get high on free air," or "I'm allergic to it."

Don't laugh at the square old phrase the Demon Drink. It is a demon.

Physically it removes the control from your conduct — it makes you do things you wouldn't dream of stone-cold sober. You talk more than you should, you are franker, freer in your expressions and opinions, which is not always wise.

As your body absorbs more alcohol you find it is hard to say words properly, you're inclined to slur sentences, to laugh too loudly, to sit in an ugly way, to become clumsy, unsteady in your walk. If you keep on sipping, you'll end up sick or pass out into a snorey sleep.

Put yourself in this frame if you want a picture of yourself experimenting with alcohol. Pretty?

Apart from this grim picture, there's a big mystery factor in alcohol. You. Scientists, doctors, and the world's wise men have never been able to work out an equation that shows clearly how the D.D. is going to affect you.

You may see stars, relax, go comparatively berserk. Clear thinking with a clear head just decides one thing about drink —Don't.

• Although pen-names and initials are always used, letters will not be answered unless real name and address of sender is given as a guarantee of good faith. Private answers to problems cannot be given.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822642

OTHER BOYS' JOBS

The Navy taught him his trade

By Penny Ford

● When 20-year-old Lionel Dyball packed his gear and went to sea a fortnight ago, he took another step up the ladder of his naval career.

USING the knowledge learned in the Navy, Lionel Dyball made a "new" car from a 1952 engine which he fitted into a 1956 body.

AFTER four years of work and study, he boarded H.M.A.S. Vendetta as an engine-room artificer, fifth-class.

During his first year at sea Lionel will work for his fourth-class, and if he gets it his pay will rise from his present £16/7/3 a week to £19/7/4.

This is a big jump from the wages of his four-year apprenticeship—£4 first year to £6 final year.

The story started four years ago when the Navy decided to start a new training establishment, H.M.A.S. Nirimba, at Quaker's Hill, N.S.W.

This replaced the old system of taking in qualified tradesmen and sending them to Flinders Naval Depot for training in the methods of the Navy.

At H.M.A.S. Nirimba boys can learn both a trade and Navy lore in four years.

Applicants, of whom 100 are accepted each year, must be 15 or 16 years old and have completed at least their second year at high school, or its equivalent.

Lionel started with the first group of 50 boys from all over Australia in June, 1956, after doing his Intermediate at Marcellin College, Randwick.

First in family

The son of a Bankstown grocer, he is the first member of his family to join the Navy.

Now he's a fully fledged engine-room artificer and passed out in June with 38 others, in a colorful parade.

Lionel said that Nirimba was something like a boarding-school.

The main difference is the hours. Classes start at 8 a.m. and go on till 6.30 p.m., with an hour for lunch and a couple of breaks for morning and afternoon tea.

On Wednesday afternoons the boys play sport. "Too much sport," said Lionel with a grin.

But don't get the impression he doesn't play—he won several cups for athletics, and was in the Rugby Union team the whole time he was at Nirimba.

His team played in competitions with Hawkesbury and Duntroon, and competed in the Gordon district Saturday roster for Under 21 A-grade teams.

Other sports include cricket, swimming, water-polo, hockey, golf, tennis, and basketball.

Lights go out at 10 p.m., except on Tuesday night for the seniors.

"There's quite a bit of social life, too," Lionel said. "We had dances every fortnight, visiting concert parties, and we had weekend duty only once every eight weeks."

Four choices

There are four trades to choose from — electrical, shipwright, engine-room, and ordnance (that's gunnery), and each apprentice has 15 hours of theory and 25 practical classes each week.

The four-year course includes two weeks at sea every 18 months. Lionel had trips on H.M.A.S. Sydney and H.M.A.S. Swan, where he did ordinary duties in the mess.

The boys have three uniforms.

No. 1, for parades and special occasions, is a smart white cap, navy trousers and coat, with plenty of brass buttons.

No. 2 is for social occasions, and working dress is blue jeans and shirt.

During his training Lionel managed to find time for outside hobbies. He is a keen car-racing fan, and has a car of his own.

"It has a 1952 engine with a 1956 body," he said. "I fixed it up with friends in a garage near home."

And does he like the Navy? His sister, Mrs. Ken Johnson, answered for him: "Every six months he had three weeks' holiday—and even that was too long. Lionel always wanted to get back to the ship."

Eight years to go

It's a good thing he likes it, because he has signed up with the Navy for 12 years. That means eight more to go.

He could apply for an earlier discharge, but his reason for pulling out would have to be really good before the Navy granted it.

But Lionel sees no possibility of that. He considers he has had a wonderful opportunity for combining a trade with a naval career.

FOOTNOTE: The Navy offers three other openings for teenage boys.

H.M.A.S. Cresswell, the R.A.N. College at Jervis Bay, takes boys of 14½ who have passed their Intermediate, and 18-year-olds at Matriculation standard, for training as officers.

A new "ship," H.M.A.S. Leeuwin, has just been opened in Fremantle to give 12 months' training in communications and signalling for boys between the ages of 15½ and 16½.

And then there's the junior musician's course at Flinders Naval Depot, also for boys from 15½ to 16½.

IMPRESSIVE in his No. 1 uniform, Lionel shows the cannon at H.M.A.S. Nirimba to his fiancee, Audette Robinson, of Wentworthville, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822643

A GUY on go-getters presents...

The Naming of the Shrew(d)!

● From the time a girl, as a kiddie, gets a smack from Mum and a lolly from Dad to stop her playing up, she knows on which side her bread is buttered.

On the paternal side, of course!

THIS knowledge causes many girls to become go-getters—shrewdies who play on male generosity.

Here's how these girls do As They Like (It) — or, to further give the bard the bird, here's The Naming of the Shrew(d)!

A common shrewdie is the girl who only dates when there's a good time in sight.

She ignores a boy's overtures for a social get-together — until a big Rock show or an especially good film is on.

Then she falls over herself accepting a date, knowing that there's a fair chance that he'll take her where she wants to go.

Some of these girls, of course, aren't even prepared to chance it, and make it obvious where the town should be painted red.

Another go-getter is the girl who strings along a fellow because he has a car.

He is only tolerated because he is good for a lift to and from work and social outings.

Among the boys whom girls "use" for their material possessions is the bloke who has, say, a portable record-player and a fine collection of discs.

He gets invited to a lot of parties, but only because his records, not his personality, are in the groove!

Shrewdies also temporarily play up to the bloke whose house is available for a party.

When his "girl-friend" has used his home, of course, he's no longer invited to shows elsewhere.

Many girls, too, take unfair advantage at work of the old "weaker sex" jazz.

Now I'm willing to admit that there's nothing wrong with a boy carrying something heavy — like a table typewriter — for a cute colleague.

But when boys are asked to open glue pots, sharpen pencils, open windows, etc. — that's taking chivalry a bit too far.

The present-hinter also deserves a swift kick in the matadors instead of the necklace, bracelet, or what have you that she blatantly suggests a boy might "happen" to pick for her birthday or Christmas present.

Yet another go-getter — who gets me on the go! — is the lass who only sees boys when she has an odd job to impose on one, or a favor to ask of another.

She stays away from Handy Andy, for instance, as if he had the plague until her handbag clasp is broken. Then she plagues him to fix it!

And she won't go dancing with another bloke until she finds out that he knows Dig Richards and can easily get his autograph.

Yes, from the cradle to the grave, many girls look on boys as free vending machines!

Well, at least I'm safe from this menace.

I haven't a car or a record-player or a place to hold parties.

I'm too weak to open glue pots, I haven't enough money to buy presents, and I couldn't fix a milk-shake.

It's a great state of affairs. Or is it?

Maybe it explains why I don't get many dates!

— Robin Adair

Wedding dress

MOST of what Robin Adair says is half-true, and I agree with some of the things he says. However, I don't think he should have started on wedding dresses (TW., 8/6/60). If most girls walked up the aisle in a simple cotton frock, without all the age-old trimmings such as silks and satins, lace and veils, they would feel they weren't properly married. It's just like the groom appearing in sports clothes.—Beverley Cole, North Ryde, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822644

Recipes to make your picnic tick

● Does that picture on our cover make you think how nice it would be to have a picnic next weekend?

A FINE day at this time of year is perfect for a day in the open—so make it a date.

If you are an ant-and-ashes picnicker, you'll pile into the car and buy some meat, bread, and butter on the way.

You'll use twigs to hold the chops or sausages over the flames until they fall into the ashes — and you'll eat the "toasted" product with scorched fingers.

And you'll have lots of fun —if you like it that way.

Or you may be the hamper type. You'll buy and prepare the food the day before, neatly pack it into a fully equipped basket with hot and cold vacuum-flasks, and eat it with knives and forks off plates on a tablecloth.

You won't even have to light a fire.

But if you're like our cover girls and boys, photographed by Mr. Brydson-Keig, of Cronulla, N.S.W., you'll use the best of both methods.

Prepare some of the food beforehand—but finish the cooking of the main dishes over the picnic fire.

For reasonable comfort, take plates, mugs, cutlery, cooking implements, frying-pan, hinged wire griller, and a pair of old gloves.

And don't forget the pepper, salt, and sugar shakers.

Make sure that your picnic fire is lit well ahead of time so it will die down to glowing coals before you start cooking; otherwise the food will have a charred and smoky flavor.

The recipes below are planned for four people. Spoon measurements are level.

BARBECUED SAUSAGES AND STEAK

Prick 1lb. sausages and place in a saucepan. Cover with cold water and bring just to boiling point (but do not allow to boil, as sausages will split). Allow to cool in the water, then remove and place in plastic bag to carry to the picnic.

Here are two different ways to cook sausages and steak over an open fire.

Heat 2oz. shortening in large pan (do not overheat, as this causes the sausages to split). Place sausages (pre-cooked in water) in heated shortening and fry until golden-brown all over.

Steak can be cooked in this way, also, but the next method is generally used.

Arrange the steak and sausages in the griller and clip the handles together. Grill over coals, turning frequently to brown evenly. If dripping fat causes flames, sprinkle salt on the fire.

BARBECUE SAUCE

To serve with barbecued steak, chops, or sausages.

Half cup chopped onion, 1 clove garlic (crushed), 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 cup tomato sauce or puree, ¾ cup brown sugar, 2 teaspoons Worcestershire sauce, ½ teaspoon salt, cayenne pepper.

Saute onion and garlic in hot butter until golden, add all other ingredients and simmer gently 15 minutes, stirring occasionally.

Allow to cool and pour into plastic store-jar to carry to the picnic, where you can reheat it in frying-pan.

POTATOES COOKED IN THE COALS

Wash potatoes well and prick each with a fork to prevent bursting while cooking. Wrap each in aluminium foil (or leave unwrapped if desired). Place them in the hot ashes of the fire and cook for about 1 hour for large potatoes and ¾ hour for medium potatoes. Test them with a skewer, and if the skewer comes out sticky continue cooking for further 15 minutes.

When cooked, remove foil; split each one lengthwise and place a piece of butter or cheese spread on each. Serve at once.

Onions can be cooked in the same way.

Don't play with fire

WHEN hot and dry weather increases the bushfire danger, the lighting of any fire in the open is usually banned — so check that there's no ban before setting out.

No ban? Well, just remember that any fire in the open can be dangerous — so use your common sense.

● Don't build a fire against a tree or bush.

● Always build a fireplace with stones, earth, or sand, to shelter the fire from the wind. If this is impossible, try to find a suitable place beside a large rock.

● Don't light the fire until you have cleared all the inflammable material from the ground at least 8ft. in all directions.

● Don't build a fire larger than you need.

● Always put the fire out as soon as you've finished cooking. If you have no water, earth or sand is just as effective. Spread the ashes until there is no sign of smouldering.

PICNIC SALAD

One lettuce (shredded), ½ cabbage (shredded), 1 carrot (coarsely grated), 1 onion (finely chopped), ½ cup chopped celery, 2 tablespoons chopped gherkin, 1 cucumber (sliced very thinly), 3 tomatoes (cut into small wedges).

Combine all the vegetables and toss lightly. Place in a wooden salad-bowl, cover with aluminium foil for easy carrying to the picnic.

When ready to serve, pour over the following dressing and toss lightly:

Dressing: One dessertspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon dry mustard, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, pinch cayenne pepper, 1 cup salad oil, 1-3rd cup vinegar, ½ clove garlic.

Place sugar, mustard, salt, pepper, and garlic into a glass jar, pour in oil and vinegar. Cover securely and shake vigorously until well mixed. Remove garlic. This dressing may be left in a jar until required for the salad.

SURPRISE FISH PACKAGES

Eight fillets sole or bream, 4oz. softened butter, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, 2 onions (thinly sliced), ¼ cup lemon juice, salt, pepper.

Combine softened butter and anchovy paste, spread each fillet with this mixture. Place the fillets in pairs on greased aluminium foil, sprinkle with lemon juice, salt, and pepper, and top with slices of onion. Wrap foil over, making four small packages.

Cook each parcel over the coals for 20 to 25 minutes or until fish is tender. Serve with crusty french bread.

CREAMY COCONUT TREATS

Six ounces butter or substitute, 8oz. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 3 eggs, ¾ cup milk, 12oz. self-raising flour.

Cream butter or substitute until fluffy, add sugar gradually and continue beating. Gradually add essence and egg-yolks. Fold flour and milk alternately into creamed mixture. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites.

Pour into well-greased lamington-tin and bake in a moderate oven 45 to 50 minutes. Remove from oven and cool slightly, then spread thickly with the creamy topping. Place under a hot griller and grill until lightly brown. Cool, cut into squares, and take to the picnic in baking-tin.

Creamy Coco-Topping: Quarter cup butter, 1 cup brown sugar, ¼ cup cream or evaporated milk, 1 cup coarsely chopped shredded coconut.

Cream butter well, add cream or evaporated milk; beat in sugar and then fold in shredded coconut.

Points of Etiquette . . .

. . . on the line

● Telephones are traps for the unwary — it's so easy to be rude without meaning to be. So watch out whenever you reach for one.

● "Brr-brr!" goes the bell. It COULD be Bob, or Anne, or Doug. But it's Mrs. Smith to speak to your mother. Don't just say "Hang on" in a depressed way. Make it, "Just a minute, Mrs. Smith, I'll get Mum."

● Asking is always better manners than telling. So when you ring Bob at work — and he's out — make it, "Would you take a message, and ask him to ring Jill Jones, please?" not "Tell him to ring Jill, will you?"

● Her father answers instead of Jill when you call up at home. Instead of just "Is Jill there?" it is polite to say "This is Bob Smith, Mr. Jones. May I speak to Jill?"

● "It doesn't matter," is anything but courteous when you find that the person you wanted is out. Say either that you'll call later, that it wasn't important, or that you'd like them to ring you.

● "Who's that?" isn't the most polite reaction when you dial and someone unexpected answers. In fact it invites a smart "And who are you?" in return. If you're really puzzled ask "Is that 12-3456?" instead.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822645

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822646

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

Never having been faced with a similar request during his brief career in the Foreign Office, Mr. Buckingham took some time to consider an appropriate reply, while Mr. Napier leant back in his chair with an air of relief. His aunt's unpredictable behaviour had now clearly become a Foreign Office responsibility.

"I am afraid it is not within the power of the Foreign Office to stop any British subject from going abroad at any time. The British Government cannot ask any foreign consulate to withhold a visa which has been requested by a British subject. On the other hand," Mr. Buckingham went on in what he hoped was a fair imitation of traditional Foreign Office style, "quite a number of people apply for Soviet visas without actually receiving them."

"But then they are not my aunt," Mr. Napier said bitterly "I've told you she is quite unscrupulous. She realises that her chances of a Russian visa would be much better if she was prominent in some field and could report on her visit and give lectures to women's guilds and societies on her return. So she is concentrating on this angle in applying for the visa. She has, I understand, already told the Soviet Consul that she is an authority on art and has had several exhibitions of her own paintings."

"And has she?" Mr. Buckingham inquired with interest.

To page 34

Miss Bagshot was delighted to be on her own and set off at a smart pace on a sightseeing tour.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822647

Mr. Napier snorted. "All of her generation did watercolors in the schoolroom, I suppose. And she once ran a stall at a church bazaar, selling some of the little pastels she had drawn round the neighborhood."

"You mean then that Miss Bagshot—er—romances?" suggested Mr. Buckingham diplomatically.

"Romances? I'm saying she tells downright lies," said her nephew. "Mind you, I don't want to be unfair. My aunt is normally the most truthful of people. But you must understand that when she wishes to gain her ends, my aunt will stop at nothing. She once told the Spanish authorities that she had smallpox in order to be extradited from Tangier," Mr. Napier went on. "And I believe that, when she was stranded in New Zealand during World War I, and all passages home were allocated to troops, she told a shipping firm she had to get back to Oxford immediately because she had been awarded a Rhodes Scholarship. A Rhodes Scholarship," Mr. Napier added with distaste, "for a woman! Can you imagine them believing that? But she seems to get away with the most barefaced lies."

Mr. Napier lapsed into a gloomy silence, and as Mr. Buckingham could think of no remark sufficiently sedate to maintain the solemnity of the interview, he managed to look wooden and waited for his visitor to continue.

"According to my aunt, she and the Soviet Consul get along quite well," sighed Mr. Napier. "They had a long discussion the other afternoon on the value of art in a Socialist State, although, to my knowledge, my aunt has not the foggiest notion of either art or politics. And what she has been telling him in all these visits she makes to the Consulate I simply shudder to think."

Mr. Buckingham was beginning to have his own private doubts as to whether even so seasoned a political warrior as the Soviet Consul would be able to hold out for long against Miss Bagshot. In any case, it

Continuing . . . MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 33

was best to be prepared for all eventualities.

"Then, let us suppose, the visa is granted. I take it that Miss Bagshot will have sufficient money to pay her passage to the Soviet Union and back?"

"Barely. I daresay my aunt would not have worried about the fare back at this stage, but she has discovered that the Soviet Government insists on tourists' deposits to cover their return journey. So I should imagine she will manage to raise the amount somehow. I would very much doubt if she had anything more to cover hotel bills and expenses during her stay. Of course, I am not entirely in my aunt's confidence over her small income, but I gather from my son, who takes a rather more lenient view of her peculiarities, that she has recently tried to borrow money from him. Naturally, I have expressly forbidden this. But it does lead me to the conclusion that she will be in desperate need of ready money should the visa materialise."

"Of course, I understand tourists are seldom given a visa for more than a fortnight, and must buy travel vouchers in advance to meet hotel bills," Mr. Buckingham said. "So perhaps Miss Bagshot would be able to manage that without running into financial difficulties."

"Oh, a fortnight will be of no use to Aunt Lavinia. Once she is there she will certainly manage to prolong her stay. She has never stayed less than four months in any country. She says you don't get the feel of the place for several weeks. She has, I believe, some hazy idea she could give English lessons to help pay for accommodation. I am telling you quite definitely that, if my aunt manages to get to the Soviet Union, there is almost certain to be some unpleasantness over getting her back again."

"I see," said Mr. Buckingham non - committally. He doubted whether there was any precedent in the Foreign Office files to guide him on the correct procedure in this case. "And if there is some unpleasantness, I take it that your family would like to be informed and to be of assistance?"

"We would most certainly not," contradicted Mr. Napier. "That is the whole point of this interview. If the Soviet Consulate is short-sighted enough to give Aunt Lavinia a visa to their country, and if the Foreign Office, having been previously warned, are powerless to stop her, we feel that the family can take no further responsibility in the matter."

That, Mr. Buckingham felt, was indeed stating the position frankly. He only wished he could be as definite in stating the Foreign Office viewpoint.

"Let us hope," he said vaguely, as he handed Mr. Napier his briefcase and umbrella, "that your fears will not be justified. Even if Miss Bagshot does succeed in her ambitions, I understand that the Soviet Union is not a country where foreign tourists are given an opportunity of coming to much harm. There is a very efficient State tourist organisation which keeps its eye on travellers and their sightseeing activities."

"I think they will see to it that Miss Bagshot does not outstay her welcome."

But now, as he tried to sum up this difficult interview, Mr. Buckingham had an uncomfortable suspicion that it sounded rather inconclusive on paper.

He sighed and picked up his pen again.

"The lady has now applied for a visa to the Soviet Union and it seems probable that the Soviet Consulate may grant her request," he scratched across his sheet.

"Although she would appear to have no strong political views, her nephew is positive that she will get into difficulties, possibly of a financial nature, during her stay in Moscow.

"In view of this, he requested that the Foreign Office should intervene to prevent Miss Bagshot from receiving a visa. I informed him that this would be impossible.

"Mr. Napier, however, insisted on disclaiming any further responsibility for his aunt. I placed the relevant facts at his disposal regarding tourist travel to the Soviet Union."

Mr. Buckingham was not very pleased with his minute, and, as he signed his name and the date across the bottom, he hoped that this might prove to be just another of the isolated papers, which he had often contributed to the Foreign Office files.

But his hope was short-lived. He had just stretched towards the waiting bundle of papers in his in-tray when the telephone rang.

"This is Mr. Herbert Napier," whined a querulous version of Mr. Napier's flat voice. "I have just got back to my office and my son has phoned to say that my aunt was granted her Soviet visa this morning. In view of all I have been telling you, it is still impossible to confiscate her passport?"

"I am afraid so."

"But my dear young man, you don't fully understand the gravity of the situation. My aunt will manage to stay on longer than the fortnight allowed on her visa, and get herself into some sort of trouble—"

"In that case, I feel certain that the British Embassy in Moscow will do everything possible to assist Miss Bagshot," Mr. Buckingham said.

"Just keep it out of the Press and don't expect the family to pay her bills," said Mr. Napier waspishly. "We pay enough taxes already and I can't understand why we keep a Foreign Office, if they refuse to help

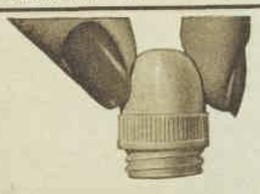
To page 37

FROM THE BIBLE

• ***"This people have I formed for myself; they shall shew forth my praise." Isaiah 43:21.***

This chapter in the prophecy of Isaiah brings comfort to the people in their trouble. God tells Isaiah of the destruction of Babylon, where so many Jews are captive, but He assures them of their deliverance.

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in The Australian Women's Weekly are fictitious and have no reference to any living person.



INSTANT RELIEF
FROM HEAD COLDS

BENZEDREX
INHALER

THE ONLY INHALER TO CONTAIN PROPYLHEXEDRINE

Stuffed up? One sniff . . . and your nose is clear. There's never been anything for colds and catarrh quite like Benzedrex Inhaler and Benzedrex is convenient to carry—keep it handy in your handbag or pocket. Benzedrex Inhaler clears your head instantly and gives lasting relief. Benzedrex Inhaler FROM ALL CHEMISTS.

B1/1/60

Continuing . . . JANICE IN JEOPARDY

from page 27

"I don't know what's wrong with you," said Mary, not for the first time. "It's all I can do to turn a proposition into a proposal."

"I don't want to marry. It's very simple."

"Shall I paint you a picture? The years going by, the men getting older, you getting older, the lonely life in a furnished room — heaven grant I'll be gone from here long before."

"Hotel in that case," said Janice.

"But what have you against men?"

"Nothing, except they want to marry me."

"And that's bad?"

"Certainly it's bad," Janice answered.

Mary shrugged. She said, "Maybe, as the clever saying goes, you haven't met Mr. Right."

"No, and I don't expect to. He doesn't exist."

"What do you want," asked Mary, losing patience, "—a movie star who's also a triple millionaire, with the intelligence of Bertrand Russell?"

Janice said thoughtfully, "An intelligent man, yes, but not one who'd make me feel too inferior. I like to look up, but not until it's a pain in the neck. Money, naturally, in sufficient but not over supply . . . Looks aren't a factor. Very handsome men hog mirrors. Chiefly I'd like a reasonable, logical, even-tempered guy who would be interesting but not exciting, and most of all considerate."

"What do you mean considerate—roses on your anniversary, opening doors, lighting cigarettes, and an occasional costly un-birthday present?"

"Roses are nice; I can light my own cigarettes and open my own doors if necessary. Presents are fun. That's not what I meant."

Mary asked in simple horror. "You mean you wish to be understood?"

"In a word, yes."

Her friend fell back against the cushions. She said, "I knew you were young, but not that young. How can a woman hope to have a man understand her when she doesn't understand herself? Moreover, if he understood her" — Mary shuddered—"heaven help her."

NOW, there were a number of men in Janice's life, but three outstanding. One was a professor of psychology, one a gentleman in advertising, and the third what is commonly referred to as a playboy. Tom, Dick, and Harry. All sent roses, snapped lighters, opened doors.

If, she sometimes thought, they could merge magically into one person. But they couldn't. She listened to Tom, she talked to Dick, she danced with Harry. All proposed; each was refused.

Tom had a lot to say about that, beginning with a discourse on inhibitions. What was she afraid of? What was she guilty about?

None was convinced she was refrigerated; each had been permitted to kiss her good-night or hello: none could accuse her of not enjoying it.

And she enjoyed them all. If she could marry all three, life would be interesting.

One night last summer she went to a rooftop restaurant with Harry. Head-waiters practically walked backward when they saw him—then forward hastily. Ropes were removed, food was prepared to order, the wine cellar searched.

They were sitting looking out over the city when a man came over from a far table, carrying a drink. He was extremely good-looking and a little stoned. He pulled up a chair, sat down and said, "Hi, Jan, who's your friend?"

Janice said, "Oh, it's you." She looked at him with distaste. She said, "Home-town boy, Harry—Sam Hastings."

Harry had charm which he turned on with an effort. He said, "Nice to know you, Mr. Hastings."

"I wouldn't be so sure." Mr. Hastings regarded Janice. "Having fun?"

"Of course."

"I told you you'd wind up like this," he said darkly.

She said wearily, "I remember." She looked at Harry and explained, "Next-door stuff. I've known Sam since I was six. He grew up the football-hero type. He never approved of anything I did, especially modelling — even amateur."

Sam said calmly, "Dropped in on your folks the other night. Your father said he'd seen you a while back and you'd lost weight. You have. It may look good in the photogravure; on you it looks awful."

"Thanks," said Janice.

"Don't mention it. Skinny——"

Harry spoke hastily. "And what do you do, Mr. Hastings?"

"I fly planes," Sam answered, and added, "I've read about you, so I know what you do."

They let that sit. Harry did everything. He hunted, skied, drove fast cars, played golf and tennis. Also he cut coupons. Luckily he had never, in sports, injured his wrist.

Janice made a suggestion. She said, "Nice seeing you, Sam. Why don't you run along? Your supper companion must be getting restive."

"Three of them," Sam said. "Blonde, brunette, redhead. I like to mix my drinks. They're all right, talking me over.

"I twisted your pop's arm until he gave me your address." He took her chin in his hand, tipped it up and kissed her without haste. He added, "See you tomorrow night, seven-ish."

He walked off. Immoderately good-looking, inconsiderate, wholly without understanding. In other words, just as he'd always been. Boor. Dope. Cad.

"Who, exactly," asked Harry mildly, "is that character?"

"My ex-husband," Janice answered savagely.

Harry flipped. "But I didn't know you were ever married!"

"I wasn't for long. And I haven't told anyone here." She smiled a little. "Divorcees sometimes have a rough time, I understand."

"But what happened?"

"Nothing. He didn't approve of me, and besides, his flying scared me."

"Oh, well," said Harry comfortably, adjusting his ideas and with half a glimmer of hope, "it's all over now."

Bells rang, organs pealed, orange blossoms saturated the air. But not for Harry.

"I wonder," said Janice dreamily, "how much time off he has? We could be remarried in New York."

Fooled you, didn't I?

(Copyright)

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822648

The first all-in-one moisturising make-up

Helena Rubinstein's 'Young Touch'

Gives your complexion a dewy look — yet does not dry the skin

Only Helena Rubinstein could pamper every complexion with her newest 'Young Touch' shade "ORCHID GLOW"

"Young Touch" is the perfect compact make-up. Specially created by Helena Rubinstein, "Young Touch" is the first exclusive blend of powder and moisturising foundation that protects the skin's natural moisture and oils. It never dries your skin like some other compacts. "Young Touch" covers surface blemishes with astonishing success, yet you never look heavily or artificially "made-up." It will not cake, streak or turn "orange-y." Smart, fashion-conscious women will love the new "ORCHID GLOW" shade and there are seven other fabulous shades to choose from.

All "Young Touch" shades are harmonised with Helena Rubinstein's Silk Screen Face Powder.

REFILL with puff, 9/6

COMPACT, complete, with mirror and puff, 16/3

Silk Screen Face Powder, 11/6.

See the new "ORCHID GLOW" Silk Screen Face Powder shade to match "Young Touch" "ORCHID GLOW."

Helena Rubinstein's 'Young Touch' is available at all leading city stores and authorised agents throughout the Commonwealth.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822649

MILLY

BETTINA

Selby has the couturier touch

CARILLION

SHERIDAN

Selby

From Selby . . . superbly styled shoes reflecting the elegant sophistication of the high fashion world. Seen here is an enchanting quartette from Selby's just-opened Spring collection . . . slim, sleek, scintillating with the "couturier touch." Divine fashion in silk-soft calf or with the new Pearlustre finish that gleams like satin. Heaven to wear . . . as only Selby can be.

Selby shoes are available only at leading stores which specialise in Selby fitting and service. So, whenever you shop for shoes, be sure you visit a SELBY centre.

THE HIGH FASHION SHOES OF EXQUISITE FIT

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822650

in a serious problem like this."

As Mr. Buckingham pulled the white sheet towards him again and began to redraft the last paragraph of his minute, he felt some slight consolation in the thought that the colorful Miss Bagshot was not only about to realise a long-felt ambition and add Russia to her collection of countries but once again to achieve a temporary parting from her respectable relatives.

. . . . . .

The delegation of the Anti-Fascist League for Peace, having sorted themselves, after polite skirmishing, into their places on the Aeroflot plane, were interested to observe that the elderly Englishwoman was still with them. She had accompanied them on the flight from London the previous day, occupied an adjacent table for dinner in the hotel that night, joined them on the bus ride from the British sector in Berlin and now sat calmly reading her day-old copy of "The Times" while the Russian officials completed their passport formalities.

"But she is definitely English," whispered Mrs. Hoskins to her neighbor, the only other woman member of the delegation. "I can always spot an Englishwoman abroad. Her clothes, her hair, her shoes—they're all quite English."

"So's the passport she's holding," said Patricia Cartwright. Mrs. Hoskins' passion for dramatising every incident of their journey was beginning to irritate her.

She looked despairingly round the plane, but Dr. Clark, who had rescued her from Mrs. Hoskins at breakfast that morning, was sitting with James Bailey, a tall, bearded artist; they were obviously quite contented with each other's company.

Sir William Finch, the leader of the delegation, was working out a football pool with the miners' representative Emlyn Richards; Horace Cleghorn, an untidy Communist undergraduate, had already begun practising his limited Russian with the other passengers.

BUT Mrs. Hoskins, who was the president of a society in the Co-operative Women's Movement, felt it was proper for the only two women of the delegation to stick together. She was also rather flattered to find herself coupled with Patricia Cartwright, M.P., whose face was so familiar from a popular (though highbrow) TV panel game. To be sitting beside her in a plane starting off for Moscow thrilled and agitated her so that she chattered aimlessly.

"I don't think she was supposed to be on our bus at all this morning. It was specially reserved for the delegation. I heard her arguing with some taxi-drivers about passes and East-marks and the next thing I noticed she had climbed on our bus, looking so assured that nobody asked her to get off."

"I'm sure there's nothing mysterious about her trip to Moscow," yawned Mrs. Cartwright, opening a book to end the conversation. "You'll probably find she's the mother of the Minister at the British Embassy. Why don't you go and ask her if you're so interested?"

"I think I will," said Mrs. Hoskins.

The propellers had just begun to turn and the plump, middle-aged stewardess was passing round the boiled sweets, when Mrs. Hoskins bustled down the centre aisle to the vacant seat beside Miss Bagshot.

"Quite comfortable these Russian planes," she began sociably and sat down with a bump. With no preliminary warming up of its engines, the plane had taken off on an unexpectedly sudden departure down the runway.

"I suppose so," said Miss Bagshot. She folded her copy of "The Times" and took off her reading glasses. "I'm not really accustomed to planes. In fact, this is the first journey I've ever made by air and I daresay those safety belts we had to buckle round us on the British plane yesterday weren't really necessary."

Mrs. Hoskins, who had never made a plane trip before, either, gripped the armrests firmly and waited until the wheels cleared the runway and the plane sailed steadily at a good five hundred feet above the ground before feeling safe enough to resume the conversation.

By this time Miss Bagshot had unearthed a length of dull-looking knitting from her outsize handbag and was busy picking up a few dropped stitches.

"Ah, a muffler for one of your grandchildren?" inquired Mrs. Hoskins.

"Goodness me, no. I always knit for orphanages on journeys."

"I did a lot of knitting at one time. You see, I have three girls," confided Mrs. Hoskins. "Of course, they're all grown up and married now."

Mrs. Hoskins continued at quite some length with Gladys, and Peggy and Cicely, before remembering that her original intention had been to learn something about Miss Bagshot.

"And you are going to Moscow?" she asked, returning abruptly to the attack.

"Yes. Your party, I gather, is also going there?"

"We're a delegation really," boasted Mrs. Hoskins. "We're spending a fortnight in Moscow and then on to all those other Iron Curtain countries. Mrs. Cartwright, the friend I'm with, is a Labor Member of Parliament. I myself am representing the Co-operative Women's Movement. You see, since the children grew up, I've had to have something to occupy my time."

"Quite," said Miss Bagshot, politely. Although she preferred to absorb information rather than impart it, she was beginning to wonder whether much of Mrs. Hoskins's information was worth absorbing.

After another twenty minutes, she had decided that she could do without company for the rest of the journey.

"I wonder if there is anything wrong with this plane," she interrupted, peering out of the window at the dark green patches of fir trees beneath. "It doesn't seem to be flying very high, and it's giving the most extraordinary bumps. My stomach is beginning to feel peculiar already. An odd sensation that it is turning over all the time — and I didn't eat such a large breakfast."

She was gratified to see Mrs. Hoskins' plump pink face turn an interesting shade of parchment and pressed her advantage.

"Naturally, I don't suppose planes with only two engines can fly as high as the ones

Continuing . . .
MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 34

with four engines. It's so nerve-racking to watch one engine and feel that it might suddenly stop."

Mrs. Hoskins, who had not even noticed the plane's engines before, riveted an anxious eye on the single spinning propeller visible through the small window.

"I daresay that odd-looking bit of steam is quite normal," Miss Bagshot said. "It's been doing it all the time, I've noticed. But occasionally it does splutter a bit, too. Still I'm sure the pilot knows about it, so there's no point in us fussing. If you are going to die in a plane crash, that's all there is to it. At my age, it doesn't matter at all . . ."

She broke off to transfer the discarded copy of "The Times" from her own lap to Mrs. Hoskins.

"I am so sorry. You really are not looking at all well. I wonder if the stewardess has any of those nice little paper bags we had on the plane yesterday."

Quite satisfied with the result of her strategy, Miss Bagshot looked round for the stewardess, who had vanished to make another of her brews of tea. Undeterred, she hoisted the giddy Mrs. Hoskins to her feet and escorted her down the swaying aisle.

"I am afraid your friend is feeling rather ill," she informed Mrs. Cartwright. "Perhaps she would be more comfortable in her own seat."

She gave a formal little bow and returned to the back of the plane just as the stewardess came out of the pilot's cabin and, with voluble Russian exclamations of dismay, enveloped Mrs. Hoskins in her care. She lifted a suitcase from the rack and raised Mrs. Hoskins' legs.

She fetched a glass of weak black tea and, finally, gesturing to Mrs. Cartwright to vacate her seat, she forced her unprotesting passenger across the armrest and propped her up with rugs.

Mrs. Cartwright took her book to the back of the plane and the seat beside Miss Bagshot.

"So inconvenient, this travel sickness, isn't it?" observed Miss Bagshot.

Mrs. Cartwright smiled but reopened her book ostentatiously. She was grateful but surprised when Miss Bagshot made no effort to follow up her opening remark.

They sat together silently for a full half-hour, Miss Bagshot knitting contentedly, Mrs. Cartwright reading with a gradual slackening of interest, turning pages less frequently until the words began to blur together.

An unwilling respect had been growing between them, so that when Mrs. Cartwright finally closed her book, they were ready to accept each other on equal terms and, instead of fencing against the inevitable conversation, drifted into it quite naturally.

"Rather hard on the eyes—this reading on journeys," sighed Mrs. Cartwright.

"It's been too hard on my eyes for the past thirty years," agreed Miss Bagshot. "Still, it's a very useful way of avoiding bores."

The sophisticated Patricia Cartwright was annoyed to find herself blushing like a schoolgirl.

"I hope you didn't think I was pretending to read just to avoid talking to you—"

"Of course you were," Miss Bagshot said tranquilly. "But my feelings aren't at all hurt. If they were, I should tell you."

Mrs. Cartwright turned to look at her elderly neighbor more closely. Her first impression was of a straight-backed, conventional old lady with quantities of spiky grey hair, neatly imprisoned in a barricade of hairpins. Everything about Miss Bagshot was flat and straight. There was not a suggestion of a contour anywhere. Even the square brogues placed tidily together on the bar of the footrest had an angularity that was almost brittle, as though the rigid bones would snap at the slightest jolt.

Miss Bagshot was wearing navy-blue shoes, bag, gloves, coat, all so exactly the same shade that they merged together into one, clearly composite "outfit." The only contrast Miss Bagshot ever allowed was her "touch of white."

Mrs. Cartwright found herself hypnotised by the dazzling whiteness of Miss Bagshot's starched white collar. It made her think of a quiet English parsonage, a gentle Victorian girlhood, a leisurely and well-ordered existence that belonged to another world.

But, as their eyes met, Mrs. Cartwright felt sure that Miss Bagshot's air of gentle frailty was deceptive.

"I myself, have rather a different method of dealing with fellow travellers who annoy me," continued Miss Bagshot. "I've only used it on ships before but I was quite interested to find that it's just as effective on aeroplanes."

"You mean — you did it on purpose?" exclaimed Mrs. Cartwright, when the full implication of this astonishing remark became clear.

"I don't think you realise," she heard herself saying in a surprisingly pompous and unnatural voice, "that Mrs. Hoskins is an extremely kind and worthy woman who has spent a great deal of her time in charitable work."

"Certainly," agreed Miss Bagshot. And then, meeting Mrs. Cartwright's eye again, chuckled infectiously. "I know just what you mean; the backbone of England. Unfortunately I find it very difficult to stand bores for long periods, particularly the well-meaning ones. My family's full of them."

Patricia Cartwright, finding her neighbor's conversation unexpectedly refreshing, laughed in spite of herself.

"So's my constituency," she admitted.

"Ah, yes, Mrs. Hoskins told me you were a Member of Parliament. You do not," Miss Bagshot added candidly, "look a great deal like one. I have always regarded it as a most unfeminine profession."

Mrs. Cartwright was sensitive enough to realise, even so early in her acquaintance with Miss Bagshot, that it was pointless to contradict her.

As for Miss Bagshot, she had instantly decided that Patricia Cartwright, M.P., was quite worthy of her attention. Once she had been interested in everyone she met. But long association with her family and its circle of predictable acquaintances had tended to blunt her enthusiasm. Confronted, as she was now, with an individual personality, Miss Bagshot slipped back into her absorbing hobby of reconstructing a stranger's life. She said experimentally:

"And how did you become a Member of Parliament?"

"My husband was killed in an air crash. I took over his seat in the by-election which followed." Patricia Cartwright gave a wry little smile. "It helped me a lot at the time."

She was conscious of Miss Bagshot's eyes exploring her, not unpleasantly. Certainly not with pity; merely with a great deal of genuine interest.

"Then you have no children?"

"No."

IT was a clipped, monosyllabic reply which did not invite further discussion. So that's your private sorrow, reflected Miss Bagshot. Abruptly she changed the subject.

Patricia Cartwright began to relax. She talked and she listened, at times fascinated, at times amused, always interested in the old lady's energetic and positive opinions Miss Bagshot had an alert and inquiring mind which made her a perfectly contented listener when questions were being answered to her satisfaction.

But she simply ignored arguments. Her quick brain jumped from one subject to another, leaving the hard core of her beliefs and prejudices unchallenged. Mrs. Cartwright was surprised when they touched down at Vilna for lunch.

In a single file, the passengers emptied out of the plane, down the short flight of metal stairs onto a runway, recently cleared but still dotted with freshly piled snowbanks. A featureless horizon stretched away in the distance. There were no hangars, no activity and few people.

As though to make up for the bleak, wintry silence and the lack of capitalist bustle, a radio in the main airport building was blaring out percentages of industrial production in the Ukraine. The disembodied voice floated on the still air, across the deserted runways, greeting the new arrivals to the Soviet Union.

They huddled together against the sudden cold after the heated plane, striking out in a group in the direction of the voice. Half-way across the airfield, they were met by a solemn little interpreter who escorted them to a large and

To page 39

Fashion FROCKS

• *Ready to wear or cut out ready to make.*

"SUE ELLEN."—Attractive shirt-waisted frock in houndstooth check material has short sleeves and a skirt of unpressed pleats. Colors are navy and white, red and white, pink and white, and green and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £5/1/6, 36 and 38in. bust £5/6/9.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust £3/9/11, 36 and 38in. bust £3/11/6. Postage 4/- extra.

• *NOTE: If ordering by mail, send to address on page 53. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. They are available for only six weeks after date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscript to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822651

New Paris . . . Hosiery sensation of the year!

HOLEPROOF

YEAR OF THE NEW

HOSIERY ILLUSTRATED IS PARIS STEEPLES

A range of styles for every woman, every occasion . . .

New 20% Finer Seam . Only Paris has this slighter, subtle seam to perfect the well-dressed look — the finest seam in the world.

New Petal-soft Finish . A lovely low-keyed look, to softly embrace your legs with the bloom of a newly opened flower.

New Ventilated Sole . . Ingenious construction provides small vents under the foot. Gives greater comfort by releasing any undue foot heat.

Paris Collection is a range of styles for every woman, every occasion. A wonderful hosiery range that has won the hearts of Australia's fashion-conscious women. All with the subtle flattery of a seam, plus the latest American treatment for snag resistance. All luxury hosiery — priced at a practical **12/11.**

Slightly lower in South Australia

A. **STEEPLES**
Tapering heel design exclusive to Holeproof. Steeples trim your ankle to slim beauty.

B. **STRETCH**
Dull finish, cling like a second skin.

C. **MESH**
Built-in, non-run construction.

D. **ORIGINAL PARIS SHEERS**
Beautiful sheers you've always loved.

E. **CUSHION FOOT**
Exclusive foot comfort feature.

✳ *All with New* **BRI-NYLON**

AUSTRALIA'S LARGEST MAKER OF LOVELY LOVELY THINGS TO WEAR . . .

HOLEPROOF

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822652

Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 37

ornate airport building, where a succession of marble pillars supported a high mosaic ceiling.

"Very vulgar," commented Miss Bagshot. She stood like a ramrod, just inside the double doors, and carefully inspected the red plush curtains with their heavy fringe of gold tasselling looped back from the immense windows, the hammer-and-sickle emblems adorning the frieze, the quantities of statuary grouped round the marble pillars.

"And, for a new building, so very old-fashioned. I had thought the Soviet Union would be an extremely modern country, too stark and streamlined for my own tastes. But this — this is positively Victorian."

Mrs. Hoskins clucked ineffectually at this outspoken remark, but it was Horace Cleghorn who took it upon himself to rebuke Miss Bagshot.

He was the youngest of the delegation's seven members, and so far had played a fairly subdued role. But, as the only Communist in the party, he was experiencing exhilaration in his first contact with Soviet soil and felt it his duty to educate his fellow travellers into an appreciation of the Soviet.

"Vilna, being the capital of Soviet Lithuania, is only a recent addition to the U.S.S.R.," he announced. "Before the war, Lithuania was, of course, a typical bourgeois and backward country, and some of its old-fashioned traditions undoubtedly linger on, in spite of the beneficial example of its progressive Soviet neighbors."

"Before the war, young man, Lithuania was a very progressive and modern little country," Miss Bagshot said flatly. "I was here in 1926 and it didn't look at all like this."

She waved her umbrella to indicate a large granite statue of Lenin, standing with one arm outstretched, and stalked off after the interpreter into the dining-room.

The members of the delegation turned to Mrs. Cartwright for enlightenment over Miss Bagshot, only to find she knew as little as themselves about her solitary pilgrimage to Moscow.

"She must be coming for some purpose," Sir William Finch said irritably. He was a large florid man whose extremely imposing good looks were somewhat marred by a vacant expression of stupidity.

As the leader of the delegation, he felt uncertain of himself and was inclined to adopt a blustering dignity to convey the sense of his importance. He had never been out of England before and had felt at a disadvantage before Horace Cleghorn's superior knowledge. So he was predisposed in Miss Bagshot's favor for contradicting that tiresome young man. But as a complete outsider who seemed to have attached herself to his party, he felt he should be able to fit her into some neat little pigeon-hole.

"I gather she is going to Moscow for a holiday, Sir William," said Mrs. Cartwright. "She is a very energetic old lady, who simply likes travelling and has very definite opinions."

"But what I can't understand," objected Emlyn Richards in his soft Welsh voice, "is why she wants to criticise this fine building. It's a grand building. Plenty of space, nice curtains. They've spent a lot of money on it."

Mr. Richards was the trade-union representative for a group of mines and he wore so earnest a look of sincerity that nobody attempted to contradict him.

James Bailey, to whom he appealed as an artist, to appreciate the fine airport building, tugged uncomfortably at his beard.

"I quite agree," he said. "They've spent a lot of money on it."

The party straggled into the dining-room to find Miss Bagshot already seated at a long table, piled high with blue cut-glass goblets, much heavy silver and an assortment of lavishly decorated places.

"Lithuanian food used to be among the best in the world," she informed the party as a whole, when they had settled in their chairs. "Wonderful hors-d'oeuvres, delicious little pastries. I think we are all extremely hungry. Let us see the menu."

But there was, it appeared, no menu. Only a set three-course meal which consisted of varieties of cabbage. First, cabbage soup, lukewarm and swimming in fat. Then little rolls of mincemeat and rice wrapped in soggy cabbage leaves.

"And if a pudding existed which could be made out of cabbage," Dr. Clark said, "I daresay we would have that, too."

The members of the delegation were tired after the long plane trip and inclined to find fault with everything. They were only restored to a semblance of good humor when the third course turned out to be the wholesome English nursery fare of prunes.

The Russian passengers had disappeared long ago. Even the interpreter had deserted them at the beginning of the meal. Only the cheerful, square-faced waitresses, who appeared at rather long intervals to clear away the half-finished dishes, and the portraits of the Politburo lining the walls, added a little local color.

The English people sat in two depressed rows down the long table, their voices animated and a little peevish, feeling that their introduction to the Soviet Union was anything but a success.

IT was Miss Bagshot who put this common feeling into words.

"I have never felt less like being in a foreign country," she said, crumpling her sliver of paper serviette on to the table. "It's this absence of anything particularly national or colorful, which makes me feel we've dropped into a complete vacuum."

"I wasn't really expecting grand dukes and drozhkys," observed James Bailey. "But I did think we might have a few Commissars, striding about considering five-year plans, and comrades being stalwart fulfilling them. There must be some signs of life at this airport but, at the moment, I admit to feeling completely isolated and very English."

As if in answer to their impatience, the gloomy little interpreter shuffled through the curtains and stood beside them.

"Snowstorms of exceptional intensity preclude the continuation of the flight," he said in his text-book English. "The airport is not adequately equipped for accommodating overnight travellers but we will do our best to make you comfortable. We will arrange to put up collapsible stretchers in the vestibule."

This anouncement was so entirely unexpected that they all started to talk at once.

"But surely it would be possible to get transport into the town?" said Dr. Clark hopefully.

"Do you mean we're all to sleep in the waiting-room together?" cried Mrs. Hoskins.

"We were being met in Moscow tonight," said Sir William Finch, who felt it was up to him to do something about organisation. "I believe hotel reservations were already made for us. Could we phone our hosts and let them know?"

The interpreter shrugged. "I myself will telegraph Moscow," he said with patient resignation. "I will say that the rooms for Sir Finch and party are now to be cancelled and a further eight rooms reserved for tomorrow, or perhaps the day after."

"The day after?" wailed the delegation and, in the general commotion, none of them appeared to notice that their party consisted of only seven members.

Miss Bagshot, who never worried about details such as hotel reservations until they were actually forced upon her, alone realised the expediency of the interpreter's mistake, rewarded him with one of her formal little bows and murmured to him as he withdrew from the room.

"I am sure if our eight rooms are still reserved for us when we arrive in Moscow, we need not be too concerned about this delay in Vilna."

Then, as always when she felt she had done something particularly clever, Miss Bagshot cheered up immediately; offered to lend Mrs. Hoskins her rubber cushion for the night; informed the others that dinner and breakfast need not be quite so impossible as lunch as she had tins of both marmalade and instant coffee in her overnight bag; and graciously observed to Horace Cleghorn that she was quite impressed with Communist efficiency.

Her radiantly good temper had a surprising effect on the spirits of the delegation. From being querulous, tired, and discontented with everything they gradually became light-hearted. From being eight individuals with very little in common, they became a party banded together for the start of an exciting adventure.

They spent their first night in the Soviet Union in a staight line of camp stretchers: Mrs. Hoskins in the position furthest from the men: and the dividing mark between the sexes, the large granite statue of Lenin, his arm outstretched in silent benediction over Miss Bagshot, sleeping peacefully beneath it.

If their reception at Vilna had been rather indifferent, the delegation had no cause to complain of the same treatment in Moscow.

They were scarcely off the plane when they were surrounded by a reception committee of smiling, welcoming Russians, who kissed them soundly on both cheeks, thrust enormous bouquets into their hands and, through two practised interpreters, assured them that their stay in the Soviet Union would be rendered as pleasant as possible.

Miss Bagshot, hiding behind a basket of white chrysanthemums, which had been forced on her by a beaming little man in a long padded overcoat, tried to edge to the back of the party.

But this display of self-effacement was immediately noticed, attributed to nervousness and the reserve of old age, and an interpreter was detached from the main party, busy making speeches in the foreground, to entertain the diffident old lady. She was, after all, the oldest member of the party; she looked dignified; she must be important.

The representative of the Town Soviet, the local president of the Anti-Fascist League and the vice-chairman of the Society for Friendship with Britain, leaving their deputies to listen to the long speech of reply, which Sir William Finch had now embarked upon, bore down on Miss Bagshot in the rear.

"Comrade Alexandrov says that he hopes you did not find the journey too tiring.," a smiling girl interpreter rattled off to Miss Bagshot.

Miss Bagshot gave a pleasant nod in the direction she took to be Comrade Alexadrov's and moved the chrysanthemums to her other arm.

"Comrade Kleptikova wishes to tell you that the long Moscow winter is almost at an end. Soon we will have the spring."

Miss Bagshot responded with a gentle inclination of the head, reluctant to identify herself too boldly with the delegation, whom she regarded as only a means towards her hotel reservation.

But the group surrounding her now grew so animated in trying to draw her out that it was in grave danger of conflicting with the speeches and handshakes of the main party.

"Three cars have been placed at the delegation's disposal for the drive into Moscow," said the girl interpreter in a desperate attempt to evoke some response from Miss Bagshot.

"Comrade Alexandrov feels you must be so fatigued that you would like me to take you there at once."

Miss Bagshot, who was made of a much tougher fibre than her appearance suggested and had stoically weathered many more tiring journeys than this short plane trip, suddenly perceived that it was greatly to her advantage to play the role of a frail old lady and retire at this point.

"So kind of you," she murmured and allowed them to escort her to one of the waiting limousines.

After a long interval, she was joined by a frozen Patricia Cartwright and a bad-tempered James Bailey.

"Next time that old windbag decides to make a speech," he muttered as he huddled shivering, into the car, "I hope he'll choose a warmer place to do it in. Even our hosts were backing towards the airport buildings before he was half way through."

"I see we are going to have trouble with Sir William," said Mrs. Cartwright, and relapsed into silence for the hour's drive into Moscow.

The landscape was flat and uninteresting — bare trees silhouetted in twisted black patterns against the faded grey of the horizon. Deep snowdrifts still lay in the hollows and the road surface was glazed with ice. They saw few houses or people until, near the outskirts of the city, they drove through a veritable ant-heap of cranes and bulldozers, cement -mixers and brick-heaps, with an army of women taking over the night shift on a complete suburb of half-finished buildings.

"Did you see that woman driving the steamroller?" cried Miss Bagshot, sitting forward in her seat and craning her neck as the phenomenon vanished behind the car. "Goodness me, there's one with a pneumatic drill. Most unfeminine. And look, that's another girl right on the top there laying bricks with all those men."

"That, I believe," observed James Bailey, "is what is known as socialist equality."

"It's a great deal too equal for my tastes," snorted Miss Bagshot. She sat on the edge of her seat, peering through the car window, rubbing now and then at the round peephole she had made on the frosted glass with the palm of her crocheted glove, and kept up a running commentary on any woman she saw for the remainder of the journey.

She became so indignant about their shapeless clothes, their resigned faces and their heavy work ("Oh, that poor woman chipping the ice off the pavement there—surely one of those lounging men could help") that she nearly missed her first view of the Kremlin.

The car swerved in a wide circle towards a bridge, skidded in the thaw and crossed the Moscow River. Up towered the red crenellated walls of the Kremlin on the other side, the spires with the red stars on top, and, over in the background, the great golden domes of the Kremlin churches.

THE streets were wide and people hurried across them, wrapped in thick padded coats, their feet shuffling in high felt boots and their heads bent down in their fur-lined caps. On one corner she caught sight of an old peasant woman selling ice-cream from a box strapped across her shoulders; and two large Red Army officers wading cheerfully through the slush, licking carefully at their ice-cream cones.

"Men, said Miss Bagshot in the distrustful tones of a militant suffragette. "Eating ice-cream."

By the time their cavalcade of cars drew up at the Metropole Hotel, Miss Bagshot had formed several very decided opinions on Communism, socialist equality and Russian men. And as she very rarely altered her first opinion of anything and had not the slightest hesitation in voicing these opinions, her stay in Moscow already promised to fulfil some of the wildest expectations of her nephew, Mr. Napier.

"I should like dinner in my room, thank you," Miss Bagshot said firmly in English to the chambermaid, for the third time.

"Yes. Dinner. Come." The maid smiled amiably.

"Please — bring — the — menu — and — I — shall —

To page 40

FOR THE CHILDREN

You're sure of

QUICK RELIEF

from

INDIGESTION

with

DeWitt's

ANTACID POWDER OR TABLETS

Balanced formula De Witt's Antacid Powder acts swiftly in two distinct ways. Relieves stomach pains almost instantly by neutralising excess acidity. Protects against future discomfort by forming an anti-acid stomach lining. Keep De Witt's Antacid Powder *(Large Economy Size 7/-, Regular Size 3/6)* in your home always . . . and De Witt's Antacid Tablets *(Large Economy Size 3/3, Regular Size 1/9)* in pocket or purse. Available from your Chemist or Store.

One Teaspoonful of De Witt's Powder in a glass of water or one or two Tablets popped in the mouth gives

SURE, SAFE RELIEF FROM THE PAIN OF —

Indigestion, Flatulence, Acid Dyspepsia, Heartburn, Acid Stomach, "Morning-After" Feeling, Over-eating and Gastric Acidity.

AA2

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822653

Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 39

point—out what—I—want."

"Come, please."

"I will have dinner on this table." Miss Bagshot indicated a high round table with a raspberry-colored velvet cloth. "I do not wish to go down to the dining-room tonight."

"Come."

"Oh, very well," sighed Miss Bagshot. "But I trust I will have a table on my own. I do not wish to be put with those other English people who came with me. Do — you — understand?"

It was only too obvious that the cheerful maid understood nothing. She had been sent along to escort Miss Bagshot to the dining-room and was doggedly determined to carry out her mission.

They trotted briskly down winding corridors, then her guide wheeled suddenly, opened a door, and ushered Miss Bagshot into a small private room. There, already seated at a long table, groaning under the weight of decanters, heaped platters, and colored cut glass, were not only the seven members of the delegation she had been hoping to avoid but the entire reception committee which had met them at the airport.

THE delegation seemed just as surprised to see Miss Bagshot as she was to be confronted so unexpectedly with them. But their Russian hosts hurried towards her, their faces wreathed in smiles.

"Ah, now we are being able to begin the official welcome to our dear friends from England," hissed an interpreter into one of Miss Bagshot's ears as the representative of the Town Soviet poured a stream of Russian into the other.

She tried to back towards the door but was firmly caught by both hands and led forward to a place of honor between Comrade Alexandrov and Comrade Kleptikova. Miss Bagshot sat down stiffly in the vacant chair and resigned herself to the inevitable.

Several white-coated waiters, who had been hovering in the background, now began to relieve the table of the pile of salad dishes which adorned it. Each dish was symmetrically patterned with an assortment of fish in aspic, slivers of beetroot and depressed-looking circles of cucumber, all carefully arranged into intricate floral designs. These were passed to the guests and in the tinkle of cutlery, scrape of dishes, and general activity, the banquet of welcome got off to a good start without a word being spoken.

A row of bottles of red and white wine ran down the middle of the table between the plates of food and these, too, were opened by the waiters, while others unstoppered carafes of vodka and began filling the numerous cut-glass goblets.

Miss Bagshot heard Mrs. Hoskins protesting.

"Is that vodka? No, not for me, thank you."

"You prefer white wine, red wine?" demanded an interpreter.

"Just water, if you please."

"Our Soviet wine is very good. Vodka naturally is sometimes not considered the lady's taste. But our wine is of the best from Georgian vineyards."

"I belong to a temperance union. I do not drink."

"Temperance? What is it, please? You must have some wine for the toasts?"

Sir William Finch was also attempting to make some headway with conversation at the head of the table. But as there were only two interpreters between twenty people, who could not otherwise communicate with each other, and as the Russian contingent clearly did not seem to consider conversation an essential component of the meal, a gradual hush soon descended.

This was broken by the Russian President of the Anti-Fascist League for Peace, who, having assured himself that all the guests had their glasses now suitably charged with vodka, rose to his feet and delivered a long address of welcome. It was punctuated at intervals by the interpreter, standing beside him, who painstakingly translated each sentence into limping English.

Miss Bagshot listened carefully for the first five minutes, but then retired into a cloud of boredom and toyed vaguely with a sardine.

It was only the burst of applause at the end of the speech which signalled her to her feet to clink glasses with the comrades on either side.

They had scarcely sat down again when Sir William arose for his speech of reply. In the short time he had been in Moscow, Sir William had been flattered by the amount of deference accorded his title. Actually his knighthood was less than a year old, granted for a spate of public work and many donations in the provincial town where he had risen from plumber's assistant to leading building contractor.

But his Russian hosts clearly regarded him as a representative of the traditional and notoriously reactionary aristocracy of Britain. His massive figure and fine shock of grey hair proclaimed him a typical capitalist and they were delighted to have him in their midst.

With his hands folded over his tremendous girth, he let fall cliche after cliche, waiting patiently for it to be translated into Russian, and relentlessly resumed his oration. They were well into the second course by the time Sir William consented to sit down.

Miss Bagshot, who had been hoping that this would signal the end of the official programme for the dinner, and a merciful retirement to bed, soon realised that the speeches had only just begun.

More Russians leaped to their feet with more toasts. Emlyn Richards made a very sincere and deeply emotional speech about conditions in the coal mines.

Horace Cleghorn delivered an erudite and very technical account of what Miss Bagshot took to be the fundamentals of Marxist theory. Russians proposed toasts to Youth, to Peace, to Friendship, to Solidarity.

Even Mrs. Hoskins, recovering from her disapproval over the amount of hard liquor being consumed in her presence, rose to propose a toast to women and their role in maintaining peace.

The banquet broke up rather suddenly at this point. With almost no effort at after-dinner conversation, they shook hands, grinned broadly at each other and filed out of the room, the interpreters maintaining two isolated pools of geniality as they marched along the endless corridors.

"Tomorrow will begin your sightseeing programme. We do not wish to bother you with details this evening. In the morning you will tell us what you would like to see."

With more handshakes and smiles, the reception committee was left outside the glass lift and the delegation were borne up to their rooms on the fourth floor.

"Miss—er—Bagshot, perhaps I could have a private word with you."

It was well past midnight and, although Sir William was in a mellow mood after so much wine and importance, he was not a man, as he would have said of himself, "to put off till tomorrow what could be done today."

"A word then. Not a speech," Miss Bagshot said sharply. "You may be used to these late hours, but I am nearly always in bed by ten."

"It's about your—er—intrusion . . ."

"Inclusion," supplied Miss Bagshot.

"Inclusion then, in my—that is to say in our—delegation. I don't know what our Russian hosts think of it—"

"It seems to be their idea entirely."

"—but I am afraid we shall have to take definite steps tomorrow to relieve them of the misconception which has given rise to this situation. The members of the delegation were all most carefully selected in England. And it seems unfair to all those who failed to be chosen, for a complete outsider to be given similar privileges now."

"I am afraid I do not regard staying up until one o'clock in the morning a privilege." Miss Bagshot was bristling with hostility and had no intention of conducting the interview on the same polite lines as Sir William.

"Nor did I come to Moscow in order to listen to a lot of lengthy and quite incomprehensible speeches. If you will kindly take your delegation off on its own business and stop pestering me to have meals with you, I shall be able to get to know something about Russia on my own, without being hampered by a lot of English people I could have met quiet as easily in Clapham or Brighton."

Without another glance at Sir William, Miss Bagshot strode off to her room. She marched angrily along several of the winding corridors but, in the end, was forced to admit defeat and ruin the effect of her exit by turning back.

Sir William had been more fortunate in discovering his own room and Miss Bagshot was relieved to find only Patricia Cartwright and Dr. Clark on the landing, holding out their keys to the "floor administrator," a comfortable little woman in a white lace mob cap, and vainly trying to follow her directions on how to find their way to bed.

As the rooms were all grouped together, they finally stumbled on them quite by accident in a blind alley, just as Miss Bagshot remembered the thermos of tea she had filled in the Vilna buffet before leaving the airport after lunch.

"The night is practically ruined for sleeping, anyway," she said. "Would you care for some black tea before going to bed?"

They sat in comfortable silence on the overstuffed suite in Miss Bagshot's room, sipping the strong tea gratefully, tired and rather bemused after their long day of travelling and the exhaustion of their hospitable reception.

"A most unpleasant man," Miss Bagshot said suddenly.

"Not really unpleasant," Dr. Clark said, without bothering to ask who Miss Bagshot had meant. "Just a little pretentious."

"Pompous."

"If you like. But there's no real harm there."

"Not unless some of these speeches are reported in the Press," said Mrs. Cartwright moodily. "They're so vague, they could be taken to mean anything — but the main trend is towards flattery. Just because we are guests, there's no need to fawn on our Russian hosts, praise everything in sight, and avoid anything controversial. It gives the wrong impression — almost as though we're overwhelmed with the Soviet Union and prefer it to our own country. It would be political suicide for me to associate myself with any of Sir William's speeches."

"Is that why you didn't make one yourself this evening?" Dr. Clark inquired with interest.

"Well, no. I simply thought there'd been enough speeches tonight. And, like Miss Bagshot, I rather wanted to go to bed early."

She stood up and frowned at a vast orange lampshade on a stand of ornamented bronze.

"Hideous, aren't they? I've got an even worse one in my room. I do hope this hotel isn't typical of Russian taste. It's too dismal. Thank you for the tea, Miss Bagshot. I daresay after tonight we shall be parting company."

"Our rooms are next door to each other and I'll be keeping the thermos filled from the restaurant, if you want to drop in," Miss Bagshot said cordially. "Bring Mr. Bailey, too."

But if Miss Bagshot and the delegation believed their parting would be as blissfully simple as that, they were still quite ignorant of the rigid efficiency of a Soviet entertainment schedule.

Miss Bagshot had scarcely finished her breakfast the next morning (by a complicated series of explanations to the floor administrator, telephoned translations from downstairs, and a great deal of sign language, she had manged to stay in her room for it) when the girl interpreter was knocking at her door.

"We are having the pleasure to take you to a biscuit factory this morning."

"It's really very kind of you, but I don't belong to the delegation and, in any case, I am not particularly interested in biscuit factories."

"What please then are you finding of interest?"

"Schools," said Miss Bagshot promptly, delighted to organise her own sightseeing activities so effortlessly. "Children's kindergartens, shops, private homes, churches, anything to do with young people enjoying themselves, women doing the things women do all over the world, making meals, visiting hairdressers, caring for their families."

"It is difficult, but I will see if it can be arranged."

"I should be most grateful."

"You will not, then, come to the biscuit factory now? The transport is all ready. You are, perhaps, a little tired from yesterday's journey? It is very fatiguing when one is being so elderly?"

"Yes, I am a little tired."

It seemed, on the whole, the most acceptable explanation. But it did not prevent Miss Bagshot from setting off at a smart pace, as soon as she judged the delegation to have left the hotel, and wandering through a maze of streets into the main shopping centre.

The pavements were jammed with people. The women were stocky, dowdily dressed, and impassive; the men square, stolid, and inclined to thrust Miss Bagshot to one side, until they encountered the point of her umbrella which she soon began to use quite mercilessly in maintaining her straight course down the left side of the pavement.

After a few hours, she found her way back to the hotel—not without difficulty as she had wandered a long way. She then spent the rest of the morning negotiating for the exchange of some of her meagre travellers' cheques into roubles, walking to the bank as she had no money for a taxi and then walking back again in order to save the fare.

She was astounded at the cost of her light lunch in the hotel restaurant, footsore after her long trek and completely frustrated to discover nobody in the hotel who made the slightest attempt to understand English.

She was in a belligerent mood when her persistent friend, the girl interpreter, found her at the hotel book kiosk after lunch.

"Ah," said Miss Bagshot, relieved to encounter somebody who spoke a variation of the same language. "I have been trying to explain to this good woman here that I require a map."

"A map?" said the girl interpreter suspiciously. "What map?"

"A plain map of the city. A Moscow street plan. My sense of direction is quite good, but I always like to buy a map everywhere I go."

A MULISH look settled on the girl's face.

"She hasn't got any."

"Then perhaps you would be able to tell me where to buy it? A stationer's perhaps, or one of the large shops?"

"I don't think so. There are possibly none available."

"None at all? None anywhere in Moscow?" Miss Bagshot was quite incredulous.

"Perhaps somewhere, but it is very difficult," sighed the girl. She had had this same argument with many foreigners. "You see, our great city is constantly changing and expanding. It alters so much in so short a time that maps would go out of date too quickly to make them worth while producing."

Miss Bagshot sniffed at this explanation.

"But I have the great pleasure of informing you we have arranged your trip to a children's kindergarten this afternoon."

Slightly mollified, Miss Bagshot allowed herself to be conducted to the revolving doors of the main entrance and there found the delegation assembled in an impatient group, fidgeting at the delay in their schedule.

"Really," exploded Sir William, as they were hustled towards the cars. "After our talk last night, Miss Bagshot, I hardly expected you to turn up on our sightseeing tour."

Sir William was already indignant that the delegation's itinerary had been suddenly and inexplicably altered at lunchtime to include a children's kindergarten, when he had expressly stated his preference for an automobile works.

"This is my sightseeing tour, not yours," Miss Bagshot informed him. "If your delegation insist on coming with me I can hardly stop you. But I myself asked, quite independently, to be shown over a kindergarten."

"I am very glad that you did, Miss Bagshot," chimed in Mrs. Hoskins with unexpected support. "I might say that not all of the delegation wish to see machines and production plants the entire time."

Mrs. Hoskins bitterly resented Sir William's high-handedness in failing to discuss the delegation's programme with her. She climbed into the car beside Miss Bagshot to emphasise the feminine solidarity.

Sir William glared at them and backed away to find one of the interpreters to whom he could once again make a dignified and restrained appeal about Miss Bagshot.

"I explained to you this morning," he told the intelligent young man called Boris, who had been organising their schedule with him. "Miss Bagshot is not a member of the delegation. She did not come with us to the biscuit factory."

"No," said Boris woodenly. "She was tired."

"I don't know whether she was tired or not. She knew she had no right to accompany us."

"But this afternoon, it is you who accompany her, she has said."

"My dear boy, I'm telling you, she's a complete outsider," cried Sir William, almost incoherent with vexation.

"An outsider, what is it, please? I do not understand."

Boris' English was excellent, but occasionally he found it useful to relapse into a mist of ignorance. Sir William found himself up against a brick wall of polite opposition. What he failed to understand, then or afterwards during his brief stay in the Soviet Union, was that any complaint, suggestion, or stricture he had to make regarding Miss Bagshot should have been put in writing.

Boris' superiors already had a telegram, an official document from Vilna, which announced plainly in black and white that there were eight members of the Anti-Fascist League for Peace, en route for Moscow. If, when they arrived in Moscow, one of them wished to deny the other in idle chatter to a junior interpreter, that in no way altered the official position.

Aside from discussing the situation with Nina, the girl interpreter, Boris had not even bothered to refer it to higher authority. They had dealt with some difficult delegations before. This one appeared relatively tame in comparison.

"All the same," Nina had said, "there is a conflict of personalities and of interests. As I see it, one half of the delegation — Mr. Cleghorn, Mr. Richards, and possibly Mrs. Hoskins — are accepting Sir Finch as the leader. The other half turns to Miss Bagshot. The floor administrator tells me that Mrs. Cartwright, who is well known to be important, and Dr. Clark, who says nothing but looks wise, went to Miss Bagshot's room last night after the banquet. We know they stayed there, discussing about Sir Finch and how to overthrow his authority for half an hour. I think it is Miss Bagshot we must seek

To page 48

"Whose mutt is next?"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822654

"The Story of Ruth"

Entertainment

TENDER SCENE (above). Boaz (Stuart Whitman) and Ruth (Elana Eden) become aware of their growing devotion.

MAHLON (Tom Tryon) tells his family of his latest encounter with the beautiful Moabite priestess Ruth. Quietly living in hostile Moab, the Judean family—(from left) Chilion (John Gabriel), Elimelech (Les Tremayne), Naomi (Peggy Wood), and Orpah (Ziva Rodann)—fear for their safety if this association continues.

PRIESTESS Ruth comforts the child (Daphna Einhorn) chosen as the sacrifice in a pagan rite.

● *Based on the famous Old Testament story "The Book of Ruth," this Twentieth Century-Fox film combines the five episodes of Ruth's (Elana Eden) life — her Moabite childhood, her great spiritual awakening, her young love for Mahlon (Tom Tryon), her filial devotion to Naomi (Peggy Wood), and her mature love for Boaz (Stuart Whitman) — to form a moving and powerful adventure-romance.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822655

THE ONE AND ONLY ONCE-OVER CLEANER!

Flash

CLEANS LINO TWICE AS FAST! TWICE AS EASY!

—AS ANY SOAP OR DETERGENT

No messy suds! No rinsing! No wiping dry! Flash—and only Flash—has a new, revolutionary dirt-removing principle that absorbs dirt on contact. Even stubborn heel marks disappear! Flash makes all other lino cleaners old-fashioned . . . leaves no streaks or smears. Cleans twice as fast . . . twice as easy as any soap or detergent . . . it's thriftier by far than liquid cleaners.

REMEMBER, FLASH IS CONCENTRATED!

Only two spoonsful of Flash in half a bucket of hot water will clean all the lino in most kitchens . . . with enough left over for cupboards and spots on painted walls and woodwork. One packet of Flash lasts months!

Try Flash today! At grocers everywhere

Countless housewives use Flash for walls and woodwork, too! Once over with Flash and walls, woodwork, tiles, basins and stoves are spotless. No messy suds! No rinsing! No wiping dry!

All you do with Flash. Dip your mop or cloth into the Flash solution. Wring out till nearly dry—then, with one wipe, dirt disappears. Flash cleans twice as easy . . . twice as fast! Once over—job's done!

F32.144

New Films

Reviewed by Anslie Baker

★★★ Excellent ★★ Above Average
★ Average No star—Poor

★★ THE DAY THEY ROBBED THE BANK OF ENGLAND

Suspense drama, with Aldo Ray, Elizabeth Sellars, Peter O'Toole. Liberty, Sydney.

THOROUGHLY absorbing, if only sometimes suspenseful, this is the story of a group of Irish patriots who attempt to rob the vaults of the Bank of England.

Ray gives one of his better performances as the American adventurer who comes in on the deal for a cut of the profits.

Main strength of this shot-in-London film is its careful and fascinating documentation and its re-creation of the atmosphere of 1901.

It is weakest in its handling of human relationships, with Elizabeth Sellars not very credibly introduced as the widowed Irish patriot over whom Ray and Irishman Moore fall out.

In a quiet way O'Toole makes the duped Guards officer, who gives away so much that the plotters want to know, a convincing and sympathetic character.

But the real star of the piece is the venerable Bank — The Old Lady herself — and the glimpses of the life and duties of the Victorian Company of Guards who protected it.

In a word . . . INTERESTING.

★ WAKE ME WHEN IT'S OVER

Comedy, with Ernie Kovacs, Margo Moore, Jack Warden, Nobu McCarthy, Dick Shawn. In color. Regent, Sydney.

IN the hands of a less old-fashioned and more tasteful director than veteran Mervyn Leroy, this could have been first-rate entertainment.

It still has plenty of funny moments, for the basic idea is a sound one. But it is much too long, the pace is often slow, and the scenes cluttered.

Chief interest is newcomer Dick Shawn, a likeable fellow, somewhat reminiscent of the young Dean Martin, who plays a World War II veteran, now a bar owner, who gets dragged back into the Air Force.

Sent to an obscure base on a tiny Japanese island, he succeeds in building a thriving tourist resort from U.S. Government property, and staffs it with Air Force personnel.

The showdown comes when a uniformed board of inquiry is sent to investigate.

Margo Moore is charming as the female lieutenant; Kovacs bombastic and noisy as the island C.O.; Warden—for once the man you like—is the helpful medical officer; and Nobu McCarthy plays a pretty and loyal Japanese girl.

In a word . . . RELAXING.

★ A SUNDAY ROMANCE

Hungarian romantic drama, with Margit Bara, Ivan Darvas. English sub-titles. Esquire, Sydney.

A HUNGARIAN provincial town in the years of World War I is the scene of this quiet and unhurried film that manages to be pleasant to the eye rather than deeply absorbing to the English-speaking viewer.

Bored with the narrowness of provincial life, and in rebellion against the husband-catching tactics of middle-class mothers and daughters, a young journalist has a love affair with the country-bred maid of the girl he is expected to marry.

It is interesting and often rewarding to see these small-budget films from other countries with their different viewpoint, uncommercial approach to film-making, and nearly always something worthwhile in the way of photography.

This one scores to some degree in all these ways, but the sub-titling is so poor that it is almost impossible to grasp the finer points of characterisation or to feel deeply moved by the story's outcome.

In a word . . . LIMITED.

Movie gossip

WHILE half the actors in Hollywood were claiming they were under consideration for the Rudolph Valentino role in the remake of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse," Glenn Ford quietly signed for the part. Ford is the first to admit he's not the Valentino type, but he says the story has been modernised and is not the same type of character Valentino played.

★ ★ ★

ACCORDING to Rome's Zebra films, Simone Signoret's Oscar went to her head, and the film company is taking her to court to redress their grievances. Zebra claims that before Signoret began "Adua and Her Companions" she forced them to pay her more than her original contract fee. On winning her "Room at the Top" award she decided she deserved to have her contract rewritten. The company, all set to begin filming, agreed to her new terms to prevent delay. But now they want a return to the original agreement.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822656

here's a fabulous hair fashion dream come true...

...here's instant colour..at the press of a button
...day-time or play time...napro colour-sets
you in the right mood...from a subtle
accent to a striking personality colour!
nine thrilling spray-on colours, each
with a dozen shades and effects,
sets too!...just spray on and
shampoo out when desired!

napro colour set

9 EXCITING COLOUR RANGES:
All shades of: Gold • Ash • Brown • Lilac
Blue • Auburn • Smoke • Pink 'n' Red

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822657

Theraderm controls dandruff

. . . this mother knows that Theraderm controls dandruff. She knows that Theraderm is safe for all the family too. She knows that clean healthy hair is a girl's 'Crowning Glory'.

Control Dandruff with just three applications of Theraderm.

Shampoos, tonics, ordinary preparations remove only loose dandruff from the hair, they don't remove the hard, scaly layer that sticks to the scalp and keeps forming **new** dandruff flakes.

But Theraderm, with penetrating **Sarthionate**, removes the hard scaly layer and keeps the scalp free from dandruff for months. Theraderm kills scalp germs . . . ends itching and burning . . . keeps scalp healthy for months. To keep dandruff under control use Theraderm regularly.

DAYS after using ordinary preparations — dandruff comes back because hard scaly layer remains.

MONTHS after using Theraderm —still no dandruff as Theraderm removes hard scaly layer.

IT'S NEW

Theraderm is an entirely NEW lotion for dandruff control released after extensive clinical testing—and now available from your family chemist. Price, 12/6.

Ask your family chemist—he knows all about Dandruff and Theraderm.

Theraderm

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

SOCIAL ROUNDABOUT

By MARY COLES

PETITE, exotic Madame Karim Azkoul, wife of the Consul-General for Lebanon—and Sydney's most hat-conscious pace-setter—has found inspiration for a new model.

A friend recently sent her a magazine clipping of a picture of the ancient Egyptian Queen Nefertiti as proof of the strong resemblance between Madame Azkoul and Nefertiti.

Captivated by the headdress worn by Nefertiti in the picture, Madame Azkoul rushed to her milliner and commissioned a replica of it to be made in black velvet, trimmed with dramatic black feathers she bought in New York.

★ ★ ★

FASCINATING, off-the-beaten-track itinerary has been mapped out by Mr. and Mrs. Pat Levy for their two months' holiday abroad, but they are wrestling with the problem of what to pack to be dressed for the weather at their various stopovers. They're leaving by air on August 16 for New Orleans, afterwards exploring Venezuela, Central America, and Mexico before retracing their steps homewards, via Los Angeles. Incidentally, they won't have to cope with language barriers on their travels. Mr. Levy speaks Spanish fluently.

★ ★ ★

AFTER having two months' holiday at home in Sydney, Sir Percy and Lady Spender will leave at the end of August for Holland, where Sir Percy is a judge at the International Court of Justice at The Hague. Also home again, after nine years abroad, is their younger son, John. He was called to the Bar in England, but is going to practise here. Lady Spender, who has become established as a murder-mystery novelist, will begin her fourth thriller when she returns to The Hague. She does her writing systematically, working for several hours after breakfast every morning.

★ ★ ★

LADY McCAULEY admits her face fell when Sir John came home last week with a bulky parcel, explaining it was a winter dressing-gown for her birthday. But when she opened it a sapphire mink stole slithered out of the tissue wrappings!

★ ★ ★

AT the ball at the Wentworth Hotel to celebrate Switzerland's 669th birthday, the tune was called by Mr. James Fiechter, of French's Forest, playing an alp-horn 12½ft. long! It is a Swiss musical instrument made from the complete trunk and curved stump of an alpine pine tree. Mr. Fiechter explained that the trunk was cut in halves, the centre skilfully carved out, and the two shells later bound together with cane. The tones are controlled by the musician's ability to blow through it from the narrow end. Mr. Fiechter confided he really had to get into training to give a performance, because it takes SO much breath.

★ ★ ★

BEFORE Googie Withers went to hospital for the birth of their third child, she and her husband, John McCallum, tactfully told their three-year-old son, Nicholas, "Mummy will return with a baby named Jeremy or Amanda." Nicholas insisted they should "get Jeremy," because he didn't want Amanda. But his prejudice vanished after he met her, and he gave his permission to bring her home.

★ ★ ★

JUST-ENGAGED Roy Hardy and Anne Collins, of Point Piper, are house-hunting for a home on the North Shore. They're planning to be married early in November, and Mrs. Egerton Riddle, formerly Noreen Beck, of Bellevue Hill, will come up from Melbourne to attend Anne at the ceremony. Roy, who has just returned after a three months' trip abroad, brought back some lovely gifts for Anne, including jazz records from New Orleans, French perfume, and zany Bermuda pyjamas from New York.

★ ★ ★

WEARING a beaming smile and a gold wristlet-watch just presented as an award for his Black Polls gaining first place in a beef-cattle contest, Mr. Bill Andreas, of "Leuralla," Bowral, was in an expansive mood when he greeted his first grandchild, Prudence Margaret, the infant daughter of Bob and Patricia Hill. So he celebrated the occasion by writing a cheque for 100 guineas for Patricia!

★ ★ ★

THE most decorative unofficial "exhibit" at Kenneth Rowell's exhibition of abstract paintings (there'll be about 100 on view), which opens at Farmer's Blaxland Gallery on August 5, will be his titian-haired wife, Diana—one of London's top models. The daughter of Lieut.-Colonel and Mrs. Terence Arnold, of Dorset, she is also a very good horsewoman. After the opening of his show, Kenneth and Diana, who were married in London last November, will be guests of honor at a cocktail party given by Mrs. Phillippa McLaney at her home at Vaucluse. Before returning to England at the end of the year, Kenneth will design the sets and costumes for the Borovansky Ballet's production of "Coppelia."

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822658

PEOPLE AND PARTIES

BETWEEN DANCES. From left, Darrel Conybeare, Robyn Webb, Christopher Turner, and Susanne Stewart at the Sydney University Architecture Society Ball at the Pickwick Club. Robyn wore a bronze taffeta short frock with a matching theatre coat and Susanne chose a pink-flowered white organza.

JUST WED. John Kendall Baker and his bride, formerly champion ice-skater Jacqueline Mason, of Bellevue Hill, with their attendants, Jennifer O'Conor and Robin Barnett (couple on the left), and Mrs. John Verge (on right) on their arrival at the Royal Prince Alfred Yacht Club for reception following the wedding of the couple at St. Michael's Church, Vaucluse. Bill Orme, of Wagga, was best man.

HIGH - CROWNED cloche hat matching her black linen "1920s" line suit was worn by Mrs. Gerry Roberts, snapped with her husband and art student Anne Thomson (centre), chatting over aperitifs at the opening of the exhibition by a group of Melbourne painters, at Rudy Komon's Gallery.

BLACK PERSIAN lamb coat was worn by Mrs. John Carr (on left) when she attended the Australian Camellia Research Society's Exhibition at Farmer's Blaxland Gallery with Mrs. Cedric O'Gorman Hughes. The official opening was performed by Lady Dunrossil.

AIR - MARSHAL Sir John McCauley and Lady McCauley, chatting with Mrs. Alan Nyman (on right), at cocktail party at the Royal Overseas League. Sir John and Lady McCauley were guests of honor at the function.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822659

FAMILY WESTERN

"THE RIFLEMAN" is a different TV Western, the story of a widowed rancher, his son, and his rifle. Rancher Lucas McCain, played by Chuck Connors, a hard-faced 6ft. 5½in., is no man to trifle with. He's a lawman by principle, not professionally, and every episode calls on his rifle to deal with wrongdoers. But the best part of "The Rifleman" is the continual development of the warm relationship between McCain and his son Mark (Johnny Crawford). He treats the boy always like a growing man. Mark gets plenty of stern lessons in his upbringing and undoubtedly knows that father knows best. But disciplining pays off with boys, and when Mark calls "Paw" it's a lesson in love for all parents to profit by.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822660

The Wrong Crosby is right with viewers

By NAN MUSGROVE

TELEVISION PARADE

● The Wrong Crosby — Bob, not Bing — flew into Sydney recently, charmed everyone he met, gave an entertaining TV performance on the B.P. Super Show, and flew off, leaving fans lamenting.

INDEED, they are prepared from now on to endorse him as the Right Crosby.

Bob Crosby wouldn't agree with this at all.

"Bing is the Right Crosby," he told me. "He's the Bank of America, and I'm the man outside with a peanut stand.

"Bing's a fine man."

The man with the peanut stand is quite a man, too. Of middle height, he has thick, greying hair ("I'm the Crosby with the hair"), very blue eyes, and more than any person's fair share of charm.

His speaking voice is very like Bing's, and he has the same relaxed, easy manner.

But their tastes are different. Bob loves TV, Bing doesn't.

"Bing's done a couple of big spectaculars," Bob said. "He seems not to like live TV. I don't know whether he's right or wrong, but I love it.

"You can't beat live TV when it comes to spontaneity and effervescence," he said. "On the other hand, it is vicious and can destroy you.

"It is a very hard medium, but if you get away with a good show in live TV it is much better than any recorded entertainment."

Bob has had his own live TV show for years.

At present he is doing the commentary for World Championship Golf soon to be shown on A.B.C.-TV. It differs from Channel 9's immensely popular Top Pro Golf in that it is match play instead of score play.

Bob was a golfer, he says, until he got the golf job.

"My handicap was down to two before I started this golf job," he said. "But I've watched so many crack players and got so much advice that now I'm certainly a mighty confused golfer. I can't play a lick any more, and my handicap is back to seven."

Bob Crosby is known best of all in Australia as the leader of his famous Dixieland band, the Bobcats.

I asked him how he felt about rock-'n-roll.

"There is good and bad rock, the same as there is in all music," he said.

"There is just one thing I'd like to say. Couples come up to me when I'm playing somewhere and say, 'You don't remember us, but eight years ago you played 'Hands Across The Table' for us. In the middle of it we decided to get married. It's our song. Please play it for us now.'

"I have a son, Chris. He's 18.

"Sometimes I think of him in years to come, married, going up to Elvis and requesting 'Purple People Eater' or 'Short Shorts.'

"I wish the kids would give the other type of music a go. It has more sentiment, more real meaning and thought of the things that you can hang on to through the years."

The Bobcats are a very special part of the Crosby family life. Mrs. Crosby, who was with Bob in Australia, toured all over America with the band.

Mrs. Crosby has red hair and green eyes, has been married to Bob for 22 years, has five children, and somehow manages to look like a Hollywood starlet.

She is an accomplished cook, is writing a cookery book, soon to be published, called "Crosby's Culinary Capers," and is studying medicine, majoring in clinical psychology.

She does Medicine at the University of California, and has been studying there, between babies and trips with the band, since her husband went away to the South Pacific with the Marines in World War II.

Her father was a surgeon and she has always wanted to be a doctor.

BOB CROSBY and his wife, June. The Crosbys have five children, the eldest, Cathy, is 21 and the youngest girl, Malia, is 8. In between there are three sons, Chris, 18; Bob, jun., 16; Steve, 14.

"I'll never graduate," she told me. "It's impossible for a family woman to do the necessary internship, but some time ahead I'm going to get my degree in psychology."

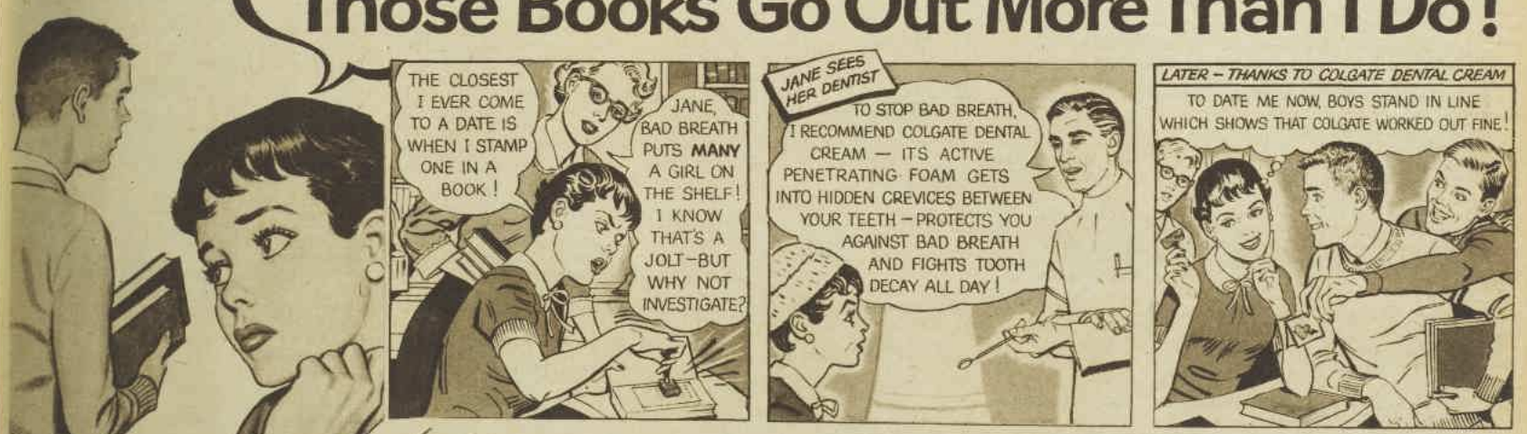
Her husband says she's been specialising in psychology this year and working so hard he's suspicious of every couch in the house.

Mrs. Crosby says she had her first culinary excitement at Mascot Airport.

Offered refreshment, she asked for coffee. The steward amazed her by giving her the routine tea question, "Cream or lemon?" but, living adventurously, she plunged and said, "Lemon."

"The coffee wasn't like we have at home exactly," she said, "but I liked the lemon. I'm going to introduce it when I get back to the States."

Those Books Go Out More Than I Do!



STOP BAD BREATH with COLGATE

WHILE YOU Fight Tooth Decay All Day!

Use Colgate Dental Cream to stop bad breath and fight tooth decay. Colgate's active, penetrating foam gets into hidden crevices between your teeth, removing decaying food particles, the cause of much bad breath and tooth decay. Protect *your* teeth the Colgate way. To stop bad breath, to fight tooth decay, to keep *your* teeth sparkling white, brush your teeth with Colgate.

Children love its extra minty flavour! *You* will love it too!

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH

Just one brushing with COLGATE
✓ STOPS BAD BREATH INSTANTLY
✓ FIGHTS TOOTH DECAY ALL DAY
✓ KEEPS TEETH SPARKLING WHITE

GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE AND SAVE 3/2

K180

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822661

always to placate. She is the obvious leader of the left-wing group in the delegation."

"She does not look left-wing."

"Then she must be Liberal. English politics are, of course, confusing, having more than one party; but Sir Finch, being an aristocrat, is naturally a Conservative."

"And the Conservatives and the Labour in England I believe get along well. It is the Liberals who fight all the time to maintain their position, I have heard."

Thus reasoned Boris and Nina with their subtle and entirely mistaken interpretations of delegation behaviour. In their extensive political vocabulary, words such as undercurrents, deviation, sabotage, were so commonplace that it was impossible to believe this delegation could be as simple as appeared on the surface.

Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 40

THEY soon reached what they regarded as a most satisfactory compromise. They would allow Sir William to choose the delegation's itinerary in the mornings and defer to Miss Bagshot in the afternoons. In this way they hoped to keep the entire delegation contented.

Not having been consulted about this strange settlement of what they would have been surprised to learn was the "political split" between them, the delegation was naturally at a loss to understand why their schedule was always changed in the afternoon.

However, as the trips suggested by Miss Bagshot were invariably more interesting than those arranged by Sir William, nobody ever objected to the substitution. Nobody, that is, except Sir William, who became apoplectic about these constant changes of plan, complained endlessly to Boris and Nina and maintained, quite reasonably, that the delegation's programme was for him and nobody else to decide.

The result was an exciting irregular campaign amounting almost to guerrilla warfare with Miss Bagshot and Sir William scarcely on speaking terms. The rest of the delegation, baffled by the peculiar political intrigues with which they had been credited, sided first with one and then the other, feeling that Sir William must be supported as the leader, but discovering Miss Bagshot far more approachable over suggestions for the afternoon schedules which, for some obscure reason, she now appeared to control.

At times, Sir William was forced, much against his principles, to come to a sort of armed truce with his opponent and arrange privately with Miss Bagshot that they should, for instance, spend an entire day on a kolkhoz farm in return for the substitution of a hospital (Dr. Clark's plea which he had ignored) for a printing works on the following morning.

Even Boris and Nina, who alone believed they understood the situation, were frequently surprised by the unaccountable switching of sides, the mysterious plots and counter-plots, the quite incomprehensible "political undercurrents." However, they were content to shake their heads sadly and regard these inconsistencies as a further example of the superiority of their own one-party system.

In the end it resulted in Miss Bagshot, as usual, doing exactly as she wanted.

To Sir William's acute embarrassment, Miss Bagshot continued to voice her downright comments on everything she saw. Sir William and Horace Cleghorn gave unqualified approval to construction projects, museums, school syllabuses, and milking sheds for kolkhoz cows. The rest of the delegation praised what they could and remained politely silent over what they could not. But Miss Bagshot had an uncanny habit of summing up what was in all their minds and forming it bluntly into words.

For quite some time, Sir William kept an uneasy eye on her whenever they were being entertained to the extremely elaborate lunches and dinners which were an inseparable part of the delegation's programme.

But as Miss Bagshot either avoided these functions altogether — pleading fatigue on the evenings when they were announced in advance — or sat through them with the detached air of one who has slipped into a vacant trance, his suspicions began to be allayed towards the end of the fortnight.

He was now preoccupied with a far more serious cause for alarm — that Miss Bagshot, finding herself so welcome a member of the delegation in Moscow, might decide to continue with them for the rest of their tour of the satellite countries. He could not bring himself to discuss the matter openly with her until their last day in Moscow, when Miss Bagshot dealt with his apprehensions on that score quite firmly.

She had no intention of leaving the Soviet Union at the moment and was rather surprised that anyone should suggest it. Naturally her visa had only another day to run, but she would have it extended, she said positively, and would now settle down, after these exhausting but quite interesting days of official touring, to a more normal routine of daily living and private sightseeing.

Sir William, confident that he was at last to resume full command of his own delegation, decided it was time to bring the long and bitter feud with Miss Bagshot to a close.

He even added a few jovial entreaties to those of Boris and Nina in order to persuade Miss Bagshot to attend their official banquet of farewell.

"It's rather silly the way you feel about banks!"

"I suppose there will be speeches," said Miss Bagshot without enthusiasm. Now that she was faced with the problem of staying on in Moscow, it had suddenly occurred to her that she should begin to budget her tiny capital. The few meals she had eaten privately in the restaurant and paid for herself had been so expensive that a final free dinner with the delegation might almost be worth the tedium of the endless toasts.

"I myself will say a few words," Sir William said complacently. "There will be no need for the other members of the delegation to concern themselves unduly over the message of farewell to our kind Russian friends."

But, as usual, his wayward delegation took not the slightest notice of Sir William's advice. He had been expecting speeches from Horace Cleghorn (on Communist theory), Emlyn Richards (conditions in the coalmines), and Mrs. Hoskins (the Co-operative Movement), but was quite unprepared when James Bailey, who usually spent his time sketching caricatures of the speakers, rose during the fish course to make an amusing and extremely concise little speech of thanks.

Mrs. Cartwright won a great deal of popular support by adding her thanks in Russian — a few phrases she had learnt from Nina during the afternoon tour. The speech was brief, but received considerable applause and put Sir William's nose completely out of joint for not having thought up so simple a device himself, that he was constrained to repeat his own rather ponderous thanks over again, using a few different platitudes.

"That's our Willie," murmured Dr. Clark sardonically. "A great boy for the cliches. Trot them out, swamp us with words. We're nearly asleep anyway."

Boris, who was sitting next to him and hurriedly trying to cram several courses into his mouth while Nina took her turn at interpreting, found this remark quite incomprehensible. But he understood that the general trend was disparaging; and, a moment later, when he saw Dr. Clark tear a page from his diary and scribble out a note, he suspected that his neighbor had detected some error of political judgment in his leader's' speech and was about to rally the opposition.

He watched the folded note being passed to Mrs. Cartwright, saw her smile, open her bag for a pen, and write a reply.

Notes now began to be passed quite openly along the table. One was delivered, after a few gesticulations and sign language between the intervening Russians, to James Bailey. Another skirted Horace Cleghorn, who merely glanced up from his own scribbling long enough to read the name on the outside, and skipping Nina (who was still concentrating on the maze of words Sir William produced) was delivered to Miss Bagshot, who gave a succession of formal little nods to her three conspirators and settled back in her chair.

Sir William, unaware that he had parted company with his audience, continued to drone on for a further ten minutes, then one of their Russian hosts took over where Sir William left off. Horace Cleghorn shuffled his papers together into a neat pile ready for his turn, and then started off with his usual opening gambit: "As the youngest member of this British delegation, I wish to address the youth of the Soviet Union."

Horace Cleghorn's speech was normally one of the last on the agenda. But the mild applause had scarcely died away when Miss Bagshot pushed back her chair and stood up. For a fortnight now she had been listening to speeches which were either completely unintelligible or so upholstered with polite flattery that they became meaningless. Having been awakened out of her usual trance by Dr. Clark's note, she had abruptly decided that for once there would be a speech of pure commonsense.

This development was greeted with a respectful hush from the Russian listeners, who were curious to hear what the remarkable old lady had to say.

Sir William was caught completely off his guard.

"I am not the youngest member of the delegation," she said, fixing Horace Cleghorn with a glare of disapproval. "Nor have I ever studied Communist theories and philosophy. Unlike some members of this delegation, I have not even had a great deal of practice at making speeches; but, as quite an old woman, I should like to give a little useful advice to Soviet men.

"I have seen a great deal of the world and it has been puzzling me ever since I came to Moscow exactly what is missing here that has made a long span of years like mine so varied, so interesting, and so worth while."

Miss Bagshot had the full attention of her audience. They were sitting quite motionless on their chairs, craning forward to catch the phrases which Boris translated in a completely impersonal voice.

"We have been taken to see many things in Moscow — schools, factories, collective farms, clubs for workers, hospitals — enough to show us that this country has all the essentials for living. But it seems a pity to me that you are neglecting so many of the inessentials. Women, perhaps more than men, need the inessentials of life. That's what helps to keep them feminine."

AFTER the first shock her audience began to enjoy themselves. They had no idea what was coming and the suspense enlivened the conventionally dull dinner.

"Everywhere we have been, the emphasis was always on work. Nina has told me that all work in the Soviet Union is glorious. But what a person does in his spare time can be just as important — if not to the State then certainly to himself. That is what builds character, individuality, and happiness.

"It's all very well having five-year plans for production, prizes and incentives for hard work; it's all very well to praise your women for carrying heavy burdens and working as hard as, if not harder than, the men. We have seen women laying drain-pipes, driving steam-rollers, cleaning sewers, and have heard them praised for these efforts. But women should be praised also just for being women. For doing nothing, for being pretty, for making life more pleasant."

Individuality and character were not words which frequently appeared in the Soviet vocabulary, but Miss Bagshot's entire speech was so speckled with reactionary and negative sentiments that a few words hardly seemed to count.

"If you continue to praise women simply for working hard, they'll only become dull and dedicated.

"And that is going to be very boring for you as well as for themselves.

"So I should like to say this to Rusisan men. Give your women pretty clothes, fashion magazines, florist's shops — luxuries instead of essentials — and you will find that all the other things that you need will follow by themselves—good taste, a zest for life, gaiety, high spirits, and laughter."

Miss Bagshot sat down rather suddenly and for a second there was a stunned silence. Then her audience broke into a storm of applause. They clapped wildly until their hands were numb, applauding not so much the advice she had given them but the courage and spirit with which she had delivered it.

The Russians are a sentimental and quite unpredictable people and, although devoted to their own socialist principles, they admired Miss Bagshot for her outspoken attempt to convert them to her bourgeois ideals.

"It was magnificent," congratulated the representative of the Town Soviet, pumping Miss Bagshot's hand. "Irrational but magnificent. I myself will take home tonight a box of chocolates for my wife."

No previous banquet had achieved quite the same success as this official farewell. Instead of the forced heartiness and formal handshakes, there was a new atmosphere of sympathy and a burst of easy conversation. The Russians crowded about Miss Bagshot, patting her on the back, assuring her of their esteem, chattering to her with Boris and Nina busily interpreting.

There was no general move to break up the party as soon as the dinner was over, and it was Sir William, baffled and resentful over the unexpected deference towards Miss Bagshot, who mustered his delegation towards the door.

Boris lagged behind and, as soon as he could conveniently excuse himself, doubled back into the deserted dining-room, where a few waiters were left struggling with the debris of bottles and plates.

He made straight for Miss Bagshot's chair and, as he had hoped, retrieved one of the crumpled notes from beneath the table. This, he felt, might provide the clue to Miss Bagshot's brilliantly timed offensive, which had been too successful to be completely haphazard. No doubt the note contained a detailed plan for undermining Sir William's careful words of praise and the delegation's previous attitude of polite neutrality. He spent some minutes earnestly studying the note and then carried it off in triumph to Nina.

"I have intercepted one of their messages."

Nina read it through, completely nonplussed.

It was a brief line in Dr. Clark's pencilled handwriting: "James and I know where you can get a g-e-n-u-i-n-e scotch and soda after this show. Mrs. Cartwright has agreed to come. If you would care to join us, we'll wait for you in the foyer later."

"Yes," Nina said, trying to keep pace with Boris' enthusiasm. "The four of them have just left for somewhere in a taxi. Dr. Clark showed the taxi-driver something written in Russian on a piece of paper. He seemed to understand it and they all climbed in. But why is it of such interest?"

"The note," said Boris sternly, "is obviously in code. Miss Bagshot is a very clever woman. But we will decipher it in time. If we knew where they had gone we would be able to learn the extent of their activities. This may be of the greatest importance."

Quite unaware that Dr. Clark had written his note in code, Mrs. Cartwright and Miss Bagshot were sitting with him in the back seat as their taxi rattled over a cobbled street, asking where he expected to find a scotch and soda in the cold moonlit desert

To page 50

YOUR BOOKSHELF *with JOYCE HALSTEAD*

"Man's Desiring"

Menna Gallie (Gollancz).

You can practically hear the Welsh lilt in the voice of Griffydd Rowlands, the novel's breezy hero who is exuberant at being appointed to a lectureship in mathematics at a Midlands university. Equipping himself with a dress-suit — it's a living-in college — he says goodbye to his small coal village, his Mam, fach (little mother), sister Gwenda, and father, who has worked all his life in the mine. Griff, with his wit and spirit, copes easily with an English university community, fears only the sophisticated cynicism of Lydia Kilmartin, English lecturer. But it is Lydia who in the end shows him the cure for homesickness.

The book's intellectual aspect is handled with skill, but it is the Welsh humor and sentimentality that shows the author's real talent.

"The Guest Years of My Life"

Clive Morse (Angus & Robertson).

Sydney-dweller Morse, with his wife, took over running the accommodation side of Talbingo Hotel (Talbingo is a picturesque trout-fishing place on the edge of the Australian Alps) and has come up with some convincing atmosphere on life in a country hotel as seen from behind the stove. They had the guests sorted on their dining-room behaviour—Co-ops (got the choice cuts), Door-rattlers (too hungry to wait for the door to open—kept them waiting), Still-in-bars (nuff said), Stinkers (always complaining — got the worst cuts), and Squatters (had to set off an alarm to get them out of the dining-room).

Crises in the kitchen, uproarious Christmas Eve parties, fishing stories, eccentric guests, and local personalities have provided comic material. A perceptive book, but not as sparkling as its title promises.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822662

Ah-h!
–THAT'S
PENFOLDS

Enjoy the
perfection of
Penfolds Cream Sherry
smooth, golden, mellow

Penfolds
MANTILLA
CREAM SHERRY
"The cream of sweet Sherries"

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822663

Wonderful! NEW Toni

EVEN WAVE HOME PERM

gives your hair HIDDEN BODY

HIDDEN BODY - the secret of the smooth wave that never droops

Give your hair the new manageable softness of Hidden Body, the secret of the smooth wave that looks alive and never droops! Costly conditioning ingredients specially imported, make Toni's new Even Wave the most wonderful perm you've ever had.

Wonderful!

Hidden Body makes hair so easy to style you can change a curly hair-do to smooth . . . and back again!

Smooth Styles look wonderfully alive. Hidden Body prevents hair from sagging, even in the hottest dampest weather. Makes the softest sleekest hair-do look alive!

Curly Styles with Hidden Body mean no curl let-down. Reveal your pretty curls! Fluff your hair up — it *stays up* with this new Toni.

TONI EVEN WAVE HOME PERM: AVAILABLE IN SUPER, REGULAR AND GENTLE • FULL HEAD KIT, 13/6 • EVEN WAVE TIP TONI, 9/9

NEW **SOFWAVE** SETTING ROLLERS for soft, natural looking waves

Plastic . . . Pliable . . . never lose shape, easy to use and comfortable to sleep in . . . **3/9** *pkt. of* **6**

S241C

Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 48

that was Moscow at midnight.

"We're going to a birthday party," James Bailey announced from the front seat beside the taxi-driver.

"You see, it all began when Sir William dragged James and me off to the Embassy this afternoon to pay his respects to the Ambassador," Dr. Clark explained.

"And then he left us kicking our heels in the hall, while he took himself into the Ambassador's study on his own. We read all the notices on the Embassy bulletin board about subscriptions for putting the tennis court in order and somebody selling a pair of skis and somebody else wanting a size eight child's snow suit. And all the time we were getting thirstier and thirstier.

"When we saw a butler carrying a tray with whisky and two glasses into the Ambassador's study, it was really too much for us," continued Dr. Clark. "Just think of all the vodka we've had to drink in the last fortnight and not one tiny drop of scotch.

"We were contemplating an onslaught on the butler when the Ambassadors secretary came out into the hall. She's a delightful girl and she seemed to take in the situation immediately. She took us off to her room and gave us some gin in teacups. She didn't have any whisky at the office but she said, if we were as desperate as all that, we could come along to her flat this evening and she'd let us have a bottle to take with us on the plane tomorrow.

"And then one thing led to another and she admitted it was her birthday and to come to the party, too, if we felt like it after the banquet. So she wrote down the address in Russian — and here we are," finished Dr. Clark as the taxi bounced off the cobbles and turned through a narrow archway into an asphalt yard.

A militiaman poked his head out of a little sentry box and saluted them and they climbed out of the taxi to find themselves surrounded on three sides by a high cement wall with a large block of flats towering up on the fourth.

"Now all we have to do," said Dr. Clark, "is find out which flat she lives in."

They were not left in doubt for long. Once they had passed through the heavy double doors, a blare of music from the fourth floor came down to greet them, followed by a line of young people, clasping each other round the waist and doing a variation of the conga around the lift wall, down the stairs. The girls were flushed and laughing in their bright, pretty frocks, the skirts swirling about them as they clung on to their partners and swayed perilously down the staircase.

Seen suddenly like this, after a fortnight of the earnest atmosphere of the Soviet Union, they seemed a collection of brilliant, glamorous creatures from another world.

For a moment the members of the delegation stood apart, a group ranging from middle-aged to elderly, confronted by youth at its most exuberant. Then a slim, dark girl in a red frock detached herself from the front of the conga line and came rushing towards them.

"I'm so glad you were able to come. The party's getting just a little rowdy but I'll take you up in the lift and give you some birthday cake, while they're still on the stairs."

"This is Miss Jacqueline Marsh," Dr. Clark introduced them, as the lift bore them upwards through the spiral of laughing dancers, who screamed after them, pressed the "Stop" button outside the lift and tried to bring it down again.

But their hostess kept her thumb firmly pressed on the button and, making faces at her friends outside, finally brought the lift alongside the fourth floor.

"Your neighbors, I gather, don't object?" Mrs. Cartwright asked. She was amused by this display of gay Western frivolity in the heart of Moscow.

"Oh, the neighbors are always invited," said Jacqueline Marsh. "We're all from foreign Embassies in this block and they know my flat's too small to dance in."

It was indeed a tiny flat, and the number of young people squatting on cushions all over the floor made it seem even smaller. Jacqueline ruthlessly emptied two armchairs and a settee and settled her new guests into them with wedges of birthday cake, whisky for Dr. Clark and James Bailey, and Soviet champagne for Miss Bagshot and Mrs. Cartwright.

SHE was a graceful, quicksilver girl, who gave the impression of rushing at everything, deciding things impulsively and doing them almost at the same time, organising everyone with a very thorough but not unpleasant air of authority.

"Jackie, this party's getting untidy," somebody cried from across the room. "Why don't you bring them together again with a treasure hunt or something?"

"We're going to have an elimination dance," Jackie announced.

"Listen, everyone. You see all those balloons I've tied up near the ceilings? They're in every room in the flat. Now, when the music stops, the man has to hoist his partner up to get one. You'll have ten seconds and then I'll ring a bell and collect up the balloons. Any couple without a balloon when the bells rings is out. Everyone understand the rules? All right, take your partners."

The conga line came stamping back through the front door. It could hardly have been called dancing, as they were all so crammed together that swaying was the only movement possible.

Mrs. Cartwright was persuaded to join in with Dr. Clark; and Miss Bagshot, finding herself unexpectedly wide awake, insisted that she and James Bailey could play the balloon game as skilfully as any of the young people.

Whenever the music stopped there was a wild scramble to hoist partners into the air—holding them by the knees, steadying them on to shoulders—until a balloon was triumphantly released. Excited yelps, screams, and laughter echoed through the flat.

Arms and legs waved in the air. Couples collided, struggled for the same balloon, lost their balance and became entangled on the floor. Somehow Jackie made her way through the melee, collecting balloons and eliminating couples up and down the flat.

Gradually the floor space was cleared and the competitors thinned out, circling cautiously beneath the remaining balloons in readiness for speedy action.

To page 54

Printed by Conpress Printing Limited for the publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822664

KOOL

KING SIZE FILTER
20 *for* 3/3

the great smoke that tastes fresh right through the day

Great tobaccos, smoothly satisfying; best filter ever made.
You'll find KOOL the best and *coolest* cigarette you ever tried — because every KOOL you smoke tastes as fresh as your first.

Willie the Penguin says "SMOKE KOOL"

Today — make a fresh start with **KOOL**

THE MOST REFRESHING CIGARETTE IN THE WORLD

K.10760

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822665

A DOUBLE BLESSING!

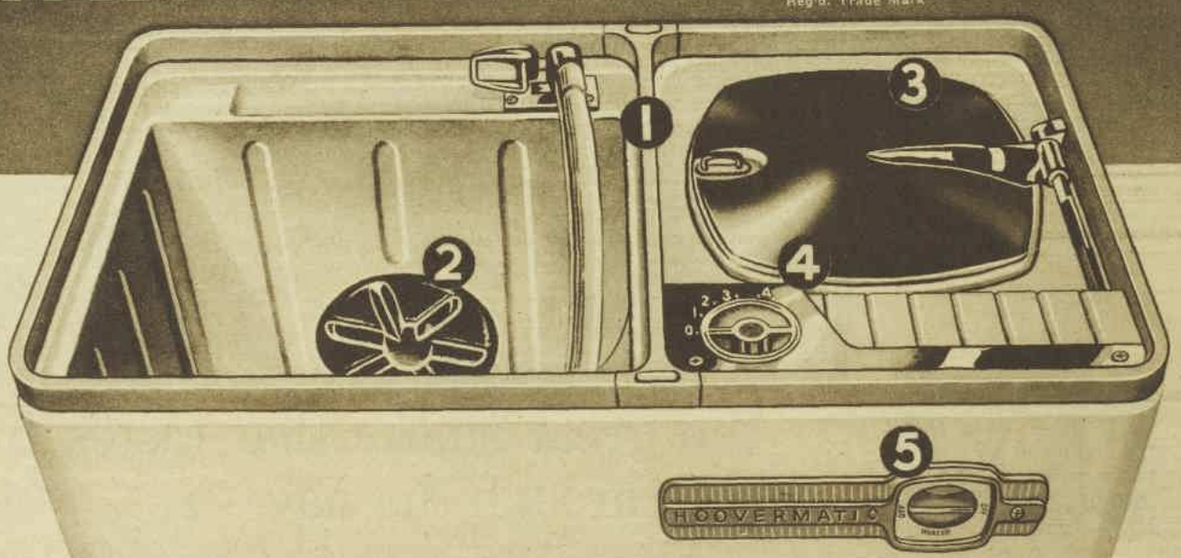
WHAT A BLESSING! The freshest rinse, the quickest, driest spin you've ever seen!

WHAT A BLESSING! Exclusive pulsator washes your clothes boil-clean!

Every feature saves you work with the

TWIN-TUB HOOVERMATIC WASHER

Reg'd. Trade Mark



1 TWIN TUBS FOR TWICE THE SPEED. While one load is being washed, another is fresh-rinsed, spin-dried. No time lost for you!

2 HOOVERMATIC'S EXCLUSIVE 'BOILING ACTION' PULSATOR washes a full load of whites boil-clean in just 4 minutes (one minute does woollens)!

3 EXTRA SPEEDY RINSE AND SPIN DRY fresh-rinses a full washload at once. The thorough spin-drying dries many items ready to iron.

4 AUTOMATIC TIMER AND SPIN-DRIER SWITCH stops washing action when wash is at its cleanest. Spin-drier stops when you open the lid—so safe!

5 HOOVERMATIC WASHER WITH HEATER. It heats the water right to boiling point, right in the washing tub. Cost?—just a few pounds more. Ask your Hoover Retailer.

THE PRICE IS A BLESSING, TOO — ONLY 126 GUINEAS. HEATER MODEL 7 GNS. EXTRA — EASY TERMS, OF COURSE.

HW-65-WWPs

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822666

Fashion PATTERNS

F5884.—Pretty slip with lace inset can be made either full- or waist-length. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Full-length requires 3yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 18in. width lace. Waist-length takes 1¾yds. 36in. material and ½yd. 18in. lace. Price 3/9.

F5879.—Young girl's frilly nightie requires 3 to 3¾yds. 36in. material. Sizes 6 to 12 years. Price 3/-.

● *Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Postal address, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, Hobart. New Zealand orders to Box 6348, Wellington. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

F5888. — Unusual pyjamas have matador pants and full top. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 2yds. 36in. plain material and 1¾yds. 36in. embroidered material. Price 4/-.

F5889. — Lovely negligee and nightie for the very feminine type. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 10yds. 36in. sheer material, 8yds. ¾in. lace edging. Price 4/9.

F5885.—Dainty nightgown has fitted bodice, full skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.

F5890.—Shortie pyjamas have "baby doll" look, with nylon edging and large bow. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material, 6yds. pleated nylon edging. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 311—FROCK.
Simple frock for summer has a deep V-neck and short sleeves. It is available cut out ready to make in spotted poplin. Colors are navy, Swiss-blue, yellow, and red, all with a white spot. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 49/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 52/6. Postage 3/- extra.

No. 312—BREAKFAST SET.
Pretty rose-design breakfast-tray mat and serviette are available cut out and clearly traced to embroider on white and cream linen. Price is 8/6 per set. Postage 1/- extra.

No. 313—TEA-COSY
Simple to make, this tea-cosy is available cut out in cream and white linen and clearly traced to embroider with a floral design. Price 5/9. Postage 1/- extra.

No. 314—GIRL'S FROCK
Frock to delight a little girl's heart. It is cut out ready to sew in spotted cambric. Colors are royal-blue, aqua, and pink, all with white. Sizes 2 to 4 years, 36/6; 6 to 8 years, 28/6. Postage 2/6 extra.

● *Needlework Notions are available for six weeks from date of publication. No C.O.D. orders accepted.*

AS I READ the STARS

By EVE HILLIARD

For week beginning August 8

ARIES
The Ram
MARCH 21-APRIL 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, gold. Lucky days, Tuesday, Sunday. Luck in social activity.

★ Get out and be among those present. One invitation leads to the next; contact old friends, cultivate new acquaintances. You'll widen your interests, develop new enthusiasm for various community projects, find new scope for your talents. Don't let a small disappointment cloud your sky or a fancied slight send you home sulking.

TAURUS
The Bull
APRIL 21-MAY 20

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, red. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck through a relative.

★ An elderly relative may offer to baby-sit so you can attend that important social function. Perhaps a relative may help you to finance a major undertaking, or give advice which springs from experience. You may have a visit from a much-loved member of your family. A few of you benefit through a small inheritance—or surprise gift.

GEMINI
The Twins
MAY 21-JUNE 21

★ Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, black. Lucky days, Friday, Sunday. Luck in writing.

★ Fill in that form now; results could be most satisfactory. If it's an agreement, it is well-aspected, although it is wise to read all the fine print. You are likely to sign your name on a register whether it's marriage or a business matter. If in love and your beloved is away, take pains to make your letters interesting and lively.

CANCER
The Crab
JUNE 22-JULY 22

★ Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, brown. Gambling colors, brown, orange. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck in adding to assets.

★ There's an upward swing in your finances. Reserves may be building up or an old investment turns out trumps. If young and engaged, there's window-shopping for that future home. You have your eye on the £.s.d. and fritter-money is out in favor of important commitments; your nearest and dearest will help you to your heart's desire.

LEO
The Lion
JULY 23-AUGUST 22

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, lt. blue. Lucky days, Wed., Saturday. Luck in personality.

★ Vitality will be high; you're on the crest of the wave. You can use charm, tact, flexibility to get what you want. Your powers of persuasion were never higher and you have a clear vision of your goal. Opportunities beckon and, if young and eligible, a love affair should reach a romantic climax. But beware of being too intense.

VIRGO
The Virgin
AUGUST 23-SEPTEMBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, green. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in leisure.

★ For many, a short interlude with fewer social engagements, or less work in connection with your job or home. There's a welcome breathing space. Odds and ends may now be polished off, but you'd be wise to vegetate for a spell before starting that fresh burst of activity. If in love, there may be more day-dreaming than actual dates.

LIBRA
The Balance
SEPTEMBER 24-OCTOBER 23

★ Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck in new hopes.

★ If the old round has lost its flavor you'll find yourself almost unconsciously longing for new worlds to conquer. Think over two or three things you would like to do, weigh their respective merits, then make a choice. This will bring you into contact with others who have the same ambition. You'll be a better person through new activities.

SCORPIO
The Scorpion
OCTOBER 24-NOVEMBER 22

★ Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, yellow. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck in good publicity.

★ Your sign couldn't be inconspicuous if it tried. Don't be afraid to stand up and give your opinion, even to take the unpopular side; you'll gain a reputation for honesty and sound principles. You may handle situations which previously had you up against a stone wall. The more people you know the greater your good fortune.

SAGITTARIUS
The Archer
NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 20

★ Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, rose. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in study.

★ If a student sitting soon for examinations, put in your best effort now. If a hobbyist, read books about your subject or seek others who are keen. If interested in any form of domestic arts and crafts, learn all you can to help improve your product. Those who tackle their first "important" dinner find the stars on their side.

CAPRICORN
The Goat
DECEMBER 21-JANUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, pastels. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Monday, Thursday. Luck in patience.

★ Many plans are simmering in the back of your mind; perhaps so far you can see scant reward for your efforts. People are slow to move, or conditions remain static and you are all for quick action or a showdown. Continue to work systematically towards your goal, but don't attempt to press matters for another fortnight.

AQUARIUS
The Waterbearer
JANUARY 20-FEBRUARY 19

★ Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, navy-blue. Gambling colors, navy, white. Lucky days, Saturday, Sunday. Luck in co-operation.

★ Look on yourself as just one member of the team. Be willing to sacrifice personal wishes for the sake of harmony. Fitting in with the plans of others will make them better disposed to adopt some of your ideas. If your beloved goes temperamental, it will be due to outside factors which do not concern you. Just be sweet and sensible.

PISCES
The Fish
FEBRUARY 20-MARCH 20

★ Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, navy. Lucky days, Thursday, Friday. Luck in the day time.

★ Your capacity for getting things done is rapidly mounting. There will be decisions to make, work to be tackled, difficulties to be overcome. If you are a voluntary worker you may become involved in a new undertaking which appeals to your heart but consumes your time. With crowded days, you would be wise to spend the evenings at home.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatever for the statements contained in it.]

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822667

Have you tried

New Modess

with the "Magic Channel"

of protection?

Modess has created a *new* feminine fabric with the luxurious softness, the comfort of MASSLINN, *plus* a "Magic Channel" of protection . . . a panel of tiny perforations centred along the napkin to give quicker absorbency . . . greater protection. Try *new* Modess with MASSLINN cover . . . and the *new* "Magic Channel" you can trust.

Modess *because*

JOHNSON & JOHNSON—THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS

Continuing . . .

MISS BAGSHOT GOES TO MOSCOW

from page 50

as soon as the music stopped. The game had reached its most hilarious stage with a bare handful of wily players left in the running, when a flash bulb sent a streak of silver lightning round the room and a cheerful bass voice boomed from the door.

"Watch out. Straighten up. The Press is here again."

Nobody appeared to take the slightest notice of this warning except Jackie, who flew off to provide the newcomer with a drink.

But Mrs. Cartwright, who had been entering into the fun with all the carefree abandon of a teenager, slid quickly off Dr. Clark's shoulders, smoothed down her skirts, and plucked nervously at his arm.

"I think we'd better sit the rest of this out," she cautioned. "If that really is a newspaperman I can't afford any undignified pictures. It would be political suicide for me if that sort of thing reached the constituency."

"It's only Stewart," Jackie said when Dr. Clark appealed to her. "He's the 'Daily Guardian' correspondent in Moscow and he always does that when he comes into a party. It's just his idea of a spectacular entrance."

"But Mrs. Cartwright is rather worried about this particular photograph. You know she was sitting on my shoulders and —"

JACKIE smiled and called across the room. "Stewart, what did you get on that snap you just took?"

"Only one spry old lady of about seventy doing a polka with a bearded gent who was trying to rhumba," complained the correspondent, pushing his way towards them. "At least I think that was all. Who is she?"

"She is Miss Bagshot. This is Stewart Ferguson from the 'Guardian' and, Stewart, this is Dr. Clark . . ."

"And Patricia Cartwright, M.P.," supplied Ferguson. He made an exaggerated bow and a gleam of merriment came into his eyes. "I was out at the airport to meet your delegation, not that you'd have noticed me in that crush."

"No," Mrs. Cartwright said suspiciously. "I don't think I did."

"Well, well, I begin to see how things stand. This puts a different light on the whole matter. It's just possible that I had more on that flash shot after all. I daresay I could blow up the bit in one corner where we have one Member of Parliament sitting on her partner's shoulders, showing a shapely leg with her skirts tucked up. That's going to look just wonderful on the front page with nice banner headlines: 'Midnight in Moscow with an M.P.' or 'What happens to the taxpayers' money.' "

"It's nothing to do with the taxpayers' money," Patricia Cartwright snapped. "The delegation was invited as guests of the Anti-Fascist League and all expenses are being met by the Soviet Union."

"Then I'll send the picture to 'Pravda' and let the comrades see how these decadent delegations behave when they let them out of their sight for five minutes."

"Stop being so childish, Stew," Jackie broke in. "He's only teasing you, Mrs. Cartwright. You hand that film over to me at once, Stewart Ferguson, or I'll never invite you to my flat again."

"Oh, no. Me, I'm an unscrupulous journalist and I trade scoops with nobody. This is the quiet season in Moscow and I haven't had a decent story in weeks. So I'll tell you what we'll do. You give me a really good color account of your tour and I'll promise not to use the picture."

"There hasn't been anything colorful about our tour," Mrs. Cartwright began uncertainly.

"What about the old lady? She looks colorful enough."

"Miss Bagshot? Yes, she's quite a character but she's not exactly a member of—"

"Don't tell him anything, Mrs. Cartwright. He's really just making a nuisance of himself. Come and dance, Dr. Clark."

Despite Jackie's warnings, Patricia Cartwright found herself no match for the Stewart Ferguson tactics. He was a likeable, very extrovert young man and, having made up his mind that Mrs. Cartwright had a story to offer him, he sat down beside her, became surprisingly sober and proceeded to worm it out of her.

"Complete gentleman's agreement," he offered solemnly. "Not a word to be written that doesn't pass your censorship. But, as I then have to get it through the Soviet censorship, too, I hope you'll be lenient with yours."

"But our delegation's done nothing unusual."

"What about the speeches at your banquet tonight? I've heard that Patricia Cartwright, M.P., can make quite startling ones at times."

"Oh, Miss Bagshot puts us all completely in the shade."

"The old lady? Now this looks promising . . ."

It was only a question of time before Stewart Ferguson had most of the text of Miss Bagshot's speech and was pressing Mrs. Cartwright for details.

"But I don't know anything about her. I imagine she's just an ordinary tourist. You had better go and talk to her yourself. You'll have to ask her permission to use the speech, anyway."

That presented no difficulty at all. Miss Bagshot, who was being shown the correct steps of the rhumba by a group of energetic young people in one corner, admitted she had already forgotten what she had said at the banquet.

"But as I never say anything I don't mean, I haven't the slightest objection to anyone printing it."

She added tartly that, as none of her Russian audience seemed inclined to take the slightest notice of her advice, it was hardly likely to make a very good story.

"Well, it's no world-beater, but it's the best I've had since Vyshinsky's funeral," Stewart said frankly.

As it happened, they were both wrong. The newsroom of the "Daily Guardian" was unusually dull that evening, the idea of an elderly English spinster advising Communists to be gay and frivolous appealed to the Chief Sub-Editor's sense of humor and Miss Bagshot's story was given a prominent position on the front page.

To be continued

Copyright, Anne Telscombe, 1960.

This novel is published by Harvill Press.

This story is fiction and is not intended to depict any member of any Foreign Office or Diplomatic Corps whatsoever.

Modess BELTS *because*

so comfortable—
so secure—
a Modess belt ensures complete protection!

Choose from—

ADJUSTA-FORM
with pins or clips

FINE-FORM

"V" FORM
luxury nylon

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822668

• *Draped chiffon*

SEW IN CHIFFON

• The filminess and beautiful colors of silk chiffon make it ideal for an evening dress.

YET most home-dressmakers hesitate to tackle this dreamy material for fear it will slip, snag, and be generally difficult to sew.

Here are some hints which make it quite easy to handle:

1. Make sure fingernails and cuticles are quite smooth. Otherwise the delicate sheer may "catch."

2. Cover the sewing table with a sheet before cutting out. This keeps the fabric from slipping out of shape during cutting.

3. Use only very sharp scissors (dull edges will chop the fabric and give no end of bother), a new, very fine machine needle, and a fine, quite smooth hand-sewing needle. Use a rather short machine stitch (15-18 stitches per inch). The thread should be silk.

Crisp or soft

4. Baste; do not pin. Pins are likely to drop out.

5. To hold the material firm under the machine, stitch seams over a piece of tissue paper and then tear the paper away.

6. Use taffeta lining to get a crisp look, but silk crepe for a drapey effect.

Make any fitting alterations on the bodice lining first, and correct the paper pattern before cutting the chiffon. Then sew chiffon and lining together as one, concealing seams on inside.

In skirts, the lining and the chiffon are usually joined only at the waist.

7. Always use French seams on the skirt.

8. Hems: For bias-cut skirt, make a hand-rolled hem. If skirt is gathered at waist, with side seams on the straight of grain, make either hand-rolled hem or very deep (six- or seven-inch) hem.

TEENAGERS ARE OFTEN MALIGNED, BUT . . .

"They'll be as good grown-ups as we are"

By MYRA ROPER

• *Miss Roper*

• The author, Miss Myra Roper, is a leading educationist with wide experience of young people.

She was principal of the University Women's College, Melbourne, for 13 years before her retirement this year.

She is also a member of the board of directors of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, and has produced plays in Melbourne, and even acted in one.

Miss Roper has now gone to America, where she will study the use of television in education.

She plans to stay for six months, and then go to Britain to study educational programmes on B.B.C. radio and television.

Then home to Melbourne.

• I don't believe young people want to be wild and silly and immoral. They like to shock by seeming irreverent, but their basic values are much the same as adults'.

ALSO, I dislike associating adolescents with bobby-sox, sloppy-joes, lank hairdos, and worse.

For I see them as young, vital, vigorous — and vulnerable—people, very much individuals in their own right.

They want to feel independent and free of interference (or think they do).

Two important factors have influenced today's teenagers:

First, educational trends have, rightly or wrongly, urged parents and teachers not to cramp the child's style, not to wound his precious ego.

Secondly, the world in which they have grown up is one of swift changes and shifting values. Hydrogen bombs and guided missiles hardly produce the right atmosphere for slow, steady character development.

The youngsters imagine they are grown-up before they really are, and want to assert themselves.

Few of them have an automatic regard for parents, teachers, or the boss—"elders" have to prove themselves "betters."

In many ways this is a bad thing — it leads to "cheek," brash self-assertion, or open rebellion.

But it's no good wringing our hands and bewailing the good old days when parents were parents and children knew it. WE'VE made the world they live in, after all!

Then there's another side to the picture.

"Uncertain"

The youngsters know at heart how uncertain they are of themselves, and how often they are bewildered, unhappy, and in need of a good lead from the right person.

In the past 13 years (as Principal of the University Women's College, Melbourne) I've lived with several hundred young women aged from 17 to 21.

I found that very few of them tried to escape the responsibilities of independence.

As long as I've been willing to discuss problems fairly on a give-and-take woman-to-woman basis, I've met with unfailing reasonableness and a real sense of fairness for everybody—even us older ones.

Take the vexed question of drink at dances.

Years ago, the Students' Committee of the Women's College agreed with the staff, after careful discussion, that "dry" dances were more suitable and just as enjoyable.

The dances are still "dry." No one even questions the matter.

The same thing happened when the craze for turning down lights hit party-givers in Melbourne.

Lights stay on

No ban was imposed, but a request was made for a reasoned case to support the —to me—unfortunate practice of turning down the lights.

As far as I recall, nobody even tried to present such a case, and the lights stayed on thereafter, because that's how the majority preferred it when they thought over the matter for themselves.

But anyone expecting the young to follow the family line regardless is in for trouble.

The older generation need constantly to revise their set ideas on what young people should say and do and wear—ideas moulded by what we have been brought up to say and do and wear in a very different world.

The young imagine they want to do things their own way, yet when it comes to standing out against the current fads and fancies of their age-group their famous independence fades out and they slavishly wear the clothes, adopt the slang, and sometimes the rather sloppy moral standards dictated by their gang.

I think many of them dislike what they do, but they keep on rather than seem old-fashioned and unsophisticated.

Conform, conform is the cry. Be in the swim! Don't stick your neck out, and if you want to be different, do so only in the ways approved by your set!

In far too many sets youngsters will be unpopular if they admit to any serious intellectual interests.

They mustn't want to stay on at school or talk about politics, art, or religion. Sport and "dates" are subjects approved by the set.

A girl feels she must get a "steady" as soon as she can—she'll be on the shelf at 20, and anything or anybody is better than that.

A boy feels he must avoid sissy things like culture, and forsake the Queen's English for a special Americanised slang mouthed in a lazy drawl.

Such is the tyranny of the set.

But who supplies the overflowing audiences for Youth Concerts? Who queues all night for ballet tickets?

Who is causing the desperate overcrowding at the technical schools and universities?

Who trains on tennis courts and in swimming pools to keep up Australia's reputation in international sport?

These same highly suspect teenagers, of course!

I am sure that, for the hundreds who behave in a really silly fashion, there are thousands who, beneath their modern facade, are serious minded.

Baker's cart

Though many teenagers seem pretty scatty, nearly all those I have known are extraordinarily efficient and capable.

They plan their daily round of study, social activities, and domestic chores very well.

Girls make their own clothes and in the country drive tractors, milk cows, and help father with the accounts.

And it is the rule rather than the exception for students to earn fees by working as shop assistants, factory hands, or daily helps in the vacation.

One girl I know (now a doctor) drove a baker's horse and cart.

Also, everybody knows the initiative and ability with which hundreds of young Australians work their way round England and Europe.

Young people manage their romances pretty sensibly, too, and I have not known one teenage young woman really go to pieces over her boyfriend.

Early marriage is increasingly the custom. I can't help thinking this unfortunate, for I consider both boy and girl have a lot more growing-up to do before they settle down.

But at least most of them seem to make a fairly good go of marriage.

The young wife copes with a job, runs the three-room flat or half-house, cooks, sews, and still finds time to go out with her husband and do a little entertaining.

I have been struck by the real sense of sharing these young couples have.

I know many a young wife who has been proud to keep the home going while her husband finished a long professional training.

And, thank heaven, the husband saw nothing derogatory to male dignity in letting her do it. He knew he'd more than repay her later on.

The sense of independence and interdependence between engaged couples seems to me a far better basis for happiness than the old idea of the man being the boss.

Irreverent, impertinent, extravagant they may seem, these youngsters of the Atom Age.

But they have a certain staying power, honesty, and freedom from humbug that will help to make them at least as good grown-ups as we are.

MOTORING

By BETTY McKAY

• *Hillman automatic.*

• With the introduction of the fully automatic Hillman Minx, Australians can now buy an automatic-transmission car for £1248.

WITH automatic transmission, the popular Minx will win new friends—those who are "automatic" minded but who don't want to spend too much.

Motoring becomes effortless. Anyone who finds gear-changing a worry can forget all about gears and concentrate on steering and braking.

What's more, the automatic Minx will execute far smoother changes than most of your expert friends.

You merely select "D" on the control panel — and away you go.

To stop for traffic lights, you brake normally, wait, and accelerate away again without a thought of gear-changing.

An excellent feature is provision of a second gear ratio that can be selected at will by the driver.

When selected, the transmission stays in second ratio. It gives good acceleration and de-celeration for mountain and suburban driving.

This device is usually only found in the high-priced automatic English cars.

A word of advice: make sure the salesman briefs you fully, and that you understand him on the use of the selector lever, particularly second and reverse ratios. ("Second" is never used for starting, only "D" position.)

There are a couple of things I think the Rootes Group could improve on.

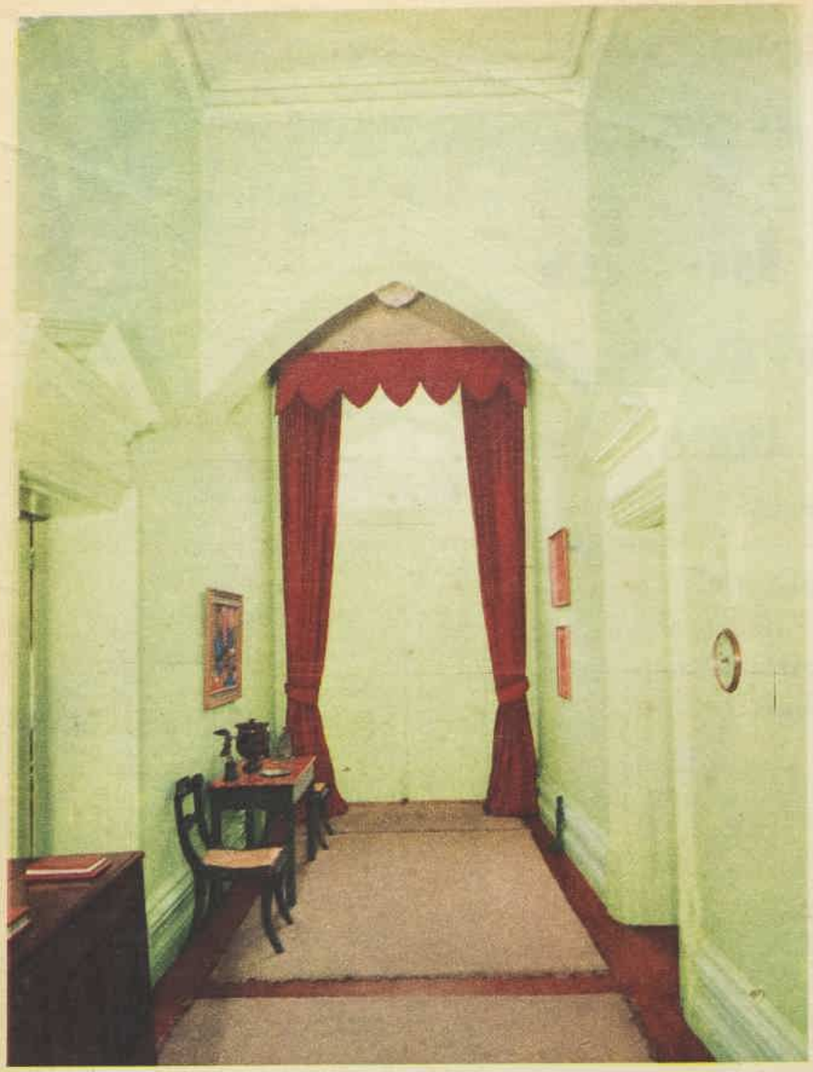
• There's no heating and no screen washers.

• Seating with more padding, a less upright seat back, centre armrests could be provided; also a larger rear-vision mirror.

HINT FOR THE WEEK: Practise looking through the rear window when reversing. It gives wider vision than looking out the side window.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822669

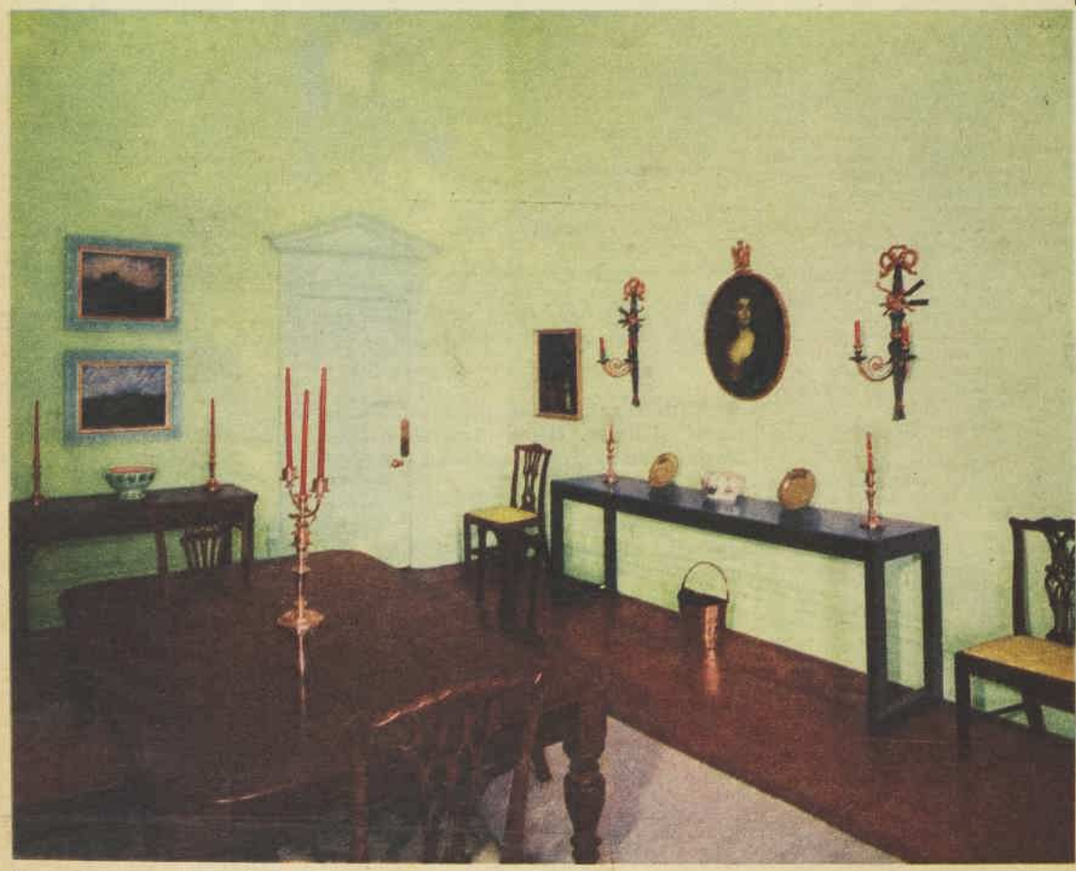
AUSTRALIAN HOMES



VIVID curtains (left) at the entrance to "Carminow," a lovely 12-roomed house of two storeys.

PORTICO (right) on the eastern side was added in 1913 by the late Sir Langdon Bonython.

DINING - ROOM (below) has a mahogany table, Chippendale chairs, Italian candle sconces.



"CARMINOW," home of Mrs. Hope Bonython and her son, Mr. John Bonython, jun., at Crafers, in the Adelaide Hills, was modelled on a Scottish castle and named after a Cornish castle.

The Bonythons came to South Australia from Cornwall.

Built in 1885 by Sir Thomas Elder, pastoralist and philanthropist, "Carminow" was bought in 1903 by Mr. John Bonython's great-grandfather, the late Sir Langdon Bonython.

Sir Thomas had the three-storey tower erected so that he could see his yacht anchored in Glenelg more than 20 miles away.

Sir Langdon added a portico to the east side of the house in 1913.

From the main living-room, which opens on to the portico, there is a superb panoramic view of the Adelaide Hills.

Pictures by Max Farrell.

"CARMINOW" (right) from the garden. The three-storeyed tower is a landmark in the Adelaide Hills.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822670

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822671

Everybody dotes on UncleToby's oats...

creamy-smooth Uncle Toby's tastes so good... satisfying and so sustaining

Your family will go for Uncle Toby's in a big way when it's livened up with sweet and colourful toppings. And mother is happy to know that whole-grain oats make it the best-tasting, creamiest hot cereal... the finest energy builder of all.

"The oat is a valuable cereal, richer in protein, fat, minerals and most vitamins than any other ... superior to other breakfast foods in nutritive value ..." Extract from Food and Nutrition' published by the Department of Public Health.

WONDERFUL WAYS TO SERVE CREAMY SMOOTH OATS ...

Serve with milk and top with stewed or tinned fruits, sprinkle with brown sugar. Butter and nuts are also delicious. For the sweet tooth, honey, golden syrup, malt or maple syrup or sweet jam.

Uncle Toby's WHOLE GRAIN Oats satisfy all the family

C231A

PERSPECTIVE SKETCH of plan No. 870 shows the attractive formal courtyard and separate living and sleeping wings.

TWO SEPARATE WINGS for living and sleeping

● **This week's Home Plan has well-defined living and sleeping areas.**

PLAN No. 870, designed under the direction of architects Kevin Borland and Geoff Trewenack, could be placed on a narrow 45ft. block or a large, spacious site.

The plan occupies an area of 12 squares if it is built with two bedrooms, but extends to 13 squares if a third bedroom is added.

Main approach to the house is through an attractive formal courtyard.

In the floor plan below, part of the courtyard has been screened by a brick garden wall to give privacy to the bedrooms and gallery. A lattice or trellis could also be used, giving a striking and different approach to the home.

Bathroom, toilet, and shower recess have all been separated to give added convenience.

The kitchen can be built as a separate unit or linked with the dining-room by a bar.

The dining-room itself can double as a playroom for children in wet weather.

This opens into a spacious living-room, which has a large open fireplace. A wide gallery links the living-room and the sleeping wing.

Cost of this house would be from £3700-£4300 in timber, and from £4200-£4800 in brick.

For accurate costs on your own site, please consult your local Home Planning Centre. Under the direction of qualified architects, our Centres can help you with all your building and furnishing problems.

If you are not able to visit one of our Centres, there are two folders, each containing particulars of 20 Home Plans, which the Centres will send to you. When ordering folders, please enclose a postal note for 2/11 for No. 1 or No. 2, or 5/8 for both folders. These prices include postage. The folders can also be bought from newsagents.

ADDRESSES OF CENTRES

MELBOURNE: The Myer Emporium, Lonsdale St. (Tel. 32044.)

GEELONG: The Myer Emporium, Malop St. (Please tel. X6111 to consult architect.)

ADELAIDE: John Martin & Co. Ltd., Rundle St. Post Office, Box No. 79. (Tel. W0200.)

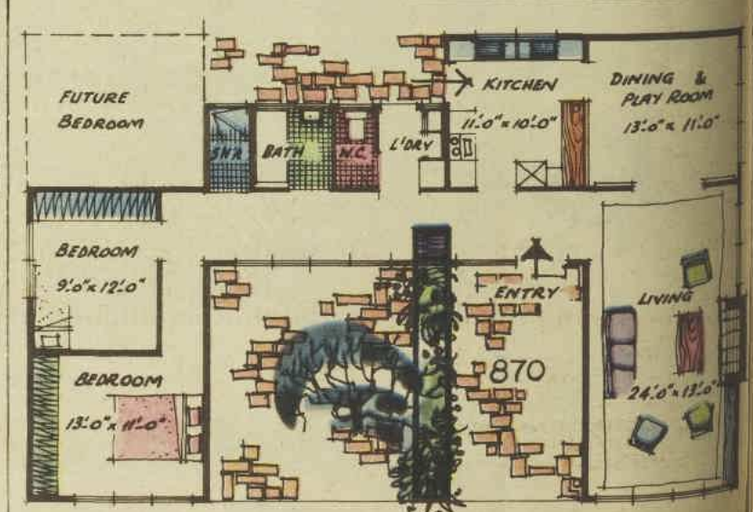
HOBART: FitzGerald and Co. Ltd., Collins St. (Please tel. 27221 to consult architect here.)

TOOWOOMBA: Pigott and Co. Pty. Ltd., Ruthven St. (Tel. 7733.)

SYDNEY: Anthony Hordern and Sons Ltd., Brickfield Hill. (Please address all mail to this Centre to Home Plans, Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney.)

CANBERRA: Anthony Hordern & Sons Ltd., Civic Centre. (Please telephone J2311 to consult architect at this Centre.)

BRISBANE: McWhirter's Ltd., The Valley. (Tel. 50121.)



FLOOR PLAN illustrates the convenient placing of the separate bathroom, shower, and toilet, and spacious living-room with large open fireplace.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822672

Plants you should know

● Most people have odd spots in the garden that are difficult to fill because of either space or position problems. None of the plants on this page are rare, expensive, or new, but they are all worth remembering when the question is asked, "What shall I plant here?"

GARDENING

● *Physostegia virginiana (false dragon's head) grows rosy-crimson, clear-pink, and pure-white. The flower will grow to 3ft. and seed freely. The root systems are rampant. Unless controlled the plant may become a weed. Flowers are useful for cutting.*

● *Haemanthus katherinae (blood flower) is a member of the amaryllis family. It produces thick, strap-like, leathery leaves about 3ft. long, and scarlet-red flowers on stems up to 3ft. Raise from seed or bulb divisions. Transplant in the winter.*

● *The peony family is divided into herbaceous and tree peonies. The first are cut down each year to ground level. Tree peonies grow tall and must be left alone. Both need rich soil in sunny position. Seedlings may take several years to flower.*

● *Phlox decussata (above) grows 3ft. to 4ft. There are many hybrids and colors. Requires an open, sunny position in well-drained soil. Raise from seed, divisions, or root cuttings. Yucca, or Spanish bayonet (right), grows to about 25ft., with stiff, sword-like leaves and white or violet heavily fragrant flowers. It needs rich, well-drained soil in sunny, exposed position.*

● *Strelitzia reginae (bird's tongue flower) is an oddity and a member of the banana family. The leaves are borne on stiff three-foot stems. Easily grown from seed, it takes years to flower and is best raised from divisions of old plants. Needs an open, sunny place in well-drained soil.*

● *Solidago canadensis (golden rod) is a weed of river banks much prized as an autumn flower. Often exceeds 10ft. in good, moist soils. Of several varieties, the best is Solidago odora, sweet-scented and about 4ft. tall.*

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822673

PACK YOUR OVEN

● The most economical and time-saving method of cooking is to put several dishes, or a whole dinner, in the oven at the same time, to be cooked together with the one lot of fuel.

AUTOMATICALLY controlled ovens are ideal for this purpose, but good results can also be obtained from older stoves, which are good cookers, but need a little more experience and manipulation of dishes.

Some ovens will take two or three shelves which can be filled, others are successful only with one shelf. But whatever your oven, use it to full advantage each time it is heated. The saving of fuel can be considerable over a period of time.

Careful menu planning is advisable. Choose foods which take approximately the same length of time and temperature for cooking, or plan so that they are placed in the oven at different times and all finished together.

Here we have given you many ideas for menus with recipes for some of the dishes.

☆ *Recipes are given.*

Spoon measurements are level and quantities sufficient for 4-6 persons.

MENU 1

An oven meal which also provides for the next day's dessert and a chocolate loaf for school or office lunches.

☆ Lamb Wellington
Glazed Peas and Carrots
☆ Rosy Apples *☆ Butterscotch Sponge*
☆ Chocolate Orange Cake

This menu is cooked in a moderate oven for one hour.

LAMB WELLINGTON

Two pounds lamb or hogget chops, ½ cup seasoned flour, 3 tablespoons shortening, 2 tablespoons tomato sauce, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, salt and pepper, 2 cups vegetable or meat stock, 2 sliced onions, 1 sliced green pepper, 3 tomatoes (cut into quarters), 2 potatoes (sliced).

Coat chops with seasoned flour. Fry until brown on both sides in heated shortening. Remove and drain on kitchen paper, add remaining seasoned flour to pan, stir over heat for 1 minute, add tomato and Worcestershire sauces and stock. Stir over heat until sauce thickens. Season with salt and pepper. Add tomato quarters, onion, pepper, and potato slices. Simmer gently 10 minutes. Arrange chops in greased casserole, pour over gravy. Bake in the coolest part of a moderate oven 1 hour.

ROSY APPLES

Six apples, ¼ cup chopped raisins, ¼ cup chopped walnuts, 2 tablespoons brown sugar, 1 cup water, ½ cup white sugar, red food coloring, 1 orange.

Wash and remove core from apples. Slit apple skins to prevent splitting while baking. Combine raisins, walnuts, and brown sugar, and fill into apple cavities. Mix white sugar, water, and enough food coloring to color pink in a saucepan. Stir over heat until sugar has dissolved. Place stuffed apples in a greased ovenproof dish, pour in prepared syrup. Cut orange into thick slices and add to dish. Bake in a moderate oven 1 hour.

BUTTERSCOTCH SPONGE

Three ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. brown sugar, 6 tablespoons condensed milk, 3 dessertspoons golden syrup, 1 1-3rd cups hot water, 1 cup cooked sweetened apple pulp.

Melt butter in saucepan, add sugar, condensed milk, and golden syrup. Stir over heat until mixture is a thick rich caramel color and leaves the sides of the saucepan. Remove from heat and add hot water gradually. Return to stove and simmer 3 minutes, stirring constantly. Spoon apple into base of ovenproof dish, then pour over caramel sauce, allow to cool.

Topping: Two eggs, pinch salt, 2oz. sugar, 2oz. flour.

Beat egg-whites with salt until stiff, gradually add sugar, and beat until sugar dissolves. Beat in egg-yolks and fold in sifted flour. Pipe or spoon across top of sweet. Place in hottest part of moderate oven 15 minutes before completion of meal.

CHOCOLATE ORANGE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, grated rind 1 orange, 6oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 8oz. self-raising flour, pinch salt, 2 tablespoons cocoa, 2-3rds cup milk.

Cream butter or substitute with orange rind and sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beating well after each addition. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk. Turn into a greased loaf-tin and bake in a moderate oven 1 hour.

MENU 2

Cream of Carrot Soup
☆ Crusted Cod Fish Pie
☆ Waldorf Potatoes *Peas*
☆ Pineapple Kuchen

This menu cooks for 45 minutes in a moderate oven.

CRUSTED COD FISH PIE

Two cups cooked flaked salted cod, 1 cup cooked chopped spinach, 1½ cups white sauce, 2 eggs, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2 dessertspoons butter or substitute, 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs, ¼ cup grated cheese, salt and pepper.

Flavor the white sauce with Worcestershire sauce and add the eggs, well beaten. Add fish, season with salt and pepper. Place alternate layers of creamed fish and chopped spinach in a well-greased ovenproof dish. Toss the breadcrumbs in butter over a low heat until a golden-brown. Sprinkle breadcrumbs and cheese on top of creamed fish. Place in oven and cook with other dishes.

WALDORF POTATOES

Six potatoes, 2oz. butter or substitute, a little milk, 2 chopped hard-boiled eggs, ¼ cup grated cheese, paprika.

Scrub and dry the potatoes, prick lightly, and bake in their jackets with the oven meal. Remove from oven just before serving, cut in halves, scoop out the centres, and mash with butter and a little milk, add eggs and cheese. Pile back into potato cases, sprinkle with paprika and return to oven to reheat.

PINEAPPLE KUCHEN

One cup shredded pineapple, ½ cup chopped nuts, ¼ cup butter or substitute, ½ cup brown sugar, orange rind, 6oz. self-raising flour, extra 3oz. butter or substitute, 3oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 2 tablespoons milk, pinch salt.

Cream ¼ cup butter with ½ cup brown sugar and orange rind. Spread creamed mixture on the base of a 6in. cake-tin, sprinkle with nuts, and cover with well-drained pineapple. Beat the extra butter and sugar until creamy, add eggs one at a time, and beat well after each addition. Fold in the sifted flour and salt alternately with the milk. Place the cake mixture over the fruit and cook with the other dishes. Serve with cinnamon-flavored cream.

MENU 3

Tomato Lentil Soup
☆ Liver Sausage Pinwheels
Potatoes *Glazed Turnips*
☆ Lemon Custard Pudding

This menu cooks for 1¼ hours in a slow oven.

LIVER SAUSAGE PINWHEELS

One and a half pounds lamb's fry, ¼lb. sausage meat, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, ¼lb. bacon rashers, salt, pepper, fat or oil, 2 cups mixed vegetables, 1 cup stock, 1 dessertspoon flour, 1 tablespoon tomato sauce.

Season the sausage meat and mix in parsley. Spread on the thinly sliced pieces of liver and roll up; secure with coarse thread or small skewers. Fry lightly in hot oil or fat; drain. Place the prepared vegetables in a greased casserole dish, top with fried liver rolls, and cover with a gravy made with the flour, seasonings, tomato sauce, and stock. Top with rashers of bacon and bake with the other dishes on the menu.

LEMON CUSTARD PUDDING

Three cups cubed sponge cake, ½ cup each of orange and lemon juice, ¾ pint milk, shredded coconut, 2 eggs, salt, 4 tablespoons sugar.

Pour the fruit juices over the sponge cake and allow to stand for 20 minutes in a greased ovenproof dish. Separate the eggs and beat the yolks with 1 dessertspoon of the sugar, beat into the milk, and pour this over the soaked sponge cake. Cover with meringue made from the egg-whites, salt, and remainder of sugar. Sprinkle with coconut and bake with the other dishes.

MENU 4

☆ Mock Sweetbreads
Potato Chips *Shredded Savory Cabbage*
☆ Melting Cheese Cake

This menu cooks for ½ hour in a moderately hot oven.

MOCK SWEETBREADS

One pound veal, 2oz. bacon fat, ½ cup breadcrumbs, ¼ cup milk or cream, 1 egg, salt and pepper, rind of ½ lemon, nutmeg, flour, egg-glazing, and extra breadcrumbs for coating, ¼lb. bacon.

Mince veal, bacon fat, rind, and seasonings. Heat milk, pour over the ½ cup breadcrumbs, and allow to stand for 15 minutes. When well soaked add to the meat and bind with beaten egg. Divide the mixture into 8, shape into balls, and cover with seasoned flour, coat with egg and breadcrumbs. Place on an oven-slide, cover each with piece of bacon, and bake with the rest of the meal.

MELTING CHEESE CAKE

Two ounces cream cheese, 4oz. castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 4 eggs, 2oz. sultanas, 6oz. shortcrust pastry, 4oz. butter or substitute, pinch salt, egg-white for glazing.

Roll the shortcrust thinly and line a 9in. tart-plate, prick the bottom with a fork, decorate the edge, and brush with egg-white. Cream together the butter and sugar, stir in the cream cheese, separate the eggs, add the egg-yolks to the creamed mixture, and beat well, add the vanilla, salt, and sultanas. Beat the egg-whites stiffly and fold into the mixture. Pour into the pastry-case and bake with the other dishes.

By
LEILA C. HOWARD,
Our Food
and Cookery
Expert

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822674

WHOLE MENU — two desserts, a cake, the main course meat dish and vegetables — can be packed into this oven and cooked at the same time. Menu 1 gives the full details and recipes for the illustrated dishes.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822675

HALO leaves hair so FRESH, so CLEAN

ONE LATHER is all you need

No overwashing! Halo cleans thoroughly with just one application — thus preserving the vital natural oils of the hair.

Halo whisks away dulling dirt and dandruff! Suddenly . . . after *one* lather . . . your hair is softer, brighter, fresh and clean.

Shining-clean, easy-to-manage hair! Halo's rich, instant lather cleans so gently — leaves your hair soft, shining clean and so easy-to-manage. Just see how those waves behave after only one shampoo with Halo.

Give your hair that shining look-again look with **HALO** shampoo

Small bottle 3/3 Regular 5/6 • Bubbles 1/3

R074

Tangy orange tart

• A colorful layered tart topped with sweetened whipped cream and decorated with orange wins the £5 prize in this week's popular recipe contest

THE combination of the tangy orange and cream fillings provides an appealing flavor.

Unusual biscuit slices, which are ideal to serve with coffee, win our consolation prize.

Spoon measurements are level.

ORANGE CREAM TART

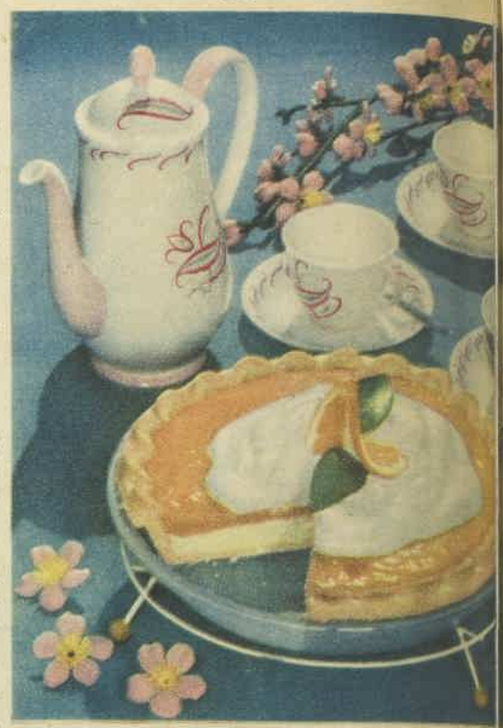
One 9in. baked pastry-case, 1 cup milk, 1 dessertspoon custard powder, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ¼ cup water, 2oz. butter, 3oz. castor sugar.

Heat milk in saucepan, add cornflour and custard powder which have been blended smoothly with water. Stir over heat until mixture boils and thickens. Allow to cool. Cream butter with castor sugar until smooth, beat in cooled custard, and quickly spread over base of baked pastry-case. Chill.

Orange filling: One cup water, 1 cup orange juice, 1 cup sugar, 1 tablespoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon custard powder, extra ¼ cup water, 1oz. butter, ¼ pint whipped sweetened cream, orange slice and leaves to garnish.

Combine water, orange juice, and sugar, and stir over heat until sugar dissolves. Blend cornflour and custard powder with extra water, stir into mixture and bring to the boil, stirring constantly. Add butter, allow to melt. Cool slightly, then spoon over custard cream in pie-case. Return to refrigerator and chill well. Just before serving spoon whipped cream on top of pie and decorate with orange slice and leaves.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. P. Moles, 64 Killarney Ave., Manly, Qld.



ORANGE Cream Tart can be served as dessert or for afternoon tea. See recipe on this page.

FAMILY DISH

BAKED meat loaf, this week's family dish, is a satisfying dinner dish for cold weather. It costs approximately 8/9 and serves 4 or 5.

BAKED MEAT LOAF

Three-quarters pound finely minced lean beefsteak, ¾lb. finely minced veal steak, 1 or 2 rashers chopped lean bacon, 1½ cups soft breadcrumbs, 2 tablespoons finely chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 teaspoon salt, ¼ teaspoon pepper, ¼ cup sweet fruit chutney, ½ cup tomato juice or tomato puree, ½ cup milk, 1 lightly beaten egg to bind.

Combine steaks with bacon, breadcrumbs, onion, parsley, salt and pepper. Add fruit chutney, then liquids mixed together. Stir well to mix. Fill into loaf-tin which has been greased, then lightly dusted with extra breadcrumbs. Bake in moderate oven 1 to 1¼ hours. Serve hot.

ALMOND CURRANT SLICE

Pastry: Two cups flour, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon salt, 6oz. butter or substitute, 1¼ cups brown sugar, 1 egg, 1 egg-white, milk, vanilla essence.

Sift flour, cinnamon, and salt into a basin. Rub in butter or substitute, then stir in brown sugar. Mix into a stiff dough with beaten egg. Divide mixture into two equal parts. Roll out each half of pastry into a 10in. square. Place one half on greased baking tray. Spread filling evenly over surface, and after brushing pastry edges with milk cover with the remaining pastry square. Brush with the slightly beaten egg-white and sprinkle with vanilla if desired. Bake in a moderate oven until crisp and browned. Cool, cut into slices.

Filling: One cup almond meal, 1 cup grated processed cheese, ¼ cup castor sugar, ½ cup currants, 1 egg-yolk, 1½ tablespoons melted butter.

Place all ingredients in a bowl and mix with a spoon until very evenly blended.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. M. Ferries, "Hereford Hills," Calliope, Qld.

Collectors' Corner

• Readers' questions on antiques are answered by expert Mr. Stanley Lipscombe.

"I have a pottery vase 4½in. high, jasper type, unglazed. Underneath, it has cut into it 'Adams, Extbd 1652 (or 7) Tunstall, England' and also the letter 'S.' On the other side (which is not shown in the picture) there is a continuation of the hunting scene picturing the kill. Could you tell me how old it is, please?" — **Mrs. A. Keown, Essendon, Vic.**

This is quite a rare and unusual piece and was made between 1890 and 1900 by Adams of Staffordshire. Its design is a copy of an 18th-century Turner design. (When the term "England" is marked on a piece this indicates that it was made after 1891.)

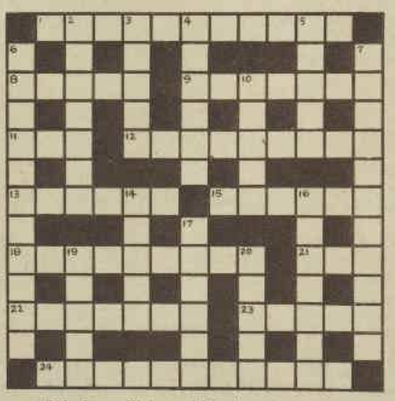
FOR INFORMATION about your antiques send a photograph and description of the object, with a drawing of markings and a stamped, self-addressed envelope, to Collectors' Corner, G.P.O. Box 4088, Sydney, N.S.W.

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822676

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE, Master Magician, is in the Himalayas to trace the Abominable Snowman. He is led to a city in the heart of a mountain by a girl disguised in a furry snow suit who takes him before Zeus, the ruler of Olympus. Zeus tells Mandrake of the Olympians' strange existence on Earth. He explains that Man's rapid development is forcing them to leave Olympus, because they fear they will soon be discovered. Meanwhile, Captain Pierce is searching for Mandrake. NOW READ ON:

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD



Solution will be published next week.

ACROSS

1. Experts not necessarily gone by (4, 7).
8. For this animal all returns to mother (5).
9. A very brief time for a famous Australian actor cut in two (4-1-2).
11. A homespun octet produced this well-known organisation (3).
12. Get steers to make such thin-twilled cloths (9).
13. Invertebrate animal to be found in a body of followers (6).
15. Short Elizabeth is turned and mixed with bees (6).
18. Madam's ice (Anagr., 9).
21. There is a tear in the car I possess (3).
22. Engages oneself for military service (7).
23. The head of Julius Caesar and his contemporaries (5).
24. Destroys a Russian river before candidates for holy orders who are not university graduates (11).

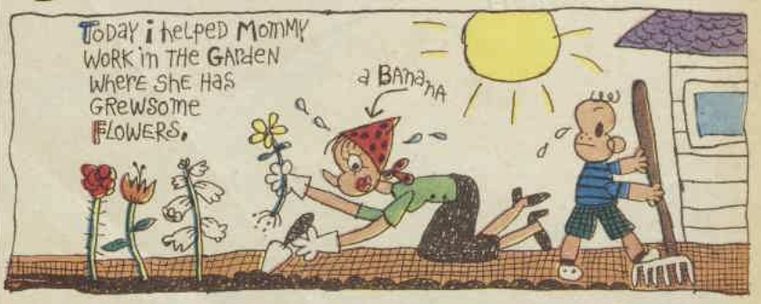
DOWN

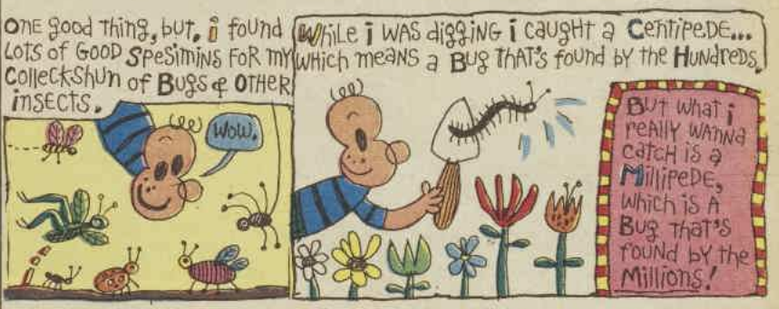
2. Masculine women, one of them in South America (7).
3. Separates with violence an aster (5).
4. On land with a horse (6).
5. A dish of meat and the way to prepare it (5).
6. Lights with a sick start (11).
7. Baskets for ten-footers (7-4).
10. A subject in Belgium (5).
14. He occupies a central position in this game (5).
16. A small weight (7).
17. Fine fabric or a fabrication, often of lies (6).
19. At will in its short form (2, 3).
20. Seaport in Arabia where you can get a good cup of coffee (5).

Solution of last week's crossword.

JACKY'S DIARY

by Jacky Mendelsohn Age 32½





IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822677

Positive Relief from Coughing ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' NASAL SPRAY

Relieves the discomfort of nasal congestion, head colds, hay fever in just two minutes. Unbreakable leak-proof squeeze-spray, 6/6.
Also NYAL Children's NASAL SPRAY, 6/-.

NYAL IODISED THROAT TABLETS

Give quick, soothing relief to sore, inflamed throats, tonsillitis. Use as a safeguard against infection whenever you are in crowds. 36 Tablets, 2/9; 60 Tablets, 3/6.

NYAL COLD SORE CREAM OR LOTION

Stops burning and itching of cold sores and cracked lips. Specially medicated to soothe and heal. The CREAM keeps lips soft and supple while it heals. The LOTION dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Cream, 3/-, 4/-; Lotion, 3/-.

N56.59

1. STOPS COUGHING. Contains the sedative Codeine. Calms nerves and soothes inflamed membranes of the throat to stop severe coughing.

2. LOOSENS PHLEGM. Five gentle expectorants liquefy and cut away bronchial secretions which cause irritation . . . rapidly clears phlegm-congested membranes.

3. MAKES BREATHING EASIER. The only cough formula to use Phenylephrine — an exclusive agent for relieving congestion. Shrinks swollen, congested bronchial tubes quickly.

When nocturnal coughing disturbs your rest night after night, the thing to do is to take NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR–and be sure of positive cough relief.

This modern formulation breaks stubborn coughs far, far better than ordinary mixtures. *Day or night*, the three-way *expectorant, sedative* and *decongestive* action of NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR brings quick, positive relief from coughing.

The moment you take NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR it *stops* constant coughing by suppressing the cough reflex. It *clears* the worst chest congestion *fast*, by gently loosening irritation-causing bronchial secretions: And—you can actually feel the demulcent elixir *penetrate* and soothe inflamed throat tissues. An exclusive decongestive agent—Phenylephrine — shrinks the swollen bronchial tubes, thus restoring normal breathing.

NYAL 'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR is specifically designed for the safe, sure treatment of coughs, bronchitis, laryngitis, tracheitis and stubborn bronchial congestion.

THREE ACCURATELY "AGE-ADJUSTED" DOSAGE FORMS

Adults: (and Children over 12 years)—Nyal *'Decongestant'* Cough Elixir. 6 fl. oz., *6/6*; 12 fl. oz., *10/9*; 16 fl. oz., *13/-*.
Children: 6 to 12 years—Nyal 'Decongestant' *Children's* Cough Elixir. 6 fl. oz., *6/6*; 12 fl. oz., *10/9*.
Infants: 6 months to 5 years—Nyal 'Decongestant' *Baby* Cough Elixir. 3 fl. oz., *4/9*; 6 fl. oz., *6/6*.

Nyal
SOLD ONLY BY CHEMISTS

'DECONGESTANT' COUGH ELIXIR

Nyal Company • Division of Sterling Pharmaceuticals Pty. Limited • Sydney, Australia

National Library of Australia http://nla.gov.au/nla.news-page4822678